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THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D: D. S. P. D.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY

J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

AND OTHERS.

In EIGHTEEN VOLUMES.

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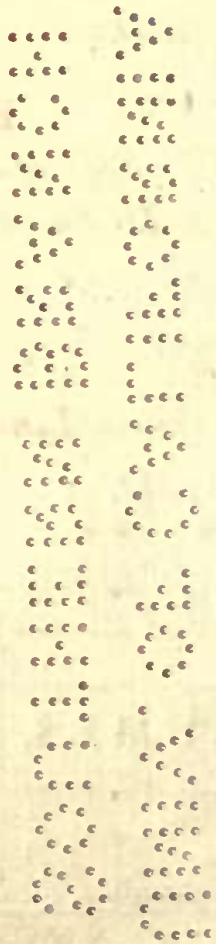

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DEAN

DEAN SWIFT's

CORRESPONDENCE.

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LETTER CCCLX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ; AFTERWARDS EARL OF BATH, TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Sept.* 3. 1726.

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my Lord Chetwyn's; and though you had so much goodneſs as to forbid my anſwering it at that time, yet I ſhould be inexcuſable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and ſtrength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illneſs. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to aſſure you, that, even among your old friends, you have not many who have a juſter regard for your merit than I have. I could wiſh that thoſe, who are more able to ſerve you than I am, had the ſame deſire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I conſider it, and reflect who they are, I ſhould be ſorry they had the merit of doing ſo right a thing. As well as I wiſh you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by thoſe that I don't like. Mr Pope tells me, that we ſhall ſee

you in ſpring. When we meet again, I flatter myſelf we ſhall not part ſo ſoon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a longer ſhare of your company than you did. All I can ſay to engage you to come a little oftener to my houſe, is to promiſe that you ſhall not have one diſh of meat ſo diſguiſed, but you ſhall eaſily know what it is. You ſhall have a cup of your own for ſmall-beer and wine mixed together; you ſhall have no women at table, if you don't like them, and no men but ſuch as like you. I wiſhed mightily to be in London before you left it, having ſomething which I would willingly have communicated to you, that I do not think ſo diſcreet to truſt to a letter. Do not let your expectations be raiſed as if it was a matter of any great conſequence: It is not that, though I ſhould be mighty glad you knew it; and perhaps I may ſoon find a way of letting you do ſo.

Our parliament, they now ſay, is not to meet till after Chriſtmas, the chief buſineſs of it being to give money. It may be proper the miniſters ſhould know, a little before it meets, how much farther they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble that England ſhould be obliged to ſupport the charge of a very expenſive war, whilſt all the other powers of Europe are in peace. But I will enter no farther into public matters, taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail

of

of raiſing the curioſity of ſome of our vigilant miniſters, and that they will open it, though we know it is not cuſtomary for them ſo to do. Mrs Pulteney is very much your humble ſervant, and I am, with great truth, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

LETTER CCCLXI.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Sept.* 16. 1726.

SINCE I wrote laſt, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordſhire with the Duke and Dutcheſs of Queenſberry, and at Peterſham, and whereſoever they would carry me; but as they will go to Wiltſhire without me, on Tueſday next, for two or three months, I believe I ſhall then have finiſhed my travels for this year, and ſhall not go farther from London, than now and then to Twickenham. I ſaw Mr Pope on Sunday, who hath lately eſcaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded acroſs his right hand. Coming home in the dark about a week ago, alone in my Lord Bolingbroke's coach from Dawley, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broken down, near Whitton, about a mile from his own houſe. He was thrown into the river with the glaſſes of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his periwig in water. The footman broke the glaſs to

draw him out; by which, he thinks he received the cut acroſs his hand. He was afraid he ſhould have loſt the uſe of his little finger, and the next to it; but the ſurgeon, whom he ſent for laſt Sunday from London to examine it, told him that his fingers were ſafe; that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good ſpirits, and the wound in a fair way of being ſoon healed *. The inſtructions you ſent me to communicate to the doctor about the finger, I tranſcribed from your own letter and ſent to him; for, at that time, he was going every other day to Windſor-park to viſit Mr Congreve, who hath been extremely ill, but is now recovered. I dined and ſupped on Monday laſt with Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, at Lord Berkeley's, at Cranford, and returned to London with the Duke and Dutcheſs of Queenſberry, on Tueſday by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great reſpect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wiſhes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on Monday next, but my week of attendance will be the firſt in October. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them diſpatch my plates for the Fables; for without it I find they proceed but very ſlowly. I take your advice in this, as I wiſh to do in all things, and frequently reviſe my work, in order to finiſh it as well as I can.

Mr

* See Lord Bolingbroke's account of this accident, in his letter dated September 22. 1726.

Mr Pulteney takes the letter you ſent him in the kindeſt manner; and I believe he is, except a few excurſions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr Pope will follow your inſtructions. I have not ſeen Mrs Howard a great while, which you know muſt be a great mortification and ſelf-denial; but in my caſe it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the ſame time: If I could, while you are there, one of them ſhould be always Dublin. But, after all, it is a ſilly thing to be with a friend by halves; ſo that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive that we ſhall meet again ſoon. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obliged and affectionate friend and ſervant.

J. GAY.

LETTER CCCLXII.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

London, Sept. 20. 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear Sir, theſe three days, whether I ſhould write to you firſt. Laying aſide the ſuperiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: Then I conſidered, that this was done in the public news, with

all the formalities of reception of a lord-lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of Ireland; but, said I, what if my friend ſhould diſpute this? Then I conſidered, that letters were always introduced at firſt from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In ſhort, my affection, and the pleaſure of correſponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and ſince you moſt diſdainfully and barbarouſly confined me to two lines a-month, I was reſolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a ſort of a compliment to be ſuppoſed capable of ſaying any thing in two lines. The Gaſcoyne aſked only to ſpeak one word to the French King; which the King confining him to, he brought a paper, and ſaid, *Signez*, and not a word more. Your negotiation with the ſinging man is in the hands of my daughter Nancy, who, I can aſſure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: She has wrote about it. Mr Pope has been in hazard of his life by drowning: Coming late two weeks ago, from Lord Bolingbroke's in his coach and ſix, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high; but the coach was overturned in it; and the glaſs being up, which he could not break nor get down, he was very near drowned; for the footman was ſtuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to his aſſiſtance. He had that in common with Horace, that it was occaſioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapſa*,

lapſa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat; for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but, by the cutting of a large veſſel, loſt a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs Howard, who has a moſt intolerable pain in one ſide of her head. I had a great deal of diſcourſe with your friend, her Royal Highneſs. She inſiſted upon your wit and good converſation. I told her Royal Highneſs, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a ſincere honeſt man, and ſpeaking the truth, when others were afraid to ſpeak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the Dutcheſs of Marlborough's, with Mr Congreve, who has been like to die with a fever and the gout in his ſtomach; but he is now better, and like to do well. My brother was like to be caſt away going to France; there was a ſhip loſt juſt by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with moſt ſincere affection, to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds every body more than me, except what concerns my intereſt. My dear friend, farewel.

LETTER CCCLXIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

London, Sept. 22. 1726.

A BOOKSELLER, who ſays he is in a few days going to Dublin, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot reſiſt the temptation

tation of writing to you, though I have nothing to ſay more by this conveyance than I ſhould have by that of the poſt; though I have lately clubbed with Pope to make up a moſt elegant epiſtle to you in proſe and verſe; and though I wrote the other day the firſt paragraph of that Chedder * letter which is preparing for you. The only excuſe, then, which I can plead for writing now, is, that the letters will coſt you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor Pope in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank ſteep, a hole on one ſide, and a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In ſhort, he overturned; the fall was broke by the water; but the glaſſes were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glaſs, and pulled him out through the window. His right hand was ſeverely cut; but the ſurgeon thinks him in no danger of loſing the uſe of his fingers: However, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the ſhoulder downwards, which might create

* A Chedder letter is a letter written by the contribution of ſeveral friends, each furniſhing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheeſe made at Chedder in Glouceſterſhire, where all the dairies contribute to make the cheeſe, which is thus made of new milk or freſh cream; of which, one dairy not furniſhing a ſufficient quantity, the common practice is to make cheeſe of milk or cream that has been ſet by, till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at leaſt is ſtale.

create a ſuſpicion that ſome of the glaſs remains ſtill in the fleſh. St Andre ſays there is none. If ſo, theſe pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him acroſs the water to ſee Mrs Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Juſt as I am writing, I hear that Dr Arbuthnott ſays, that Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wounds. He ſuffers very much; I will endeavour to ſee him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would ſay ſomething to you of myſelf, if I had any good to ſay; but I am much in the ſame way in which you left me, eternally buſy about trifles, diſagreeable in themſelves, but rendered ſupportable by their end; which is, to enable me to bury myſelf from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable ſepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next ſpring, and ſhall be glad to ſee you at my funeral. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXIV.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT, THEN IN LONDON *.

DEAR SIR, [Indorsed 1726.]

I HAVE been at your lodgings this morning, but you was out early. Her Royal Highness begs the honour of a visit from you on Thursday night at seven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

I hope you will not engage yourself at that hour; but I shall see you before that time. Tuesday, 3 o'clock.

LETTER CCCLXV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Whitehall, Oct.* 22. 1726.

BEFORE I say one word to you, give me leave to say something of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was sent; and the answer

* The Dean went to London in the beginning of April 1726; and this invitation was made by her Royal Highness, afterwards Queen Caroline, soon after; but it is uncertain on what day.

anſwer was, That every thing was finiſhed and concluded according to orders; and that it would be publicly known to be ſo in a very few days; ſo that I think there can be no occaſion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr Pope was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the poſt-office, we ſuppoſe, have very vigilant officers; for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wiſh I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendon of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really ſo: The wound is quite healed; his hand is ſtill weak, and the two fingers drop downwards, as I told you before *; but I hope it will be very little troubleſome or detrimental to him. In anſwer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find ſome lines of Mrs Howard, and ſome of Mr Pulteney, which you have not taken the leaſt notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monſieur Davaux, Mr Pulteney's cook; and it hath been approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments. The difficulty of the ſauce-pan, I believe, you will find is owing to a negligence in peruſing the manuſcript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a ſtew-pan. Your earthen veſſel, provided it is cloſe ſtopped, I allow to be a good *ſuccedaneum*. As to the boiling

* In his preceding letter, he ſays, no tendon is cut: He muſt therefore refer to a letter not in this collection, if his memory did not fail him.

boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I ſhall be quite aſhamed to conſult Mrs Howard upon your account, who thinks herſelf entirely neglected by you, in not writing to her as you promiſed: However, let her take it as ſhe will, to ſerve a friend, I'll venture to aſk it of her. The Prince and his family come to ſettle in town to-morrow. That Mr Pulteney expected an anſwer to his letter, and would be extremely pleaſed to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a ſlight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occaſioned by a cold, which my attendance at the Guild-Hall improved. I have not a friend, who has got any thing under my adminiſtration, but the Dutcheſs of Queenſberry, who hath had a benefit of a thouſand pounds. Your mentioning Mr Rollinſon * ſo kindly, will, I know, give him much pleaſure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and in the ſtrongeſt terms of friendſhip. He hath been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered ſo as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I ſhall be able to publiſh my Fables ſoon after Chriſtmas. The Doctor's book † is entirely printed

* 'A great friend of Lord Bolingbroke, Dr Swift, and Mr Pope. He married the widow of John Earl of Winchelſea.'

† 'Arbuthnott's tables of ancient coins, &c.'

printed off, and will be very ſoon publiſhed. I believe you'll expect that I ſhould give you ſome account how I have ſpent my time ſince you left me. I have attended my diſtreſſed friend at Twickenham, and been his *amanuenſis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half Virgil, and half Spenſer's Fairy-queen. I ſtill deſpiſe court-preferments, ſo that I loſe no time upon attendance on great men; and ſtill can find amuſement enough without quadrille, which here is the univerſal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, ſo that I determined not to ſtir out of my lodgings till I had anſwered your letter; and I think I ſhall very probably hear more of the matter (which I mention in the firſt paragraph of this letter) as ſoon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr Stopford: Mr Rollinſon told me he ſhall know of his arrival, and will ſend me word. Lord Bolingbroke hath been to make a viſit to Sir William Wyndham. I hear he is returned, but I have not ſeen him. If I had been in a better ſtate of health, and Mrs Howard * were not to come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr Pope's to-day, to have dined with him there on Monday.

You aſk me how to addreſs to Lord B——, when you are diſpoſed to write to him. If you mean Lord Burlington, he is not yet returned

* Afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk, from whom Mr Gay at this time had expectations.

from France, but is expected every day. If you mean Lord Bathurſt, he is in Glouceſterſhire, and makes but a very ſhort ſtay; ſo that if you direct to one of them in St James's-ſquare, or to the other at Burlington-houſe in Piccadilly, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to Lord Cheſterfield and Mr Pulteney; and I beg you, in return, to make mine to Mr Ford. Next week I ſhall have a new coat, and new buttons for the birth-day, though I don't know but a turn-coat might have been more for my advantage. Your's moſt ſincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that Lord Bolingbroke will be in town, at his houſe in Pall-mall, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept the following receipt for ſtewing veal *.

Take a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it, or ſteal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a ſtewing-pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace
Muſt ſeaſon this knuckle;
Then † what's join'd to a place,
With other herbs muckle;

That

* This is ſuppoſed to be the receipt of Mr Pulteney's cook, mentioned in the preceding part of this letter, verſified.

† Vulgo, ſalary.

That which killed King * Will;
And what never † ſtands ſtill.
Some ‡ ſprigs of that bed
Where children are bred;
Which much you will mend, if
Both ſpinnage and endive,
And lettice and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all,
For it maketh things ſmall;
Which leſt it ſhould happen,
A cloſe cover clap on.
Put this pot of Wood's metal ‖
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About— let me ſee,—
Thrice as long as you preach §;
So ſkimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O then with what rapture
Will it fill Dean and Chapter!

* Suppoſed ſorril.
† This is by Dr Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.
‡ Parſley. *Vide Chamberlayne.*
‖ Copper.
§ 'Which we ſuppoſe to be near four hours.'

LETTER CCCLXVI.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. 8. 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly that a man of your high poſt, dear Sir, was pleaſed to write me ſo long a letter. I look upon the captain *Tom* of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am ſorry your commiſſion about your finger has not been executed ſooner. It is not Nanny's fault, who has ſpoke ſeveral times to Dr Pepuſch about it, and wrote three or four letters, and received for anſwer, that he would write for the young fellow; but ſtill nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myſelf.

Your books ſhall be ſent as directed: They have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my ſubſcribers names *. I will make over all my profits to you for the property of Gulliver's travels, which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man that, at his age, can write ſuch a merry book.

I made my Lord Archbiſhop's † compliments to

* To a work in 4to, intitled, "Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Meaſures, explained and exemplified in ſeveral Diſſertations.'

† 'Probably Archbiſhop King of Dublin.'

to her Royal Highneſs, who returns his Grace her thanks; at ſame time, Mrs Howard read your letter to herſelf. The princeſs immediately ſeized on your plaid * for her own uſe, and has ordered the young princeſſes to be clad in the ſame. When I had the honour to ſee her, ſhe was reading Gulliver, and was juſt come to the paſſage of the hobbling prince; which ſhe laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the leaſt brilliant. Lewis † grumbles a little at it, and ſays he wants the key to it, and is daily reſigning. I ſuppoſe he will be able to publiſh like Barnevelt ‡ in time. I gave your ſervice to Lady Harvey She is in a little ſort of a miff about a ballad that was wrote on her, to the tune of Molly Mog, and ſent to her in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and deſired him to change two double entendres; which the authors Mr Pulteney and Lord Cheſterfield, changed to ſingle entendres. I was againſt that, though I had a hand in the firſt. She is not diſpleaſed, I believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

* The Dean ſent a preſent of ſome ſilk plaids from Ireland, for the Princeſs of Wales and the young princeſſes.

† 'Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq;'

‡ This refers to a pamphlet, intitled, 'A Key to the Lock: or, A Treatiſe, proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem, intitled, *The Rape of the Lock*, to Government and religion.' By Eſdras Barnevelt, Apothecary. The ſecond edition of this piece was publiſhed in 1715, in 8vo.

There has been a comical paper about quadrille *, deſcribing in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy, and two of a ſwarthy complexion, talking of their a—es, &c. The riddle is carried on in pretty ſtrong terms; it was not found out a long time. The ladies, imagining it to be a real thing, began to gueſs who were of the party. A great miniſter was for hanging the author. In ſhort, it has made very good ſport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered; ſo is Mr Pope. We ſhall meet at Lord Bolingbroke's on Thurſday, in town, at dinner, and remember you. Gulliver is in every body's hands. Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of ſtories, told me, that he fell in company with a maſter of a ſhip, who told him that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver; but that the printer had miſtaken, that he lived in Wapping, and not at Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to ſearch for Lilliput.

We expect war here. The city of London are all crying out for it; that they ſhall be all undone without it, there being now a total ſtoppage of all trade. I think one of the beſt courſes will be, to rig out a privateer for the Weſt-Indies. Will you be concerned? We will build her at Bermudas, and get Mr Dean Berkeley † to be our manager.

* Written by Mr Congreve.

† He formed a deſign of fixing an univerſity in the Bermudas. See note on Bolingbroke's letter, dated July 24. 1725.

I had the honour to ſee Lord Oxford, who aſked kindly for you, and ſaid he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing ſome papers, he has promiſed to give copies of ſome things, which I believe cannot be found elſewhere. My brother Robert has been very ill of a rheumatiſm. Wiſhing you all health and happineſs, and not daring to write my paper on the other ſide, I muſt remain, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER CCCLXVII.

MRS HOWARD (SINCE COUNTESS OF———) TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 1726.

I DID not expect, that the ſight of my ring would produce the effect it has. I was in ſuch a hurry to ſhew your plaid to the princeſs, that I could not ſtay to put it into the ſhape you deſired. It pleaſed extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the firſt deſign; but as this is not proper for the public, your are deſired to ſend over, for the ſame princeſs's uſe, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by $2\frac{1}{7}$. The young princeſſes muſt be taken care of; theirs muſt be in three ſhares: For a ſhort method, you may draw a line of 20 feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle;

triangle; then meaſuring each ſide you will find the proper quantity and proper diviſion. If you want a more particular or better rule, I refer you to the academy of Legado *. I am of opinion many of this kingdom will ſoon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly neceſſary, that care be taken of diſpoſing of the purple, the yellow and white ſilks; and though the greens are for the princeſſes, the officers are very vigilant; ſo take care they are not ſeized. Don't forget to be obſervant how you diſpoſe of the colours. I ſhall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge ſafeſt. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the chequer might be beſt managed.

The princeſs will take care, that you ſhall have pumps ſufficient to ſerve you till you return to England; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels †, and therefore adviſes your keeping cloſe till they arrive. Here are ſeveral Lilliputian mathematicians, ſo that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a ſufficient meaſure. Send it by the firſt opportunity. Don't forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many diſputes have ariſen here, whether the Big-Endians and Leſſer-Endians ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either

* See Gulliver's travels.

† See Gullivers travels, where high and low heels are made the diſtinction of political parties.

ther buttered or poached? Or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput? I cannot conclude without telling you, that our iſland is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another has brought forth four perfect black rabbits *. May we not hope, and with ſome probability expect, that, in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms? I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

SIEVE YAHOO †.

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

Nov. 16. 1726.

I HAVE reſolved to take time; and in ſpite of all misfortunes and demurs, which ſickneſs, lameneſs, or diſability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two leaſt fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others ‡, like uſeleſs dependents, who only take

* This alludes to a famous impoſter, Mary Tofts, of Godalmin, in Surry, called the rabbitwoman, who, in Nov. 1726, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and impoſed, among others, upon St Andre, a phyſician, who was her advocate, I think, in print.

† Sieve Yahoo is a name given by Swift, in his Gulliver's travels, to a court lady.

‡ This was occaſioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which in paſſing a bridge was overturned, and thrown with the horſes into the river. The glaſſes being up, and Mr Pope unable to break

take up room, and never are active or aſſiſtant to our wants. I ſhall never be much the better for them.—I congratulate you firſt upon what you call your couſin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at preſent, and I propheſy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by ſome ſtateſmen is delightful; I wiſh I could tell you how every ſingle man looks upon it, to obſerve which has been my whole diverſion this fortnight I've never been a night in London ſince you left me, till now, for this very end; and indeed it has fully anſwered my expectations.

I find no conſiderable man very angry at the book. Some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a ſatire: but none, that I hear of, accuſe it of particular reflections; (I mean no perſons of conſequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are deſirous to apply ſatire to thoſe they envy for being above them): ſo that you needed not have been ſo ſecret upon this head. Motte received the copy, he tells me, he knew from whence, not from whom, dropped at his houſe in the dark, from a hackney-coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England; ſo, for my part, I ſuſpend my judgment.

I am pleaſed with the nature and quality of your

break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning; when the poſtillion, who had juſt recovered himſelf, beat the glaſs which lay uppermoſt to pieces: a fragment of which cut one of Mr Pope's hands very dangerouſly. *Warb.*

your preſent to the princeſs. The Iriſh ſtuff you ſent to Mrs H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own uſe. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greateſt politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there's no great fear of you, you will never ſucceed.

Another thing in which you have pleaſed me, was what you ſay to Mr P.; by which it ſeems to me, that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reaſon. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men; and it is high time to be ſo, after twenty or thirty years obſervation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri.

I queſtion not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their intereſt: But God forbid any honeſt or witty man ſhould be of any, but that of his country. They have ſcoundrels enough to write for their paſſions and their deſigns; let us write for truth, for honour, and for poſterity. If you muſt needs write about politics at all, (but perhaps 'tis full as wiſe to play the fool any other way), ſurely it ought to be ſo as to preſerve the dignity and integrity of your character with thoſe times to come, which will moſt impartially judge of you.

I wiſh you had writ to Lord Peterborow; no man is more affectionate toward you. Don't fancy

fancy none but Tories are your friends, for at that rate I muſt be, at moſt, but half your friend, and ſincerely I am wholly ſo. Adieu, write often, and come ſoon; for many wiſh you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER CCCLXIX.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 17. 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was publiſhed here of the travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the converſation of the whole town ever ſince. The whole impreſſion ſold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally ſaid that you are the author; but I am told, the bookſeller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the higheſt to the loweſt it is univerſally read, from the cabinet-counſel to the nurſery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the ſatire on general ſocieties of men is too ſevere. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perſpicuity, who are in ſearch for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we ſhall have keys publiſhed to give light into Gulliver's deſign. Lord —— is the perſon who leaſt approves it, blaming

blaming it as a deſign of evil conſequence to depreciate human nature; at which it cannot be wondered that he takes moſt offence, being himſelf the moſt accompliſhed of his ſpecies, and ſo loſing more than any other of that praiſe which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man *. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in ſome places the matter too far carried. The Dutcheſs-dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; ſhe ſays ſhe can dream of nothing elſe ſince ſhe read it: She declares, that ſhe hath now found out, that her whole life hath been loſt in careſſing the worſt part of mankind, and treating the beſt as her foes; and that if ſhe knew Gulliver, though he had been the worſt enemy ſhe ever had, ſhe would give her preſent acquaintance for his friendſhip. You may ſee by this, that you are not much injured by being ſuppoſed the author of this piece. If you are, you have diſobliged us, and two or three of your beſt friends, in not giving us the leaſt hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr Arbuthnott, who ſays, it is ten thouſand pities he had not known it, he could have added ſuch abundance of things upon every ſubject. Among lady-critics, ſome have found out that Mr Gulliver had a particular malice to

* It is no wonder a man of worth ſhould *condemn* a ſatire on his ſpecies; as it injures virtue, and violates truth; and as little, that a corrupt man ſhould *approve* it, becauſe it juſtifies his principles, and tends to excuſe his practice. *Warb.*

maids of honour. Thoſe of them, who frequent the church, ſay, his deſign is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithſtanding, I am told the Princeſs hath read it with great pleaſure. As to other critics, they think the flying iſland is the leaſt entertaining; and ſo great an opinion the town have of the impoſſibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himſelf, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the ſame hand, though this hath its defenders too. It hath paſſed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente;* and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never ſeen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland. If it hath not, I believe what we have ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to ſend it you.

But it will be much better to come over yourſelf, and read it here; where you will have the pleaſure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult paſſages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the preciſe time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima;* which we modern naturaliſts pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in the northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, ſtyl. Greg. at fartheſt. But to us your friends, the coming of ſuch a black ſwallow as you, will make a ſummer in the worſt of ſeaſons. We are no leſs glad at your mention

of

of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princeſs is cloathed in Iriſh ſilk; pray give our ſervice to the weavers. We are ſtrangely ſurpriſed to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B—— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like a Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and diſcarded him your ſervice. I fear you do not underſtand theſe modiſh terms, which every creature now underſtands but yourſelf.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your houſe, which we look upon to be tautology. The beſt advice we can give you is, to make them a preſent of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but are miſtaken: We envy thoſe you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER CCCLXX.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17. 1726.

I AM juſt come from anſwering a letter of Mrs H—'s, writ in ſuch myſtical terms that I ſhould never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been ſent me called Gulliver's Travels, of which you ſay ſo much in your's. I

read the book over; and, in the ſecond volume, obſerve ſeveral paſſages which appear to be patched and altered *, and the ſtyle of a different ſort, unleſs I am much miſtaken. Dr Arbuthnott likes the projectors leaſt †; others, you tell me, the flying iſland: Some think it wrong to be ſo hard upon whole bodies or corporations; yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular perſons are moſt to be blamed: So that, in theſe caſes, I think the beſt method is, to let cenſure and opinion take their courſe. A biſhop here ſaid, that book was full of improbable lies; and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it. And ſo much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumſtance of returning to Ireland. It is a ſhame you do not perſuade your miniſters to keep me on that ſide, if it were but by a court-expedient of keeping me in priſon for a plotter; but at the ſame time I muſt tell you, that ſuch journeys very much ſhorten my life, for a month here is longer than ſix at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be ſo tedious? Another man can publiſh fifty thouſand lies ſooner than he can fifty fables.

I am juſt going to perform a very good office; it is to aſſiſt with the Archbiſhop in degrading

a

* This was the fact, which is complained of and redreſſed in the Dublin edition of the Dean's works. *Warb.*—See the preface to this edition.

† Becauſe he underſtood it to be intended as a ſatire on the Royal Society. *Warb.*

a parſon who couples all our beggars; by which I ſhall make one happy man, and decide the great queſtion of an indelible character in favour of the principles in faſhion. This I hope you will repreſent to the miniſtry in my favour, as a point of merit; ſo farewel till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parſon, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us, that he reſolved to be hanged; only deſired, that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbiſhop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Iriſh event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deſerves notice. ——Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would deſire all my acquaintance to give out, that his copy was baſely mangled, and abuſed, and added to, and blotted out by the printer; for ſo to me it ſeems, in the ſecond volume particularly. Adieu.

LETTER CCCLXXI.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROW TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Nov.* 29. 1726.

I WAS endeavouring to give an anſwer to your's in a new dialect, which moſt of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes

ſhe might have taught me to draw ſounds out of conſonants. But ſhe being a profeſſed friend to the Italian ſpeech and vowels, would give me no aſſiſtance, and ſo I am forced to write to you in the Yahoo language.

The new one in faſhion is much ſtudied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Every body (ſince a new turn) approves of it; but the women ſeem moſt ſatisfied, who declare for few words and horſe-performance. It ſuffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange diſtempers rage in the nation, which your friend the doctor * takes no care of. In ſome the imagination is ſtruck with the apprehenſion of ſwelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of Cicero's from an eloquent bard, and ſome take the braying of an aſs for the emperor's ſpeech in favour of the Vienna alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no uſe; men have loſt their titles; continents and iſlands have got new names, juſt upon the appearance of a certain book †. Women bring forth rabbits ‡; and every man whoſe wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded not long ago, that ſuch confuſion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the ſpells of

* Probably Arbuthnott.

† Gulliver's travels.

‡ "Mary Toſts pretended to do this; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the impoſture was detected."

of a notorious ſcribbling * magician, who was generally ſuſpected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquiſition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of ſorcery preparing, and Merlin's friends were afraid, that the exaſperated pettifoggers would perſuade the jury to bring in *billa vera*. For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in ſeveral ſhapes; at one time a drapier †, at another a Wapping ſurgeon ‡; ſometimes a nardac, ſometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raiſe the dead; that he had brought philoſophers, heroes, and poets in the ſame caravan from the other world; and after a few queſtions, had ſent them all to play at quadrille in a flying iſland of his own.

This was the ſcene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizzard. But what mutations amongſt the Lilliputians! The greateſt lady in the nation reſolves to ſend a pair of ſhoes without heels to Captain Gulliver: She takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was ſent to, which is ſoon to appear upon her royal perſon; and now who but Captain Gulliver? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to ſee him a biſhop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in ſuch imminent danger of preferment. Sir, your affectionate tar.

LETTER

* The Dean.

† In the Drapier's letters againſt Wood's halfpence.

‡ Lemuel Gulliver.

LETTER CCCLXXII.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROW TO DR SWIFT, WITH AN INVITATION, &c.

SIR,

ONE of your Iriſh heroes, that, from the extremity of our Engliſh land, came to deſtroy the wicked brazen project *, deſires to meet you on Monday next at Parſon's Green. If you are not engaged, I will ſend my coach for you.

Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tueſday and Thurſday (which are his public days) about nine o'clock, will be glad to ſee you, at his London houſe. On Monday, if I ſee you, I will give you a fuller account. Your affectionate ſervant,

PETERBOROW.

Saturday evening.

LETTER CCCLXXIII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dec. 5. 1726.

I BELIEVE the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourſelf; and with reaſon, becauſe I may probably be a greater loſer by

* Wood's halfpence.

by it. What have accidents to do with thoſe who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a raſcally groom ſhall gallop a foundered horſe ten miles upon a cauſey, and get home ſafe.

I am very much pleaſed that you approve what was ſent; becauſe I remember to have heard a great man ſay, that nothing required more judgement than making a preſent; which, when it is done to thoſe of high rank, ought to be of ſomething that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the ſame time do me juſtice in what you obſerve as to Mr P. Beſides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwiſe, and therefore I follow a very eaſy road to virtue, and purchaſe it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a ſtate of power, and dependence a ſtate of ſlavery? We care not threepence whether a prince or miniſter will ſee us or no: We are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree, that riches are liberty; but then we are to put into the balance, how long our apprenticeſhip is to laſt in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verſes, I moſt earneſtly intreat you to burn thoſe which you do not approve, and in thoſe few where you may not diſlike ſome parts, blot out the reſt, and ſometimes (though it be againſt the lazineſs of your nature) be ſo kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have ſome

few

few of thoſe things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you pleaſe, I will ſend the beſt I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reaſon to chuſe the method you mention of mixing the ſeveral verſes, and I hope thereby, among the bad critics, to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am ſo happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will preſent him with my humble reſpects and thanks, though he all-to-be Gullivers me by very ſtrong inſinuations. Though you deſpiſe riddles, I am ſtrongly tempted to ſend a parcel to be printed by themſelves, and make a ninepenny job for the bookſeller. There are ſome of my own, wherein I exceed mankind; *mira poemata!* the moſt ſolemn that ever were ſeen; and ſome writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praiſe myſelf. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh: But why ſhould I, who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it ſo happy? Therefore I reſolve from henceforth to handle only ſerious ſubjects, *niſi quid tu, docte Trebati, diſſentis.*

Your's, &c.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

TO MRS HOWARD *.

MADAM, *Feb.* 1. 1726-7.

I AM ſo very nice, and my workmen ſo fearful, that there is yet but one piece finiſhed of the two, which you commanded me to ſend to her Royal Highneſs. The other was done; but the undertaker, confeſſing it was not to the utmoſt perfection, hath obtained my leave for a ſecond attempt; in which he promiſes to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the Princeſs and you: For ſuch were courts when I knew them. I deſire you will order her Royal Highneſs to go to Richmond as ſoon as ſhe can this ſummer, becauſe ſhe will have the pleaſure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there: And I expect to find you are altered by flattery, or ill company. I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my eſteem; becauſe when the Princeſs grows a crowned head, you ſhall have no more ſuch compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deſerve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myſelf, but will rather provide another ſhoe for his

* Afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk.

his Royal Highneſs *, againſt there ſhall be occaſion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night: While I was careſſing one of my Houyhnhnms, he bit my little finger ſo cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cauſe to ſome foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a Sieve Yahoo †, (for ſo you are pleaſed to call yourſelf). Pray tell Sir Robert Walpole, that if he does not uſe me better next ſummer than he did laſt, I will ſtudy revenge, and it ſhall be *vengeance eccleſiaſtique*. I hope you will get your houſe and wine ready, to which Mr Gay and I are to have free acceſs when you are at court: For as to Mr Pope, he is not worth conſidering on ſuch occaſions. I am ſorry I have no complaints to make of her Royal Highneſs: Therefore I think I may let you tell her, that every grain of virtue and good ſenſe, in one of her rank, conſidering the bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior perſon. Now, if what the world ſays be true, that ſhe excels all other ladies at leaſt a dozen times; then multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any one can ſay a civiler thing, let him, for I think it too much for me.

I have ſome title to be angry with you, for not commanding thoſe who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be any thing more baſe, than to make me the firſt advances, and

* Vide Gulliver's Travels, chap. IV.

† i. e. A court lady. See Gulliver's Travels.

and then be inconſtant. It is very hard, that I muſt croſs the ſea, and ride two hundred miles, to reproach you in perſon; when, at the ſame time, I feel myſelf, with the moſt entire reſpect,

MADAM, *&c.*

LETTER CCCLXXV.

LADY BOLINGBROKE * TO DEAN SWIFT.

De Dawleo, ce premier Fevrier 1726-7.

ON m'a dit, Monſieur, que vous vous plaignes de n'avoir point recû des mes lettres. Vous avez tort: je vous traitte commes les divinités, qui tiennent conte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que jay celle de vous ecrire; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoitre l'idée, que je me faiſois de vôtre gravité, me retenoit: depuis que j'ay eu celuy de voir vôtre reverence, je ne me ſuis pas trouvée aſſes d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain Monſieur de Gulliver avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination ſi eteinte par l'air de Londres, et par des converſations dont je n'entend que le bruit, je vou lû me ſaiſir de ce mo-

* 'Second wife of Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke, born in France. She had been ſecond wife of the Marquis de Villette, chef d'eſcadre, nephew or couſin to Madame de Maintenon See Voltaire Siecle de Lewis XIV. tom. II. p. 106. edit. Amſterdam, 1764, 24°. She died 18th March 1749. Lord Bolingbroke ſurvived her, dying 15th December 1751, aged 78.'

ment pour vous ecrire mais je tombois malade, et je l'ay toujours eſté depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, Monſieur, de premier retour de ma ſanté de vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je ſuis tres flattée, et pour vous dire un mot de mon ami Monſieur Gulliver. J'apprend avec une grande ſatisfaction, qu'il vient d'etre traduit en François, et comme mon ſejour en Angleterre, a beaucoup redoublé mon amitie pour mon pays et pour mes compatriotes, je ſuis ravis qui'ls puiſſent participer au plaiſir, que m'a fait ce bon Monſieur, et profiter de ſes decouvertes. Je ne deſeſpere pas que 12 vaiſſeaux que la France vient d'armer ne puiſſent étre deſtiné, a une embaſſade ches Meſſieurs les Houyhnhnms. En ce cas je vous propoſerai, que nous faſſions ce voyage. En attendant je ſcay bon gré a un ouvrier de vôtre nation, qui pour inſtruire les dames, les quelles comme vous ſcavies, Monſieur, (ſont icy un grand uſage) de leurs énvantails, en a fait faire ou toutes les avantures de notre veridique voyageur ſont depeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur converſation. Cela fera a la verité beaucoup de tort a la pluye et au beautems, qui en rempliſoient une partie, et en mon particulier je ſerai privée des very cold et very warm, qui ſont les peu mots, que j'entende. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces eventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un merite avec les dames d'Irelande, ſi tant eſt que vous en ayes beſoin; ce qui je ne crois pas, du moins ſi elles penſent commes les

Françoiſes.

Françoiſes. Le Seigneur de Dawley, Mr Pope, et moy ſommes icy occupés a boire, manger, dormir, ou ne ainfaire priant Dieu qu'a rien, ſi ſoit de vou. Revenes ce printems nous revoir, Monſieur, attend vôtre retour avec impatience pour tuer le boeuf le plus peſant, et le cochon le plus gros, qui ſoit dans ma ferme: l'un et l'autre ſeront ſervis en entier ſur le table de vôtre reverence, craint qu'elle n'aucun mon cuiſinier deguiſement. Vous brillieres parmy nous du moins autant que parmy vos Chanoins, et nous ne ſerons pas moins empreſſe a vous plaire. Je le diſputerai a tout autre, etant plus que perſonne du monde vôtre tres humble et tres obeiſſante ſervante.

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

LORD BOLING BROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 17. 1726-7.

THIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I ſhall have leſs to ſay to you than I ſhould have by another conveyance. Mr Stopford being fully imformed of all that paſſes in this boiſterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions. You will find anger on one ſide, and rage on the other; ſatire on one ſide, and defamation on the other. Ah! *ou eſt Grilion?* You ſuffer much where you are, as you tell me in an old letter of

of your's, which I have before me; but you ſuffer with the hopes of paſſing next ſummer between Dawley and Twickenham; and theſe hopes, you flatter us, are enough to ſupport your ſpirits. Remember this ſolemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a dean, you are not great enough to deſpiſe the reproach of breaking your word.

Your deafneſs muſt not be a hackney excuſe to you, as it was to Oxford. What matter if you are deaf? what matter if you cannot hear what we ſay? You are not dumb, and we ſhall hear you, and that's enough. My wife writes to you herſelf, and ſends you ſome fans juſt arrived from Lilliput, which you will diſpoſe of to the preſent Stella *, whoever ſhe be. Adieu, dear friend: I cannot in conſcience keep you any longer from enjoying Mr Stopford's converſation.

I am hurrying myſelf here, that I may get a day or two for Dawley, where I hope that you will find me eſtabliſhed at your return. There I hope to finiſh my days in eaſe, without ſloth; and believe I ſhall ſeldom viſit London, unleſs it be to divert myſelf now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu; no man loves you better than your faithful.

LETTER

* Mrs Johnſon died the month preceding the date of this letter; but conſidering the connection between the Dean and that lady, and the tenderneſs with which he was known to regret her loſs, this is a ſtrange expreſſion.

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Whitehall, Feb.* 18. 1726-7.

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr Pope had taken all I have to ſay, and put it into a long letter, which is ſent to you by Mr Stopford: But however, I could not omit this occaſion for thanking you for his acquaintance. I don't know whether I ought to thank you or not, conſidering I have loſt him ſo ſoon, though he hath given me ſome hopes of ſeeing him in the ſummer. He will give you an account of our negotiations together; and I may now glory in my ſucceſs, ſince I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the Doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr Stopford gave us, that we are like to ſee you ſoon. My Fables are printed; but I cannot get my plates finiſhed, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needleſs to write, for Mr Stopford can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs Howard deſires me to make her compliments; ſhe hath been in an ill ſtate of health all this winter, but I hope is ſomewhat better. I have been very much out of order myſelf for the moſt part of the winter: Upon my being let blood laſt week, my cough and my head-

ach are much better. Mrs Blount always aſks after you. I refuſed ſupping at Burlington houſe, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the Park. The contempt of the world grows upon me now, and I begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with leſs than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I ſhall bring myſelf into that ſtate, which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with ſo little, leſt my good friends ſhould cenſure me for indolence, and the want of a laudable ambition. So that it will be abſolutely neceſſary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How ſolicitous is mankind to pleaſe others? Pray give my ſincere ſervice to Mr Ford. Dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately,

J. GAY.

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

March 8. 1726-7.

MR Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whoſe acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you; and I think the acquaintance of ſo valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the leaſt obligations.

Our Miſcellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiouſly pleaſed with this joint volume; in which

which methinks we look like friends, ſide by ſide, ſerious and merry by turns, converſing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to poſterity; not in the ſtiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and ſetting the reſt of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, eaſy manner, diverting others juſt as we diverted ourſelves. The third volume conſiſts of verſes; but I would chuſe to print none but ſuch as have ſome peculiarity, and may be diſtinguiſhed for ours from other writers. There's no end of making books, Solomon ſaid, and above all, of making miſcellanies, which all men can make. For unleſs there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I ſhould not care to be one of the twelve thouſand ſigned.

You received, I hope, ſome commendatory verſes from a horſe and a Lilliputian to Gulliver, and an heroic epiſtle of Mrs Gulliver. The bookſeller would fain have printed them before the ſecond edition of the book; but I would not permit it without your approbation; nor do I much like them. You ſee how much like a poet I write; and if you were with us, you'd be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpoſe; but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.* I ſtay at Twickenham, without ſo much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them,

them, which are ſent for your diverſion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubbdubdrib, with none but ancients and ſpirits about me.

I am rather better than I uſed to be at this ſeaſon, but my hand (though, as you ſee, it has not loſt its cunning) is frequently in very aukward ſenſations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done ſome miſchief already, and juſt been ſtrong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this. She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you. We fancy ſome letters have been intercepted, or loſt by accident. About ten thouſand things I want to tell you: I wiſh you were as impatient to hear them; for if ſo, you would, you muſt come early this ſpring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at loſing Mr Stopford as ſoon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value muſt ſettle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO MR WALLIS.

SIR, *Dublin, April* 8. 1727.

I AM juſt going for England *, and muſt deſire you to be my proxy at the biſhop's viſitation †. I find there is likewiſe a triennial viſitation, and think the incloſed ‡ may ſerve for both, with your wiſe management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanry for this ſummer ‖; you have their ſervice, and ſo has Mrs Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live ſeven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanry-proctor, whom I have diſcharged. I believe I am worſe for him 600 l. and his brother is not much better. I wiſh you had been at my elbow to adviſe me, for you are fitter for the world than I am.

I

* The Dean, being on a viſit to Mr Pope in 1726, haſtened back to Ireland on receiving an account that Mrs Johnſon was dangerouſly ill; and, on her amendment, he returned back to England in 1727, to finiſh the "Miſcellanies," in concert with Pope and Arbuthnott.

"Swift's letters to Sheridan, No. xx and xxiv."

† See letter ccxcviii.

‡ A proxy from the Dean, as vicar of Laracor.

‖ They had lodgings on Ormond-quay, on the other ſide of the river Liffy, and never reſided at the deanry but in the Dean's abſence: When he returned, they removed; nor were Stella and he ever known to meet but in the preſence of a third perſon.

I hope to come ſafe back, and then to have done with England *.

I am ever your's, &c.

J. S.

LETTER CCCLXXX.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

GOOD DOCTOR, *London, May* 13. 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand; for my writing is too much known, and my letters often ſtopt and opened. I had your's of the 4th inſtant; and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland ſince I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold. I am of opinion ſhe ſhould be generally in the country, and only now and then viſit the town.——We are here in a ſtrange ſituation; a firm ſettled reſolution to aſſault the preſent adminiſtration, and break it, if poſſible. It is certain that Walpole is peeviſh and diſconcerted, ſtoops to the vileſt offices of hireling ſcoundrels, to write Billingſgate of the loweſt and moſt proſtitute kind; and has none but beaſts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high diſpleaſure with him and his partiſans. A great man, who was very kind to me laſt year, doth not take the leaſt notice of me at the

* He had ſo; this being his laſt viſit. He returned to Ireland, on the news of Stella's laſt illneſs, in September following.

the Prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to ſee me. I am adviſed by all my friends not to go to France, (as I intended for two months), for fear of their vengeance, in a manner which they cannot execute here.——I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I ſhall have no concern. I deſire you will read this letter to none but our two friends, and Mr P——. His couſin with the red ribband inquired very kindly after him.——I hear no news about your biſhops, farther than that the Lord Lieutenant ſtickles to have them of Ireland; which Walpole always is averſe from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on ſuch trifles. The diſpute about a war or no war ſtill continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thouſand men are ordered for Holland. But this will bring ſuch an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages againſt thoſe in power, in the next ſeſſions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not ſo heartily as he uſed. I have at laſt ſeen the Princeſs * twice this week, by her own commands. She retains her old civility, and I my old freedom. She charges me without ceremony to be author of a bad book †, though I told her how angry the miniſtry were; but ſhe aſſures me, that both ſhe and the P—— were very well pleaſed with every particular: But I diſowned the whole

* Caroline Princeſs of Wales, afterwards Queen-conſort of King George II.

† Gulliver's Travels.

whole affair, as you know I very well might; only gave her leave, ſince ſhe liked the book, to ſuppoſe what author ſhe pleaſed.—You will wonder to find me ſay ſo much of politics; but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing elſe. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I ſhall order my lodgers the bulk of their glaſſes, and the number of their bottles.—— I ſtole this time to write to you, having very little to ſpare. I go as ſoon as poſſible to the country, and ſhall rarely ſee this town.

My ſervice to all friends.

I deſire you will ſend me ſix ſets of the edition of the Drapiers, by the firſt convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

LETTER CCCLXXXI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

May 18. 1727.

I LIVED on Tueſday with you and Pope. Yeſterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat *, and I ſhall paſs this day alone. Would to God my whole life could be divided in the ſame manner; two-thirds to friendſhip, one-third to myſelf, and not a moment to the world.

In the epiſtle, a part of which you ſhewed me, mention is made of the author of Three Occaſional

* Dawley.

al Letters *, a perſon entirely unknown. I would have you inſinuate there, that the only reaſon Walpole can have had to aſcribe them to a particular perſon †, is the authority of one of his ſpies, who wriggles himſelf into the company of thoſe, who neither love, eſteem, nor fear the miniſter, that he may report, not what he hears (ſince no man ſpeaks with any freedom before him), but what he gueſſes.

I was interrupted yeſterday when I leaſt expected it; and I am going to-day to London, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs Pope does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have ſlipped out of my memory. Do not forget the ſixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min— character transferred into the adminiſtration. Adieu, I am very faithfully your's, my dear and reverend Dean. I embrace Pope.

Friday morning.

* Printed in his Lordſhip's works. They were firſt publiſhed in Feb. 1726.

† This perſon was Mr Gay; and though Walpole was afterwards convinced, that Gay did not write the letters, yet he never ceaſed to do him ill offices; and prevented the Queen, who declared ſhe would take up the hare, from providing for him, though Swift defended him to her Majeſty in perſon, and told her the whole ſtory. See Gay's Fables, and a letter from the Dean to Lady Suffolk, dated Nov. 21. 1730; and another to Lady Betty Germain, dated Jan. 1732-3.

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN *.

MY LORD, *May* 18. 1727.

I UNDERSTAND, by ſome letters juſt come to my hands, that at your Grace's viſitation of the Dean and Chapter of St Patrick's, a proxy was inſiſted on from the Dean, the viſitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your Grace can find in any of your old records, or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a dean of St Patrick's, you will have ſome reaſon to inſiſt upon it: But as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the conſequences be what they will, I ſhall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: It is only through them that you viſit me, and my ſub-dean is to anſwer for me. I am neither civilian nor canoniſt: Your Grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dextrous deputy. My proceeding ſhall be only upon one maxim, Never to yield to an oppreſſion, to juſtify which no precedent can be produced. I ſee very well how perſonal all this proceeding is; and how, from the very moment of the Queen's death, your Grace hath thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all ſorts of uneaſineſs, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one ſingle mark of your

* Dr William King.

your favour beyond common civilities. And if it were not below a man of ſpirit to make complaints, I could date them from ſix and twenty years paſt. This hath ſomething in it the more extraordinary, becauſe, during ſome years, when I was thought to have credit with thoſe in power, I employed it to the utmoſt for your ſervice, with great ſucceſs, where it could be moſt uſeful, againſt many violent enemies you then had, however unjuſtly; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action of my life, I mean from my friends. My Lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God will die, an enemy to ſervitude and ſlavery of all kinds: And I believe at the ſame time, that perſons of ſuch a diſpoſition will be the moſt ready to pay obedience where-ever it is due. Your Grace hath often ſaid, you would never infringe any of our liberties. I will call back nothing of what is paſt: I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence to be abſent. Neither my age, health, humour, or fortune, qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predeceſſors. I thought, and have been told, that I deſerved better from that church and that kingdom: I am ſure I do from your Grace. And, I believe, people on this ſide will atteſt, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard, that the occaſion of my journey hither being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on buſineſs of importance to me, and partly to ſee my friends; I can-

not enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your Grace interpoſing to diſturb it. But I thank God, the civilities of thoſe in power here, who allow themſelves to be my profeſſed adverſaries, make ſome atonement for the unkindneſs of others, who have ſo many reaſons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and therefore, if conſcience were quite out of the caſe for me to do a baſe thing, I will ſet no unworthy examples for my ſucceſſors to follow; and therefore, repeating it again, that I ſhall not concern myſelf upon the proceeding of your Lordſhip.

I am, *&c.*

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Friday, June* 16. 1727.

I SEND you here incloſed two letters, one for Monſieur de Morville, our ſecretary of ſtate, and the other for Monſieur de Maiſon, both deſirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be ſo kind to go by Calais, or by the way of Roüen. I will give you ſome letters for a good lady, who lives in her country-caſtle juſt by Roüen. She will receive you as well as you deſerve. There you will find two or three intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned Engliſh, ſince I came to England. All will pay you all the reſpects, and procure all the pleaſures

ſures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for Paris *, and provide you with all the requiſite conveniencies. Vouchſafe to acquaint me with your reſolution. I ſhall certainly do my beſt endeavours to ſerve you, and to let my country know that I have the ineſtimable honour to be one of your friends. I am with the higheſt reſpect and eſteem, your moſt humble, obedient, faithful ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

Monſieur VOLTAIRE a Monſieur le Comte de MORVILLE, Miniſtre et Secretaire d'Etat à Verſailles.

MONSIEGNEUR, *Juin* 1727.

JE me ſuis contenté juſque-icy d'admirer en ſilence vôtre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe: mais il n'eſt pas permis a un homme, qui aime vôtre gloire, et au qui vous étés auſſi tendrement attaché, que je le ſuis, de demeurer plus long tems ſans vous faire ſes ſincere complimens.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuſer l'honneur, que me fait le celebre Monſieur Swift, de vouloir bien vous preſenter une de mes lettres. Je ſcai que ſa reputation eſt parvenüe juſqu' a vous, et que vous avez envie de la connoitre: il fait

* Swift, at this time was preparing to viſit the Lord Bolingbroke in France.

l'honneur d'une nation, que vous eſtimez; vous avez lû les traductions de pluſieurs ouvrages, qui lui ſont attribuez; et qui eſt plus capable, que vous, Monſeigneur, de diſcerner les beautez d'un original a travers la foibleſſe des plus mauvaiſes copies. Je croi que vous ne ſerez pas faché de diner avec Monſieur Swift, et Monſieur le Preſident Henault, et je me flatte au que vous le regarderez comme une preuve de mon ſincere attachment a vôtre perſonne la liberté, que je prens de vous preſenter un des hommes des plus extraordinaires que l'Angletterre a produit, et le plus capable de ſentir toute l'etendue de vos grandez qualitez.

Je ſuis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond reſpect et un attachment remplis de la plus haute eſtime, Monſeigneur, vôtres tres humble et tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Saturday, at Pope's, [*June* 24. 1727.]

I AM going to London, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you, if I ſee you, and leave for you, if I do not ſee you.

There would not be common ſenſe in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to ſtay there long enough to draw the

ſole

ſole pleaſure and profit, which I propoſe you ſhould have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much leſs ought you to think of ſuch an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you *. To hanker after a court is fit for men with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown eſtates. It is below either you or me; one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without aſſuming a ſuppliant dependant's air, you may ſpend in England all the time you can be abſent from Ireland, *et faire la guerre a l'oeil.* There has not been ſo much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot anſwer for contingencies. Adieu.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning, in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me juſt returning to Cranford from the Pall-mall.

I ſhall return again to London on Monday evening.

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

Cranford, Tueſday.

I HAVE ſo ſevere a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly ſtir abroad. You will

* See a letter from Dr Swift to Dr Sheridan, dated 24th June 1727. Vol. XII. p. 213. Bathurſt's edition, printed 1755.

will be ready to ſay, Phyſician, cure thyſelf; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yeſterday fourteen ounces of blood; and ſuch an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than ſteel, bitters, waters, and drops. I wiſh John Gay ſucceſs in his purſuit; but I think he has ſome qualities, which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? Poliſhed, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for ſlavery; and the pains he has taken gives him the noble pretenſion of dangling away life in an antichamber, or of employing real talents to ſerve thoſe who have none; or, which is worſe than all the reſt, of making his reaſon and his knowledge ſerve all the purpoſes of other mens follies and vices. You ſay not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as ſeldom as poſſible. I conſider myſelf as a man with ſome little ſatisfaction, and with ſome uſe; but I have no pleaſure in thinking I am an Engliſhman; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpoſe to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum ſemel cœpit, labitur. Plures enim diſcunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his reſiſtatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your landlord * is returned, my kindeſt ſervices to him.

LETTER

* Mr Pope, the Dean being at Twickenham.

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Sunday. [*Indorſed, on going to France, about June* 1727.]

YOU may be ſure of letters from me to people, who will receive you with all the honours due to ſo great a traveller, and ſo exact an author. I am obliged to ſtay in the country tomorrow, by ſome buſineſs relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpoſe a perſon is with me, who comes from Suffolk on my ſummons.

On Tueſday, by ſeven in the evening, I will certainly be in the Pall-mall, and there you ſhall have, if you meet me, and not otherwiſe, both my letters and inſtructions, which will be of uſe to you.

Raillery apart: Since you do go into France, I ſhall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave England, without embracing the man in England who loves you beſt. Adieu. My beſt ſervices attend all with you.

LETTER

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Tuesday.

I RETURN you the papers, which I have read twice over since you was here. They are extremely well; but the Craftsman has not only advertised the public, that he intended to turn news-writer, he has begun, and for some weeks continued to appear under that new character. This consideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the *Occasional Writer*, to account for his silence, to prosecute your argument, to state the present disputes about political affairs, and, in short, to revive and animate the paper-war. When we meet next, I will explain myself better than I can do by a letter writ in haste, with mowers and hay-makers about me. Adieu. Let Pope share my embraces with you.

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Thursday.

LORD B. is so ill, and so much alone, the common fate of those who are out of power,

power, that I have not left him one day ſince my return from London. Let me know how you are. Say ſomething very kind from me to Pope. Toſs John Gay over the water to Richmond, if he is with you. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXC.

MR PULTENEY TO MR POPE.

I AM obliged to you all for your compliment, and when the Dean is well enough, I hope to ſee you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you ſaw me laſt; for I flatter myſelf, that in an hour or two, I ſhall be once more bleſſed with a ſon. Mrs Pulteney is now in labour: If ſhe does well and brings me a boy, I ſhall not care one ſixpence how much longer Sir Robert governs England, or Horace governs France. I am ever your's,

W. P.

Eleven o'clock, Tueſday morning.

LETTER CCCXCI.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

London, June 24. 1727.

I HAVE received your laſt, with the incloſed print. I deſire you will let Dr Delany know that I tranſcribed the ſubſtance of his letter, and the

the tranſlation of what was regiſtered; and added a whole ſtate of the caſe, and gave it Mrs Howard to give to the Prince * from me, and to deſire, that, as Chancellor, he would do what he thought moſt fit. I forgot to aſk Mrs Howard † what was done in it, the next time I ſaw her; and the day I came to town, came the news of the King's ‡ death, of which I ſent particulars the very ſame day to our friends; ſince then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of ſchemes. I deferred kiſſing the King and Queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it ſo long. I have been, and I am ſo extremely buſy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finiſh it till next poſt; for now it is the laſt moment it can go, and I have much more to ſay. I was juſt ready to go to France, when the news of the King's death arrived, and I came to town, in order to begin my journey. But I was deſired to delay it; and I then determined it a ſecond time; when, upon ſome new incidents, I was with great vehemence diſſuaded from it, by certain perſons whom I could not diſobey. Thus things ſtand with me. My ſtomach is pretty good; but for ſome days my head has not been right; yet it is what I have been formerly uſed to. Here is a ſtrange world; and our friends would reproach me for my ſhare in it. But it ſhall be ſhort; for I deſign ſoon to return into

* His Royal Highneſs George Prince of Wales, Chancellor of the Univerſity of Dublin, now King.

† Afterwards Counteſs of Suffolk.

‡ King George I. He died June 11. 1727.

into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the univerſity, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any uſe, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating ſcheme, wherein nobody ſhall be uſed the worſe or better for being called Whig or Tory; and the King hath received both with great equality, ſhewing civilities to ſeveral who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we ſhould go in a line to kiſs the King's and Queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we ſhall be uſed well, and not baited as formerly. We all agree in it; and if things do not mend, it is not our faults: We have made our offers; if otherwiſe, we are as we were. It is agreed the miniſtry will be changed, but the others will have a ſoft fall; although the King muſt be exceſſive generous, if he forgives the treatment of ſome people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he ſhall be adviſed. But if the Archbiſhop * goes on to proceed to *ſub pœna contemptus, &c.* I would have an appeal at proper time; which I ſuppoſe muſt be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However, I will ſpend a hundred or two pounds rather than be enſlaved, or betray a right which I do not value three-pence, but my ſucceſſors may. My ſervice to all friends; and ſo thinking I have ſaid enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I

* Dr William King.

dare eat none here. It hath coſt me five ſhillings in victuals ſince I came here, and ten pounds to ſervants where I have dined. I ſuppoſe my agent * in Ship-ſtreet takes care and inquires about my new agent.

LETTER CCCXCII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, July 1. 1727.

I HAD your's of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was ſo conſtant a writer. I have writ ſix times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr Pope is reading your Perſius. He is frequently ſick, and ſo at this time. He has read it, but you muſt wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is deſigned for an elegant tranſlation, or only to ſhew the meaning. I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for thoſe alſo who are not expert in Latin, becauſe he is a very dark author. I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookſeller here for your advantage. There is a word (*concacuus*) which you have not explained, nor the reaſon of it. Where you are ignorant, you ſhould confeſs you are ignorant. I writ to Stella the day we heard the K—— was dead, and the circumſtances of it. I hold you a guinea,

* The Rev. Mr John Worral.

guinea, I ſhall forget ſomething. Worral writ to me lately. In anſwer, I deſire that when the Archbiſhop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and ſtay here a week, and then I ſhall go thither again, juſt to ſee the Queen, and ſo come back hither. Here are a thouſand ſchemes wherein they would have me engaged; which I embrace but coldly, becauſe I like none of them. I have been theſe ten days inclining to my old diſeaſe of giddineſs, a little tottering. Our friend underſtands it; but I grow cautious, and am ſomething better. Cyder, and champaigne, and fruit, have been the cauſe. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr Delany's paper to the King when he was Prince. He and his ſecretary * are diſcontented with the Provoſt †, but they find he has law on his ſide. The King's death hath broke that meaſure. I propoſed the Prince of Wales ‡ to be Chancellor, and I believe ſo it will go. Pray copy out the verſes I writ to Stella on her collecting my verſes, and ſend them to me; for we want ſome to make our poetical miſcellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what ſhould be added. Direct them, and all other double papers, to Lord Bathurſt, in St James's ſquare,

* Samuel Mollyneux, Eſq;

† The Rev. Dr Baldwin.

‡ Frederick Prince of Wales, eldeſt ſon of K. George II. who died March 20, 1750-1.

London. I was in a fright about your verſes on Stella's ſickneſs, but glad when they were a month old.

Deſire our friends to let me know what I ſhould buy for them here of any kind. I had juſt now a long letter from Mrs Dingley, and another from Mr Synge. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the viſiting affair to his diſcretion. But all the lawyers in Europe ſhall never perſuade me, that it is in the Archbiſhop's power to take or refuſe my proxy, when I have the King's leave of abſence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer, to defend the rights of the Dean. Pray aſk Mr Synge whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, *&c.* I deſign to paſs my time wholly in the country, having ſome buſineſs to do and ſettle before I leave England for the laſt time. I will ſend you Mr Pope's criticiſms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I deſire you. Pray God bleſs you all. If the King had lived but ten days longer, I ſhould be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers ſhould have been ſent unbound; but 'tis no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I ſee Mrs Fad but ſeldom; I never trouble her but when I am ſent for. She expects me ſoon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I deſire it may be told, that I never go to court; which I mention, becauſe of a paſſage in Mrs Dingley's

Dingley's * letter. She ſpeaks mighty good things of your kindneſs. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but ſome paſſages out of it, if they deſerve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without heſitation, and I'll give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impoſſibilities.

LETTER CCCXCIII.

CHEVALIER RAMSAY † TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR. *Paris, Aug.* 1. N. S. 1727.

MR HOOK having acquainted me with what goodneſs and patience you have been pleaſed to examine a performance of mine ‡, I take this occaſion to make my acknowledgements. Nothing could flatter me more ſenſibly

* An Engliſh lady, a friend of the Dean's.

† 'Andrew Michael Ramſay, knight of St Lazarus in France, and doctor of laws of the univerſity of Oxford. He was born in Scotland 9th of June 1686, and educated a Proteſtant, but converted to the church of Rome in 1709, by Fenelon Archbiſhop of Cambray, whoſe life he publiſhed. In 1724, he was ſent for to Rome by the Pretender, in order to be tutor to his two ſons: But the diviſions and jealonſies of that court induced him to deſire leave to return to France, where he was appointed governor of the Duke of Chateau-Thierry, and afterwards of the Prince Turenne. He died 6th May 1743, at St Germain-en-laie, at the age of fifty-ſeven. He is well known for "his Travels of Cyrus," his "Life of Marſhal Turenne," *&c.*

‡ The Travels of Cyrus.

than your approbation. To acquire the eſteem of perſons of your merit is the principal advantage I could wiſh for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myſelf with. I ſhould be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way uſeful to you in this part of the world, where, I aſſure you, your reputation is as well eſtabliſhed as in your own country. I am with the utmoſt regard and eſteem, reverend Sir, your moſt humble, and moſt obliged, obedient ſervant,

A. RAMSAY.

LETTER CCCXCIV.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM, *Twickenham, Aug.* 15. 1727.

I WISH I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I ſhould make you the beſt huſband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life; and inſtead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good ſubſtantial giddineſs and head-ach. The beſt of it is, that, although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no ſecrets that might not be heard five rooms diſtant. Theſe diſorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they uſed to do ſome years ago, will laſt as long as my leave of abſence, which I ſhall not renew: And then the Queen will have the misfortune not to ſee me, and I ſhall go back with the ſatisfaction never to have ſeen her ſince

ſhe

ſhe was Queen, but when I kiſſed her hand. And although ſhe were a thouſand Queens, I will not loſe my privilege of never ſeeing her but when ſhe commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love-letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do laſt year. But I would not ſhew it to either of them. I am the greateſt courtier and flatterer you have; becauſe I try your good ſenſe and taſte, more than all of them put together, which is the greateſt compliment I could put upon you: And you have hitherto behaved yourſelf tolerably well under it; much better than your miſtreſs, if what a lady told me was true, that, talking with the Queen about me, her Majeſty ſaid, I was an odd ſort of man. But I forgive her; for it is an odd thing in an honeſt man to ſpeak freely to princes. I will ſay another thing in your praiſe, that goodneſs would become you better than any perſon I know: And, for that very reaſon, there is nobody I wiſh to be good ſo much as yourſelf. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CCCXCV.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 12. 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught: For three days after I came to town with Lord Oxford from Cambridgeſhire,

ſhire *, which was ten days ago, my old deafneſs ſeized me, and hath continued ever ſince with great increaſe; ſo that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little leſs, I think, than I was yeſterday; but, which is worſe, about four days ago my giddineſs ſeized me, and I was ſo very ill, that yeſterday I took a hearty vomit; and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better: But what will be the event I know not. One thing I know that theſe deaf fits uſed to continue five or ſix weeks; and I am reſolved, if it continues, or my giddineſs, ſome days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or ſomewhere near London, and take my couſin Lancelot to be my nurſe. Our friends know her; it is the ſame with Pat Rolt. If my diſorder ſhould keep me longer than my licence of abſence laſts, I would have you get Mr Worral to renew it. It will not expire till the ſixth or ſeventh of October, and I reſolved to begin my journey Sept. 15. Mr Worral will ſee by the date of my licence, what time the new one ſhould commence: But he has ſeven weeks yet to conſider; I only ſpeak in time. I am very uneaſy here, becauſe ſo many of our acquaintance come to ſee us, and I cannot be ſeen; beſides, Mr Pope is too ſickly and complaiſant; therefore I reſolve to go ſomewhere elſe. This is a little unlucky,

* Son of the late Right Honourable Robert Harley, Lord High Treaſurer of England, created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer by Queen Anne.

unlucky, my head will not bear writing long. I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think beſt. The King and Queen come in two days to our neighbourhood *; and there I ſhall be expected, and cannot go; which however is none of my grievances; for I had rather be abſent, and have now too good an excuſe. I believe this giddineſs is the diſorder that will at laſt get the better of me; but I had rather it ſhould not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yeſterday.——Since my dinner, my giddineſs is much better, and my deafneſs a hair's-breadth not ſo bad. It is juſt as uſual, worſt in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midſt of peaches, figs, nectarins, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I ſhall however ſet out in the midſt of September, as I deſigned. This is a long letter for an ill head, ſo adieu. My ſervice to our two friends and all others.

LETTER CCCXCVI.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 29. 1727.

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th; and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you, with the moſt fatal news that can ever

* Richmond.

ever come to me, unleſs I ſhould be put to death for ſome ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddineſs and deafneſs, of which I had two days intermiſſion, but ſince worſe; and I ſhall be perfectly content, if God ſhall pleaſe to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendſhip broke, which hath laſted thirty years; twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general. My weakneſs, my age, my friendſhip, will bear no more. I have mentioned the caſe, as well as I knew it, to a phyſician who is my friend; and I find his methods were the ſame, air and exerciſe, and at laſt aſſes milk. I will tell you ſincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods, in order to paſs my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of ſixty. I am ſtrongly viſited with a diſeaſe, that will at laſt cut me off, if I ſhould this time eſcape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wiſe man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland ſo ſoon as I purpoſed; I would not be there in the very midſt of grief. I deſire you will ſpeak to Mr Worral, to get a new licence about the beginning of October, when my old one, as he will ſee by the date, ſhall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my preſent condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my couſin for a nurſe,

nurſe, about five miles from London, on the other ſide towards the ſea; and if I recover, I will either paſs this winter near Saliſbury-plain, or in France. And therefore I deſire Mr Worral may make this licence run like the former, [to Great-Britain, or elſewhere, for the recovery of his health.]

Neither my health nor grief will permit me to ſay more. Your directions to Mr Lancelot, at his houſe in New Bond-ſtreet, over-againſt the crown and cuſhion, will reach me. Farewel.

This ſtroke was unexpected, and my fears laſt year were ten times greater *.

LETTER CCCXCVII.

MRS HOWARD TO DR SWIFT.

Aug. 1727.

I WRITE to you to pleaſe myſelf. I hear you are melancholy becauſe you have a bad head, and deaf ears. Theſe are two misfortunes I have laboured under theſe many years, and yet was never peeviſh with myſelf or the world. Have I more philoſophy and reſolution than you? Or am I ſo ſtupid I don't feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view? Or do I mean, that I pleaſe myſelf when I inſult over you? Anſwer theſe queries in writing, if poiſon or other

* See letter cccly.

other methods don't enable you ſoon to appear in perſon. Though I make uſe of your own word poiſon, give me leave to tell you it is nonſenſe; and I deſire you will take more care for the time to come, how you endeavour to impoſe upon my underſtanding, by making no uſe of your own. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CCCXCVIII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

London, Sept. 2. 1727.

I HAD your's of the 19th of Auguſt, which I anſwered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the laſt day of Auguſt, being impatient of ſtaying there longer, where ſo much company came to us, while I was ſo giddy and deaf. I am now got to my couſin Lancelot's houſe; where I deſire all letters may be directed to me. I am ſtill in the ſame condition, or rather worſe; for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, conſidering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have juſt received your's of Auguſt 24.; I kept it an hour in my pocket, with all the ſuſpence of a man who expected to hear the worſt news that fortune could give him, and at the ſame time was not able to hold up my head. Theſe

are

are the perquiſites of living long. The laſt act of life is always a tragedy at beſt; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's beſt friend go before one. I deſired in my laſt, that you would not enlarge upon that event, but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *ſtamina vitæ*; but my friendſhip could not arm me againſt this accident, although I foreſaw it. I have ſaid enough in my laſt letter, which now I ſuppoſe is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or no, that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when ſuch a friend is deſperate. I do profeſs, upon my ſalvation, that the diſtreſſed and deſperate condition of our friend makes life ſo indifferent to me, who, by courſe of nature, have ſo little left, that I do not think it worth the time to ſtruggle: Yet I ſhould think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this preſent diſorder; and to what advantage? Why, to ſee the loſs of that perſon for whoſe ſake only life was worth preſerving. I brought both thoſe friends over *, that we might be happy together as long as God ſhould pleaſe. The knot is broken; and the remain-

* Mrs Johnſon and Mrs Dingley, both relations of Sir William Temple, at whoſe houſe the author became acquainted with them, after he left the univerſity of Dublin. Their fortunes being not very conſiderable, they choſe to ſpend their days in Ireland.——There is not the leaſt reaſon to believe that Stella was related to Sir William Temple. *Hawkeſ.*

ing perſon, you know, has ill anſwered the end; and the other, who is now to be loſt, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in ſuch agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. ——I am able to hold up my ſorry head no longer *.

LETTER CCCXCIX.

MR POPE TO DR SHERIDAN.

SIR, *Twickenham, Sept. 6.*

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the Dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderneſs to him, wiſh him with you; and at the ſame time I fear he is not in a condition

* That ingenious lady for whom the author expreſſeth ſo much concern here, and in the preceding letter, was the famous STELLA, ſo often celebrated in the author's poems for her fine perſon, wit, and many virtues. Her phyſician told her, when ſhe was near dying, that ſhe was at the bottom of the hill, and they muſt endeavour to get her up again. But ſhe plainly ſaw the approaches of death, and readily replied, "That ſhe found "ſhe would be out of breath before ſhe got up to the "top." She died in a few months after the date of theſe letters, Jan. 28. 1727-8.——See her character in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to Vol. I.

dition to make the journey. Though (to eaſe you as far as I can) his phyſician and friend, Dr Arbuthnott, aſſures me he will ſoon be well. At preſent he is very deaf, and more uneaſy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way; which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reaſon for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks, if he recovers ſufficiently; if not, he will ſtay here this winter. Upon pretence of ſome very unavoidable occaſions, he went to London four days ſince, where I ſee him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniatrete* in leaving me; but he ſhall not get rid of the friend, tho' he may of his houſe. I have ſuggeſted to him the remedy you mention; and I will not leave him a day till I ſee him better. I wiſh you could ſee us in England without manifeſt inconvenience to yourſelf; though I heartily hope and believe that our friend will do well. I ſincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is ſo juſtly merited; and am, both for his ſake and your own, with great eſteem, your's, &c.

A. POPE.

P. S. I have often deſired the Dean to make known to you my ſenſe of the good opinion you have expreſſed of me in your letters. I am pleaſed to have an opportunity of thanking you

under my hand; and I desire you to continue it, to one who is no way ungrateful.

*** This letter was probably an answer to one sent by Dr Sheridan to Mr Pope when he last wrote to the Dean. The reason of his going to London appears by the two preceding letters; and about the time mentioned in this, he returned again to Ireland. Mrs Johnson languished till the 28th of January following, and then died. During her sickness, he composed the prayers which may be found in this edition. They were originally printed from his own hand-writing. *Hawkes.*

LETTER CCCC.

MRS HOWARD TO DR SWIFT.

Sept. 1727.

I DID desire you to write me a love-letter; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I had rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your head-ach, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave England till I see you; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking: I dare not go to you. Believe nobody that talks

to

to you of the Queen, without you are ſure the perſon likes both the Queen and you. I have been a ſlave twenty years, without ever receiving a reaſon for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleaſure, once in my life, of abſolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one queſtion why I have given them.

LETTER CCCCI.

DR SWIFT TO MR WORRAL.

London, Sept. 12. 1727.

I HAVE not wrote to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not neceſſary. By Dr Sheridan's frequent letters, I am every poſt expecting the death of a friend, with whoſe loſs I ſhall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I deſire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs Brent, that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minime decet, uti manifeſtum eſt: habeo enim malignos, qui ſiniſtre hoc interpretabuntur, ſi eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.* I am in ſuch a condition of health, that I cannot poſſibly travel. Dr Sheridan, to whom I wrote this laſt poſt, will be more particular, and ſpare my weak diſordered head Pray, anſwer all calls of money in your power to Mrs Dingley, and deſire her to aſk it. I cannot come back at the time of

my licence, I am afraid. Therefore the ſecond or third day before it expires, which will be the beginning of October, (you will find by the date of the laſt), take out a new one for another half year; and let the ſame clauſe be in (of leave to go to Great-Britain, or elſewhere, for the recovery of his health); for very probably, if this unfortunate event ſhould happen of the loſs of our friend, (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better), I will go to France, if my health will permit me, to forget myſelf *. I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr Deacon, or Alderman Parſon, come to pay rent, take it on account, unleſs they bring you their laſt acquittance to direct you. But Deacon owes me ſeventy-five pounds, and intereſt, upon his bond; ſo you are to take care of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs Worrall have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am ſincerely your's.

You need not trouble yourſelf to write till you have buſineſs; for it is uncertain where I ſhall be.

LETTER

* Soon after the date of this letter, the Dean went to Ireland; and Mrs Johnſon, after languiſhing about two months, died on the 28th of January 1727, in the 44th year of her age.

LETTER CCCCII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS HOWARD *, BEFORE HIS LEAVING ENGLAND.

MADAM, *Sept.* 1727.

THIS cruel diſorder of deafneſs, attended with giddineſs, ſtill confines me. I have been debating with myſelf, that having a home in Dublin not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my ſickneſs will allow me to travel. I am therefore ſetting out for Ireland; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troubleſome companion.

I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and ſhall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me ſo far, as to preſent my moſt humble duty to the Queen, and to deſcribe to her Majeſty my ſorrow, that my diſorder was of ſuch a nature, as to

* This lady went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of Hanover, with her huſband, and became of the bed-chamber to the Princeſs of Brunſwick, afterwards Princeſs of Wales, and then Queen Caroline. Upon the death of Queen Anne, ſhe came over with her miſtreſs, and was reckoned the greateſt favourite at Leiceſter-houſe. Some time after the acceſſion of George II. ſhe was created Counteſs of Suffolk, and in a few years retired from court. She ſurvived her firſt huſband, and married the Honourable Mr George Berkeley, brother to Lady Betty Germain, in the year 1735. See Mrs Barber's letters, and thoſe of Lady Betty Germain, in this collection.

to make me incapable of attending her, as ſhe was pleaſed to permit me. I ſhall paſs the remainder of my life with the utmoſt gratitude for her Majeſty's favours *. I am, &c.

LETTER CCCCIII.

Oct. 2. 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you; and your kind letter left for me at Mr Gay's affected me ſo much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to ſay to you; I only feel that I wiſh you well in every circumſtance of life; that it is almoſt as good to be hated as to be loved, conſidering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themſelves ſo utterly impotent to do any good, or give any eaſe to thoſe who deſerve moſt from us. I would very fain know, as ſoon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could eaſe any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was ſorry to find you could think yourſelf eaſier in any houſe than in mine; though at the ſame time I can allow for a tenderneſs in your

* His opinion of this lady, and ſenſe of her Majeſty's favours, are expreſſed very differently in other places: It is therefore to be preſumed, they were changed by ſome events ſubſequent to this letter, though I think he was never afterwards in England. See verſes on his own death, and the letter of Lady Eliz. Germain, in this collection.

your way of thinking, even when it ſeemed to want that tenderneſs. I can't explain my meaning; perhaps you know it. But the beſt way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to viſit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in your's. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added ſome diſagreeable news from Ireland, which might occaſion your ſo ſudden departure: For the laſt time I ſaw you, you aſſured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unleſs your health grew better; and I don't find it did ſo. I never complied ſo unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in ſtaying ſo entirely from you; nor could I have had the conſtancy to do it, if you had not promiſed, that, before you went, we ſhould meet, and you would ſend to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to thoſe you mention in your's. We are quite ſorry for you, I mean for ourſelves. I hope, as you do, that we ſhall meet in a more durable and more ſatisfactory ſtate; but the leſs ſure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we ſhall have ſomething better than even a friend there; but certainly here we have nothing ſo good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleaſed and happy, as every friend you went from is ſorry and troubled.

Your's, *&c.*

LETTER

LETTER CCCCIV.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12. 1727.

I HAVE been long reaſoning with myſelf upon the condition I am in, and in concluſion have thought it beſt to return to what fortune hath made my home. I have there a large houſe, and ſervants and conveniencies about me. I may be worſe than I am; and I have no-where to retire. I therefore thought it beſt to return to Ireland, rather than go to any diſtant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleaſes God to reſtore me to my health, I ſhall readily make a third journey; if not, we muſt part, as all human creatures have parted. You are the beſt and kindeſt friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am ſo much obliged: And if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wiſhed that God Almighty would be ſo eaſy to the weakneſs of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another ſtate; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my ſchemes. This wildneſs you muſt allow for, becauſe I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be ſick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneaſy; yet my giddineſs alone would not have done, if that unſociable comfortleſs deafneſs had not quite

tired

tired me. And I believe I ſhould have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a ſhort intermiſſion, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, beſides all other faults, I ſhould be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendſhip and kindneſs. But it hath pleaſed God, that you are not in a ſtate of health to be mortified with the care and ſickneſs of a friend. Two ſick friends never did well together; ſuch an office is fitter for ſervants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The caſe would be quite otherwiſe if you were with me; you could refuſe to ſee any body; and here is a large houſe, where we need not hear each other if we were both ſick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both ſexes at command, who are of no conſequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread ſoftly when I am only giddy and would ſleep.

I had another reaſon for my haſte hither; which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown ſo indifferent, that I believe I ſhall loſe two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myſelf with accounts; ſo that I am very well qualified to be a lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increaſe Mr Congreve's amendment; though he does not deſerve it like you, having been too laviſh of that health which nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher ſaid, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it "had been before."

Pray God ſend you health, *det ſolutum, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipſe parabis.* You ſee Horace wiſhed for money as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I ſhall never be a friend to the court till you do ſo too.

LETTER CCCCV.

FROM THE PRINCE OF LILLIPUT.

†**‡. *

In European characters and Engliſh thus:

The high and mighty Prince EGROEGO, born to the moſt puiſſant empire of the Eaſt,

Unto STELLA, the moſt reſplendent glory of the Weſtern hemiſphere, ſendeth health and happineſs.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS, 1727.

THAT invincible hero, the MAN-MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coaſt ſome years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happineſs. But now the martial people of Blefuſcu, encouraged from his abſence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loſs and diſgrace they ſuffered by our valiant champion.

The

* Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the addreſs in the Lilliputian tongue.

The fame of your ſuper-excellent perſon and virtue, and the huge eſteem which that great general has for you, urged us in this our ſecond diſtreſs to ſue for your favour. In order to which we have ſent our able and truſty NARDAC KOORBNILOB, requeſting, that if our general does yet tread upon the terreſtrial globe, you, in compaſſion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And leaſt any apprehenſions of famine amongſt us ſhould render NARDAC MOUNTAIN averſe to the undertaking, we ſignify to you, that we have ſtored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars, with plenty of proviſion for a long ſupply of the waſtes to be made by his capacious ſtomach.

And furthermore, becauſe as we hear you are not ſo well as we could wiſh, we beg you would complete our happineſs, by venturing your moſt valuable perſon along with him into our country, where, by the ſalubrity of our finer air and diet, you will ſoon recover your health and ſtomach.

In full aſſurance of your complying goodneſs, we have ſent you ſome proviſion for your voyage, and we ſhall with impatience wait for your ſafe arrival to our kingdom. Moſt illuſtrious lady, farewell.

Prince EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th Moon, in the 2001 year of the Lilliputian æra.

LETTER CCCCVI.

EDWARD EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dover-ſtreet, Oct.* 12. 1727.

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were ſo much out of order when I went to the North; and, upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanry till the ſpring. I ſhould be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troubleſome diſtemper, your deafneſs.

I have ſeen Pope but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and ſtaying out a whole opera. He would not ſee the coronation, although he might have ſeen it with little trouble.

I came laſt night well home, after attending, and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuſe of old age not to attend; which is no ill wiſh to their preſent Majeſties, ſince Nottingham at fourſcore could bear the fatigue very well. I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we ſhall ſee you again early in the ſpring, which will be a very great pleaſure to me.

There

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the Oxford Marmora: I ſhould take it for a great favour if you would be ſo kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are ſome corrections: If you think fit to do this, Mr Clayton, who is in Ireland, will take care to bring it ſafe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I muſt not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am with true reſpect, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to ſend me the ballad.

Mr Clayton will call upon you before he comes to England; I have written him to that purpoſe.

LETTER CCCCVII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

Oct. 22. 1727.

THE Queen's family is at laſt ſettled; and in the liſt I was appointed gentleman-uſher to the Princeſs Louiſa, the youngeſt princeſs; which, upon account that I am ſo far advanced in life, I have declined accepting; and have endeavoured, in the beſt manner I could, to make my excuſes by a letter to her Majeſty. So now all my expectations are vaniſhed; and I have no proſpect, but depending wholly upon myſelf,

and my own conduct. As I am uſed to diſappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be diſappointed; ſo that I am in a bleſſed condition.——You remember you were adviſing me to go into Newgate to finiſh my ſcenes the more correctly.——I now think I ſhall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera is already finiſhed. I leave the reſt of this paper to Mr Pope.

Gay is a free man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the ſame. It will mend him and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Auguſtus's time if he pleaſed; but I won't in the time of our Auguſtus. My poem, (which it grieves me that I dare not ſend you a copy of for fear of the Curls and Dennis's of Ireland, and ſtill more for fear of the worſt of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I ſay, will ſhew what a diſtinguiſhing age we live in. Your name is in it, with ſome others, under the mark of ſuch ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu; and God bleſs you, and give you health and ſpirits,

Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy-chair,
Or in the graver gown inſtruct mankind,
Or, ſilent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

Theſe two verſes are over and above what I have ſaid of you in the poem. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCVIII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Oct. 30. 1727.

THE firſt letter I writ after my landing was to Mr Gay; but it would have been wiſer to direct it to Tonſon or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than the runners of the poſt-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in ſeven days from London to the deanry, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected, in how few hours, with a ſwift horſe, or a ſtrong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your converſation and kindneſs than by your letter, I might be baſe enough to ſuſpect, that, in point of friendſhip, you acted like ſome philoſophers, who wrote much better upon virtue than they practiſed it. In anſwer, I can only ſwear, that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years, further than by inexpreſſible nonſenſe; but now I can every night diſtinctly ſee Twickenham and the grotto, and Dawley, and many other *et cetera's*; and it is but three nights ſince I beat Mrs Pope. I muſt needs confeſs, that the pleaſure I take in thinking on you is very much leſſened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for

the great talents God hath given you, and for the conſequences of them, in the eſteem and diſtinction you receive from mankind, unleſs you can provide a tolerable ſtock of health; in which purſuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it, by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other phyſicians. When you talked of cups and impreſſions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting ſcripture, not to your advantage. I mean what was ſaid to David by one of his brothers. *I knew thy pride, and the naughtineſs of thy heart.* I remember when it grieved your ſoul to ſee me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have coſt me a hundred pounds; for I live worſe here upon more. Did you ever conſider, that I am for life almoſt twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to ſay to it with St Paul, *If we have ſown unto you ſpiritual things, is it a great thing if we ſhall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper ſtill, if you conſider the French word *ſpiritual*, in which ſenſe the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a preſent of a thouſand pound, I would not allow myſelf to be in your debt; and if I made you a preſent of two, I would not allow myſelf

to

to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: Witneſs what Mr Gay ſays in his letter, that I was cenſured for begging preſents, though I limited them to ten ſhillings. I ſee no reaſon (at leaſt my friendſhip and vanity ſee none) why you ſhould not give me a viſit, when you ſhall happen to be diſengaged. I will ſend a perſon to Cheſter to take care of you, and you ſhall be uſed by the beſt folks we have here, as well as civility and good nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill phyſic; and I will have your coming inſcribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verſe.

I thank Mrs Pope for her prayers, but I know the myſtery. A perſon of my acquaintance, who uſed to correſpond with the laſt Great Duke of Tuſcany, ſhewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and profeſſing great ſenſe of his Highneſs's friendſhip, read this paſſage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure you real good.* The perſon to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, ſaid, the meaning of *real good* was only, that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray aſk Mrs Pope whether the ſtory is applicable to her and me? I pray God bleſs her, for I am ſure ſhe is a good Chriſtian, and (which is almoſt as rare) a good woman. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCIX.

DR SWIFT TO MR GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23. 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refuſal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the miniſtry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himſelf in a ſtate to be forgiven. Upon reaſoning with myſelf, I ſhould hope they are gone too far to diſcard you quite, and that they will give you ſomething; which, although much leſs than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumſtantiated; and ſince you already juſt live, a middling help will make you juſt tolerable. Your lateneſs in life (as you ſo ſoon call it) might be improper to begin the world with; but almoſt the eldeſt men may hope to ſee changes in a court. A miniſter is always ſeventy: you are thirty years younger; and conſider, Cromwel himſelf did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a ſhilling, which Dr Birch ſaid was a ſerious thing. Get a ſtronger fence about your 1000 l. and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be adviſed by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the moſt refractory, honeſt, good-natured man I ever have known. I could argue out this paper.——I am very glad your opera is finiſhed,

niſhed, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it ſucceed, becauſe you are ill uſed by others.

I have known courts theſe thirty-ſix years, and know they differ; but in ſome things they are extremely conſtant. Firſt, in the trite old maxim of a miniſter's never forgiving thoſe he hath injured. Secondly, in the inſincerity of thoſe who would be thought the beſt friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing. Fourthly, in ſacrificing thoſe whom we really wiſh well, to a point of intereſt or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for thoſe who can do ſervice or diſſervice.

Now, why does not Pope publiſh his Dulneſs *? The rogues he marks will die of themſelves in peace, and ſo will his friends; and ſo there will be neither puniſhment nor reward.—Pray inquire how my Lord St John does. There's no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his.——I wonder whether you begin to taſte the pleaſure of independency, or whether you do not ſometimes leer upon the court *oculo retorto*. Will not you think of an annuity when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchaſe-money? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the uſual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? Does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the moment

* The Dunciad.

moment I am writing, a planter, a philoſopher, or a writer? Is Mr Pulteney in expectation of a ſon, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuſcript?

I bought your opera to-day for ſixpence; a curſed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout*.

We are as full of it, *pro modulo noſtro*, as London can be; continually acting, and houſes cramm'd, and the Lord Lieutenant ſeveral times there laughing his heart out. I did not underſtand, that the ſcene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Caſſius, till I was told it. I wiſh Macheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying. I would have had his fellow-rogues deſire his commands about a ſucceſſor, and he to anſwer, Let it be the moſt worthy, *&c.* We hear a million of ſtories about the opera, of the applauſe at the ſong, *That was levell'd at me*, when two great miniſters were in a box together, and all the world ſtaring at them. I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purſe, though perhaps it may ſpoil your court.

Will you deſire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr Pulteney, and Mr Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thouſand pounds, that you may laugh at courts and bad miniſters.——

Ever preſerve ſome ſpice of the alderman, and prepare againſt age, and dulneſs, and ſickneſs,

neſs, and coldneſs, or death of friends. A whore has a reſource left, that ſhe can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewiſe Polly's mezzotinto. Lord, how the ſchool-boys at Weſtminſter, and univerſity-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh as miniſters can make weep?

I will excuſe Sir —— the trouble of a letter. When ambaſſadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years, the Emperor anſwered, That he likewiſe condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and reſpected him very much, and do ſtill as much as ever; and it is a return ſufficient, if he pleaſes to accept the offers of my moſt humble ſervice.

The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to ſee Pope's Dulneſs knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expoſe vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public ſervice than all the miniſters of ſtate from Adam to Walpole; and ſo adieu.

LETTER CCCCX.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

POPE charges himſelf with this letter. He has been here two days; he is now hurrying

rying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more; and, before the end of the week, he will be, for aught I know, at Dublin. In the mean time, his Dulneſs * grows and flouriſhes, as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work. The many will ſtare at it, the few will ſmile, and all his patrons, from Bickerſtaff to Gulliver, will rejoice to ſee themſelves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had ſome return of your illneſs, which carried you ſo ſuddenly from us, if indeed it was your own illneſs which made you in ſuch haſte to be at Dublin. Dear Swift, take care of your health. I'll give you a receipt for it, *a la Montagne*, or, which is better, *a la Bruyere*. "Nouriſſer bien voir corpſe; ne le "fatiguer jamais: laiſſer rouiller l'eſprit, meuble "inutil, votre outil dangereux: laiſſer ſonner "vos cloches le matin, pour eveiller les cha-"noines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un "ſommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de "beaux ſonges: lever vous tard, et aller a l'ég-"liſe, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi "et bien dejunné." As to myſelf, (a perſon about whom I concern myſelf very little), I muſt ſay a word or two out of complaiſance to you. I am in my farm, and here I ſhoot ſtrong and tenacious roots. I have caught hold of the earth (to uſe a gardener's phraſe), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an eaſy matter to tranſplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear

* The Dunciad.

hear from you, at leaſt of you. I love you for a thouſand things; for none more than for the juſt eſteem and love which you have for all the ſons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account, I ſhall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to deſire you to expect my ſoul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I aſſure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court abſolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber, and the Britiſh Journaliſt; ſo that we may live at quiet, and apply ourſelves to our more abſtruſe ſtudies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr Bowry. The former is at preſent ſo employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her Majeſty's waterman), that I can ſcarce obtain a categorical anſwer from either to any thing I ſay to them. But the opera ſucceeds extremely, to your's and my extreme ſatisfaction, of which he promiſes this poſt to give you a full account. I have been in a worſe condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: So it muſt be in you, and in poſterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu.

While I am, I am your's. Pray love me, and take care of yourſelf.

LETTER CCCCXI.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. 30. 1727.

I HAVE heard, dear Sir, with great pleaſure, of your ſafe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the beſt expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the incloſed comes from; and, I hope, will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myſelf. Either you have not done me juſtice, or they have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curioſity wanted only to be gratified, I don't ſtand in need of a letter from yourſelf, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing that you do or ſay; ſo that you had beſt take care of your conduct. You ſee of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aſide, I muſt aſk you, if you have any intereſt? Or do you think that I could have, or procure any with my Lord Lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one Capt. Innes, I think in Colonel Wilſon's regiment, and now in Limerick? He is an exceeding worthy

worthy man, but has ſtuck long in a low poſt for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I ſhall proceed in this matter.

I was yeſterday with all your friends at St James's. There is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay. As for hopes of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aſide. He has made a pretty good bargain (that is, a Smithfield one) for a little place in the cuſtom-houſe, which was to bring him in about a hundred a-year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to Gay. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and ſaid, he would not part with his place. I have begged Gay not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am ſure I ſhould not live a week. I long to hear of the ſafe arrival of Dr Delany. Pray, give my humble ſervice to him.

As for news, it was wrote from Spain to me, from my brother in France, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the miniſtry know nothing of it. Nay, ſome told me, that the anſwer was rather ſurly. Lord Townſhend is very ill; but I think, by the deſcription of his caſe, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back-ſtairs yeſterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, *&c.* The firſt part of the diſcourſe was about you, Mr Pope, Curl, and myſelf. My family are well: they, and my brother in France, and one that is here, all give their ſervice to you. If you had been ſo lucky as to have gone to Paris laſt ſummer, you would have had health, honour, and diverſion in

abundance; for I will promiſe, you would have recovered of the ſpleen. I ſhall add no more, but my kindeſt wiſhes, and that I am with the greateſt affection and reſpect, your's, &c.

LETTER CCCCXII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS MOORE.

DEAR MADAM, *Deanry-houſe, Dec.* 7. 1727.

THOUGH I ſee you ſeldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world that is more concerned for any thing that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune. I have always had the higheſt eſteem for your virtue, the greateſt value for your converſation, and the trueſt affection for your perſon; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loſs of ſo amiable, and (what is more) ſo favourite a child. Theſe are the neceſſary conſequences of too ſtrong attachments, by which we are grieving ourſelves with the death of thoſe we love; as we muſt one day grieve thoſe who love us, with the death of ourſelves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we ſit as ſpectators a while, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, ſo it is the ſole cauſe of our grief. The dear perſon you lament, is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious ſenſe. Philoſophy always taught men to deſpiſe life, as a moſt contemptible

temptible thing in itself; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better; which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of: so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is lost. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left; one of them of an age to be useful to his family *, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age: So that, according to the general dispensations of God Almighty, you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart: which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished; common observation shewing us, that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents indulgence, or soon taken out of the world; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings; with diseases, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most

* Charles Devenish, Esq;

hopeful or moſt uſeful children; with a want of reliſh for all worldly enjoyments; with a general diſlike of perſons and things: and though all theſe are very natural effects of increaſing years, yet they were intended by the Author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondneſs of life, the nearer we approach towards the end of it. And this is the uſe you are to make, in prudence as well as in conſcience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of thoſe which, in the courſe of nature and providence, you have reaſon to expect. May God, who hath endued you with ſo many virtues, add ſtrength of mind, and reliance upon his mercy, in proportion to your preſent ſufferings, as well as thoſe he may think fit to try you with, through the remainder of your life.

I fear my preſent ill diſpoſition, both of health and mind *, has made me but a ſorry comforter: however, it will ſhew, that no circumſtance of life can put you out of my mind; and that I am with the trueſt reſpect, eſteem, and friendſhip,

Dear MADAM,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs Johnſon's death, an event which was then almoſt daily expected. *Hawkeſ.*

LETTER CCCCXIII.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE TO DR SWIFT.

In London, at the White Peruke,
SIR, *Covent-Garden, 14th Dec. 1727.*

YOU will be ſurpriſed in receiving an Engliſh * eſſay from a French traveller. Pray forgive an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the raſh attempt of writing in Engliſh.

You will ſee by the advertiſement, that I have ſome deſigns upon you, and that I muſt mention you for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the ſatisfaction of talking of you, as poſterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to intreat you to make ſome uſe of your intereſt in Ireland, about ſome ſubſcriptions for the Henriade; which is almoſt ready, and does not come out yet

* An Eſſay on the Civil Wars of France, which he made the foundation of his Henriade, an heroic poem, ſince well known. He had been impriſoned in the Baſtile in Paris; but being releaſed about the year 1725, he came to England, and ſolicited ſubſcriptions for his poem. In about a year and an half, he made himſelf maſter of our language; and, in 1727, when this letter was written, he publiſhed the eſſay here mentioned, with an eſſay on the epic poetry of the European nations, from Homer to Milton.

yet for want of a little help? The ſubſcriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the higheſt eſteem, and the utmoſt gratitude, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER CCCCXIV.

MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE TO DR SWIFT, AFTER THE PUBLICATION OF THE HENRIADE.

SIR,

I SENT the other day a cargo of French dulneſs to my Lord Lieutenant. My Lady Bolingbroke has taken upon herſelf to ſend you one copy of the Henriade. She is deſirous to do that honour to my book; and I hope the merit of being preſented to you by her hands will be a commendation to it. However, if ſhe has not done it already, I deſire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my Lord Lieutenant's. I wiſh you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not ſeen Mr Pope this winter; but I have ſeen the third volume of the *Miſcellanea*; and the more I read your works, the more I am aſhamed of mine. I am, with reſpect, eſteem, and gratitude, Sir, your moſt humble obedient ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXV.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD CARTERET LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD, *Jan.* 18. 1727-8.

I WAS informed, that your Excellency having referred to the univerſity here, ſome regulation of his Majeſty's benefaction for profeſſors; they have, in their anſwer, inſinuated as if they thought it beſt that the profeſſorſhips ſhould be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be ſo. I need not inform your Excellency, how contrary ſuch a practice is to that of all the univerſities in Europe. Your Excellency well knows how many learned men of the two laſt ages have been invited by princes to be profeſſors in ſome art or ſcience, for which they were renowned; and that the like rule hath been followed in Oxford and Cambridge. I hope your Excellency will ſhew no regard to ſo narrow and partial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowſhips, and ſpoil profeſſorſhips; although I ſhould be ſorry that any fellow ſhould be thought incapable on that account, when otherwiſe qualified. And I ſhould be glad that any perſon, whoſe education hath been in this univerſity, ſhould be preferred before another upon equal deſervings. But that muſt be left to thoſe who ſhall be your Excellency's ſucceſſors, who may not always be great clerks: And I wiſh you

you could, in ſome meaſure, provide againſt having this benefaction made a perquiſite of humour or favour. Whoever is preferred to a biſhoprick, or to ſuch a preferment as ſhall hinder him from reſiding within a certain diſtance of this town, ſhould be obliged to reſign his profeſſorſhip.

As long as you are governor here, I ſhall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts; and I hope you will conſider them until you find I grow impertinent, or have ſome bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber by the continuance of an unconverſable diſorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing. I am, *&c.*

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady Carteret.

Your friend Walpole hath lately done one of the cruelleſt actions that ever I knew, even in a miniſter of ſtate, theſe thirty years paſt; which, if the Queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget its cunning.

LETTER CCCCXVI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13. 1728.

I LIVED very eaſily in the country. Sir A. is a man of ſenſe, and a ſcholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better; ſhe is perfectly well bred,

bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong. With that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family-verses of mirth by way of libels on my Lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants, and my old Presbyterian house-keeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper when I was in the country; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews my grief for the death of our friend Mr Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health, for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him, though I saw him so seldom; and possibly if he had lived on, should never have seen him more.

more. I do not only wiſh, as you aſk me, that I was unacquainted with any deſerving perſon, but almoſt that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured phyſician *, a fine gentleman, an excellent ſcholar, eaſy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally; they paſs the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of theſe at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than, Poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the reſt, and is no more moved than at the loſs of his cat; he offends nobody, is eaſy with every body.——Is not this the true happy man? I was deſcribing him to my Lady A——, who knows him too; but ſhe hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the ſame temper; and yet I cannot ſay I love it; for I do not love my Lord ——, who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr Gay's ſecond opera †, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be adviſed, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER

* Dr Helſham.
† Polly.

LETTER CCCCXVII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Whitehall, Feb.* 15. 1727-8.

I HAVE deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the Beggar's Opera. It is acted at the play-houſe in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with ſuch ſucceſs, that the play-houſe hath been crouded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time of acting; and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered Motte * to ſend the play to you the firſt opportunity. I made no intereſt, either for approbation or money; nor hath any body been preſſed to take tickets for my benefit: Notwithſtanding which, I think I ſhall make an addition to my fortune of between ſix and ſeven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleaſure, as I have puſhed through this precarious affair without ſervility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the ſame ſtate you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The Dutcheſs of Queenſberry hath ſignalized her friendſhip to me upon this occaſion, in ſuch a conſpicuous manner, that I hope (for her ſake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uſes, and ſuffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths†. Lord Cobham ſays, I ſhould have printed it in Italian over-againſt the Engliſh,

* "Benjamin, the bookſeller."

† See the letter of November 9. 1729.

liſh, that the ladies might have underſtood what they read. The outlandiſh (as they now call it) opera hath been ſo thin of late, that ſome have called that the Beggar's Opera; and if the run continues, I fear I ſhall have remonſtrances drawn up againſt me by the Royal Academy of Muſic. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you ſoon. By my conſtant attendance on this affair, I have almoſt worried myſelf into an ill ſtate of health; but I intend in five or ſix days to go to our country-ſeat at Twickenham, for a little air. Mr Pope is very ſeldom in town. Mrs Howard frequently aſks after you, and deſires her compliments to you. Mr George Arbuthnott, the Doctor's brother, is married to Mrs Peggy Robinſon.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit, I am in a hurry to go out about buſineſs. I am, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate and obedient ſervant,

J. GAY.

LETTER CCCCXVIII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *March* 20. 1727-8.

I AM extremely ſorry that your diſorder is returned; but as you have a medicine which hath twice removed it, I hope by this time you have

have again found the good effects of it. I have seen Dr Delany at my lodgings; but as I have been for a few days with Mr Pulteney at Cashioberry, I have not yet returned his visit. I went with him to wait upon Lord Bathurst and Lord Bolingbroke; both of whom desire me to make you their compliments. Lady Bolingbroke was very much out of order, and with my Lord is now at Dawley: She expects a letter from you. Mrs Howard would gladly have the receipt you have found so much benefit by: She is happier than I have seen her ever since you have left us, for she is free as to her conjugal affairs, by articles of agreement. The Beggar's Opera hath been acted now thirty-six times, and was as full the last night as the first; and, as yet, there is not the least probability of a thin audience; though there is a discourse about the town, that the Doctors of the Royal Academy of Music design to solicit against its being played on the outlandish opera-days, as it is now called. On the benefit-day of one of the actresses last week, one of the players falling sick, they were obliged to give out another play, or dismiss the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the Beggar's Opera; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have staid.

I have got by all this success between seven and eight hundred pounds; and Rich, deducting the whole charge of the house, hath cleared already near four thousand pounds. In about a

month I am going to Bath with the Dutcheſs of Marlborough, and Mr Congreve; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The Dutcheſs of Queenſberry is in Wiltſhire, where ſhe hath had the ſmall-pox, in ſo favourable a way, that ſhe had not above ſeven or eight on her face; ſhe is now perfectly recovered. There is a mezzotinto print publiſhed to-day of Polly, the heroine of the Beggar's Opera *; who was before unknown, and is now in ſo high vogue, that I am in doubt whether her fame does not ſurpaſs that of the opera itſelf. I would not have talked ſo much on this ſubject, or upon any thing that regards myſelf, but to you: As I know you intereſt yourſelf ſo ſincerely in every thing that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me, if I had ſaid leſs.

I ſaw Dr Arbuthnott laſt night with Mr Lewis, at Sir William Wyndham's, who, if he had not the gout, would have anſwered your letter you ſent him a year and a half ago. He ſaid this to me a week ſince; but he is now pretty well again, and ſo may forget to write; for which reaſon, I ought to do him juſtice, and tell you, that I think him a ſincere wellwiſher of your's. I have not ſeen Mr Pope lately, but have heard that both he and Mrs Pope † are very well. I intend to ſee him at Twickenham on Sunday next. I have not drank out the Gutheridge cyder yet;

* Miſs Fenton.

† Mr Pope's mother.

yet; but I have not ſo much as a ſingle pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of ſheets againſt your coming to town, ſo that we need not ſend any more to Jervais upon that account. I really miſs you every day; and I would be content that you ſhould have a whole window to yourſelf, and half another, to have you again. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately.

You have half a year's intereſt due at Lady-day, and now it is March the 20th 1727-8.

LETTER CCCCXIX.

March 23. 1727-8.

I SEND you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boſton in New-England, wherein you'll find a real perſon, a member of their parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks chriſtened already by the name of the ſuppoſed author. But if you object, that no child ſo lately chriſtened could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament; I reply, (to reſolve the riddle), that the perſon is an Anabaptiſt, and not chriſtened till of full age; which ſets all right. However it be, the accident is very ſingular, that theſe two names ſhould be united.

Mr Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole ſeaſon. So he has more than a fence about his

thouſand pounds *: he'll ſoon be thinking of a fence about his two thouſand. Shall no one of us live as we would wiſh each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no ſettlement on this ſide, and I no proſpect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæſar,—as Cato ſaid, for ambitious, falſe, or flattering people to domineer in. Nay, they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I deſpiſe the world yet, I aſſure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the reſt of the world. As for thoſe ſcribblers for whom you apprehend I would ſuppreſs my Dulneſs), which, by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, "The Dunciad"), how much that neſt of hornets are my regard, will eaſily appear to you, when you read the treatiſe of the Bathos.

At all adventures, your's and my name ſhall ſtand linked as friends to poſterity, both in verſe and proſe, and, as Tully calls it, *in conſuetudine ſtudiorum*. Would to God our perſons could but as well and as ſurely be inſeparable! I find my other

* Before Mr Gay had *fenced* this thouſand pounds, he had a conſultation with his friends about the diſpoſal of it. Mr L. adviſed him to entruſt it to the funds; and live upon the intereſt; Dr Arbuthnott, to entruſt it to Providence, and live upon the principal; and Mr Pope was for purchaſing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty, he could only ſay with the old man in Terence, *Feciſtis probe.*

Incertior ſum multo, quam dudum. Warb.

other ties dropping from me: Some worn off, ſome torn off, others relaxing daily: my greateſt, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is ſhaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older for living ſo much with one ſo old; much the more helpleſs, for having been ſo long helped and tended by her; much the more conſiderate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me juſtly to be both to her, and conſequently the more melancholy and thoughtful, and the leſs fit for others, who want only, in a companion or a friend, to be amuſed or entertained. My conſtitution too has had its ſhare of decay, as well as my ſpirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at ſixty. I believe we ſhould be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite inſupportable. Your deafneſs would agree with my dulneſs; you would not want me to ſpeak when you could not hear. But God forbid you ſhould be as deſtitute of the ſocial comforts of life, as I muſt when I loſe my mother; or that ever you ſhould loſe your more uſeful acquaintance ſo utterly, as to turn your thoughts to ſuch a broken reed as I am, who could ſo ill ſupply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafneſs; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or ſay in this kind, obliges me, nay delights me, to ſee the juſtice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; ſo that though the pleaſanteſt

thing

thing you can tell me be that you are better or eaſier, next to that, it pleaſes me that you make me the perſon you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happieſt end I know of this life, ſo the next felicity is, to get rid of fools and ſcoundrels; which I can't but own to you was one part of my deſign in falling upon theſe authors, whoſe incapacity is not greater than their inſincerity; and of whom I have always found, (if I may quote myſelf),

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of thoſe inſects.

Cedite, Romani ſcriptores, cedite, Graii;
Neſcio quid *majus naſcitur Iliade;*

I mean than *my Iliad;* and I call it *Neſcio quid*, which is a degree of modeſty; but however, if it ſilence theſe fellows *, it muſt be ſomething greater than any Iliad in Chriſtendom. Adieu.

LETTER CCCCXX.

MRS MARTHA BLOUNT TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *May* 7. 1728.

I AM very much pleaſed with your letter, but I ſhould have thought myſelf much more obliged had you been leſs ſincere, and not told me

* It did in a little time effectually ſilence them. *Warb.*

me I did not owe the favour entirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you: and I miſtruſt you think even that as much as I deſerve. If ſo, you really are not deſerving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my conſtant good wiſhes and concern for your welfare; which merits ſome remembrance without the help of another. I can't ſay I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at leaſt not enough to ſupport me above the fear of writing ill: But I would fain have you know how truly well I wiſh you.

I am ſorry to hear no good account of your health: Mine has been, ſince Chriſtmas (at which time I had my fever and raſh) neither well nor ill enough to be taken notice of; but within theſe three weeks I have been ſick in forms, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning, has enabled me to be very eaſy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown, and a ſcoured white one, have done my buſineſs very well; and they are now juſt fit for Peterſham, where we talk of going in three weeks; and I am not without hopes I ſhall have the ſame ſquire * I had laſt year. I am very unwilling to change; and moreover, I begin to fear I have no great proſpect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I ſhall endeavour to

* Dr Swift.

to behave myſelf mighty well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at court, I will tell you where the royal family deſign to paſs this ſummer: Two months at Richmond-Lodge, the ſame time at Hampton-Court, and ſix weeks at Windſor. Mrs Howard is well, and happier than ever you ſaw her; for her whole affair with her huſband is ended to her ſatisfaction.

Dr Arbuthnott I am very angry with: He neglects me for thoſe he thinks finer ladies. Mr Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminiſhing: he is gone to the bath: I wiſh you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himſelf. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is ſo likely to do him good.

My illneſs has prevented my writing to you ſooner. If I was a favourite at court, I would ſoon convince you that I am very ſincerely your faithful friend, and very humble ſervant,

M. B.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXXI.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10. 1728.

I HAVE with great pleaſure ſhewn the New-England news-paper, with the two names Jonathan Gulliver; and I remember Mr Forteſcue ſent you an account from the aſſizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver, who had a cauſe there, and loſt it on his ill reputation of being a liar. Theſe are not the only obſervations I have made upon odd ſtrange accidents in trifles, which, in things of great importance, would have been matter for hiſtorians. Mr Gay's opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my Lord Lieutenant * tells me it is very well performed; he hath ſeen it often, and approves it much.

You give a moſt melancholy account of yourſelf, and which I do not approve. I reckon, that a man ſubject like us to bodily infirmities, ſhould only occaſionally converſe with great people, notwithſtanding all their good qualities, eaſineſſes, and kindneſſes. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for conſtant diet before partridges; I mean a middle kind, both for underſtanding and fortune; who are perfectly eaſy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do an hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and ſit with me five times for once that I go to them, and

* Lord Carteret.

and whom I tell without offence, that I am otherwiſe engaged at preſent. This you cannot expect from any of thoſe that either you, or I, or both, are acquainted with on your ſide; who are only fit for our healthy ſeaſons, and have much buſineſs of their own. God forbid I ſhould condemn you to Ireland, *(quanquam O!)* and for England I deſpair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my ſeaſon of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loſs will be very ſenſible, whenever it ſhall happen. I ſay one thing, that both ſummers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an abſolute command of your company, with whatever obſequiouſneſs or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly houſekeeper *, who hath been my W—lp—le above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: you have a warm apartment in this houſe, and two gardens for amuſement. I have ſaid enough, yet not half. Except abſence from friends, I confeſs freely that I have no diſcontent at living here; beſides what ariſes from a ſilly ſpirit of liberty, which as it neither ſours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor ſpoils my ſtomach farther than in imagination, ſo I reſolve to throw it off.

You

* Mrs Brent.

You talk of this Dunciad; but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*;—there is now a vacancy for fame. The Beggar's Opera hath done its taſk; *diſcedat, uti conviva ſatur.* Adieu.

LETTER CCCCXXII.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD CARTERET, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND *.

MY LORD, *About May* 10. 1728.

I TOLD your Excellency that you were to run on my errands. My Lord Burlington hath a very fine monument of his anceſtor the Earl of Cork, in my cathedral, which your Excellency hath ſeen. I and the Chapter have written to him in a body to have it repaired, and I in perſon have deſired he would do it. And I deſired likewiſe, that he would ſettle a parcel of land, worth five pounds a-year, (not an annuity) to keep it always in repair. He ſaid he would do any thing to oblige me; but was afraid that, in future times, the five pounds a-year would be miſapplied, and ſecured by the Dean and Chapter to their own uſe. I anſwered, That a dean and twenty-four members of ſo great a Chapter, who, in livings, eſtates, *&c.* had about 4000l. a-year amongſt them, would hardly divide four ſhillings among them to cheat his poſterity; and that

* This letter is not dated, but indorſed "To Lord "Lieutenant Carteret before his going off."

we could have no view but to conſult the honour of his family. I therefore command your Excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he hath put upon us, in not anſwering a letter written to him by the Dean and Chapter in a body.

The great Duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My Lady Holderneſs is my old acquaintance, and I writ to her about a ſmall ſum, to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myſelf; and alſo there was a letter from the Dean and Chapter, to deſire ſhe would order a monument to be raiſed for him in my cathedral. It ſeems Mildmay, now Lord F***, her huſband, is a covetous fellow; or whatever is the matter, we have had no anſwer. I deſire you will tell Lord F***, that if he will not ſend fifty pounds to make a monument for the old Duke, I and the Chapter will erect a ſmall one of ourſelves for ten pounds; wherein it ſhall be expreſſed, That the poſterity of the Duke, naming particularly Lady Holderneſs and Mr Mildmay, not having the generoſity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourſelves. And if, for an excuſe, they pretend they will ſend for his body, let them know it is mine; and rather than ſend it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a ſkeleton, and put it in my regiſter-office, to be a memorial of their baſeneſs to all poſterity. This I expect your Excellency will tell Mr Mildmay, or as you now call him, Lord F***. And I expect likewiſe, that he will let Sir Conyers Darcy know how ill I take his neglect

neglect in this matter; although, to do him juſtice, he averred, that Mildmay was ſo avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to ſave charges.

I expect likewiſe, that if you are acquainted with your ſucceſſor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party, and what weight you laid on them; and that, having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him paſs unpreferred: And laſtly, that you will let your ſaid ſucceſſor know, that you lament the having done nothing for Mr Robert Gratton; and give him ſuch a recommendation, that he may have ſomething to mend his fortune.

Theſe are the matters I leave in charge to your Excellency: And I deſire that I, who have done with courts, may not be uſed like a courtier; for as I was a courtier when you were a ſchoolboy, I know all your arts. And ſo God bleſs you, and all your family, my old friends: And remember, I expect you ſhall not dare to be a courtier to me. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CCCCXXIII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Bath, May* 16. 1728.

I HAVE been at the Bath about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon, with Mr Lewis, who is very

much your humble ſervant. Lord and Lady Bolingbroke are here; I think ſhe is better: They ſtay, as I gueſs, about a fortnight longer. They both deſired me to make their compliments, as does Mr Congreve *, who is in a very ill ſtate of health, but ſomewhat better ſince he came here. I do not know how long I ſhall ſtay here, becauſe I am now, as I have been all my life, at the diſpoſal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a ſtock of health; ſome of which I wiſh to communicate to you. Dr Delany told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy, taking horſe is as good as taking the waters: I hope you have found benefit by it. The Beggar's Opera is acted here; but our Polly hath got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have ſent by Dr Delany the opera, Polly Peachum, and Captain Macheath. I would have ſent you my own head (which is now engraving) to make up the gang, but it is not yet finiſhed. I ſuppoſe you muſt have heard, that I had the honour to have a ſermon preached againſt my works by a court-chaplain †, which I look upon as no ſmall addition to my fame. Direct to me here when you write; and the ſooner that is, the ſooner you'll make me happy.

LETTER

* 'He died the 19th of January 1728-9.'

† 'Dr Thomas Herring, then preacher to the Society of Lincoln's-Inn, and afterwards Archbiſhop of Canterbury. Dr Swift, in the Intelligencer, No. 3. publiſhed in Ireland, ſpeaks with great aſperity of Dr Herring, on account of his ſermon againſt the Beggar's Opera.'

LETTER CCCCXXIV.

FROM DR SWIFT.

June 1. 1728.

I LOOK upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect or to fear; and ſo far fitteſt to converſe with one another: only he and I are a little ſubject to ſchemes, and one of us (I won't ſay which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profeſs without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a patriot, (ſince you call it ſo), is what I do not deſerve; becauſe what I do is owing to perfect rage and reſentment, and the mortifying ſight of ſlavery, folly, and baſeneſs about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath, that you have more virtue in an hour, than I in ſeven years: For you deſpiſe the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the leaſt ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary.

I hope, however, this is not in you from a ſuperior principle of virtue, but from your ſituation, which hath made all parties and intereſts indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is firſt miniſter.—Your long letter was the

laſt I received, till this by Dr Delany, although you mention another ſince. The Doctor told me your ſecret about the Dunciad, which does not pleaſe me, becauſe it defers gratifying my vanity in the moſt tender point, and perhaps may wholly diſappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am eaſy enough in great matters, but have a thouſand paltry vexations in my little ſtation; and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks uſed by my Chapter to teaſe me. I do not converſe with one creature of ſtation or title, but I have a ſet of eaſy people whom I entertain when I have a mind. I have formerly deſcribed them to you, but when you come, you ſhall have the honours of the country as much as you pleaſe: And I ſhall, on that account, make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preſerve Mrs Pope for your ſake and eaſe; I love and eſteem her too much to wiſh it for her own: If I were five and twenty, I would wiſh to be of her age, to be as ſecure as ſhe is of a better life. Mrs P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the beſt letter-writers I know; very good ſenſe, civility, and friendſhip, without any ſtiffneſs or conſtraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the univerſity-lads will crowd to kiſs the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me, is not temperance a neceſſary virtue for great men, ſince it is the parent

of

of Eaſe and Liberty, ſo neceſſary for the uſe and improvement of the mind, and which philoſophy allows to be the greateſt felicities of life? I believe, had health been given ſo liberally to you, it would have been better huſbanded, without ſhame to your parts.

LETTER CCCCXXV.

Dawley, June 28. 1728.

I NOW hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is ſomewhat diverted, by caſting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you ſay, but for fear of a ſhower. He is pleaſed with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourſelf and me; though he ſays, that he doubts he ſhall fair like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Auguſtus, and another with all the pleaſure like Anthony. It is upon a foreſight of this that he has fitted up his farm; and you will agree, that this ſcheme of retreat at leaſt is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and œconomy are ſo ſignal, that the firſt is fit for my conſtitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up ſo much money as to buy a biſhoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his hay-

hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can anſwer, that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans, and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordſhip is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myſelf to tell you, that I overheard him yeſterday agree with a painter for 200 l. to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, ſpades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.—Now turn over a new leaf.—

He bids me aſſure you, he ſhould be ſorry not to have more ſchemes of kindneſs for his friends, than of ambition for himſelf. There, though his ſchemes may be weak, the motives at leaſt are ſtrong. And he ſays further, if you could bear as great a fall and decreaſe of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inſcription, which makes me proudeſt. It will be attended with Proem, Prolegomena, Teſtimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum, and Notæ Variorum. As to the latter, I deſire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like beſt *, whether dry raillery, upon the ſtyle and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humourous, upon the authors in the poem; or hiſtorical, of perſons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel paſſages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not

* Dr Swift did ſo.

not ill; Dr Arbuthnott vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we ſhall loſe a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much. I am, *&c.*

LETTER CCCCXXVI.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Bath, July 6.* 1728.

THE laſt news I have heard of you, was from Mr Lancelot, who was at this place with Lord Suſſex, who gave me hopes of ſeeing you the latter end of this ſummer. I wiſh you may keep that reſolution, and take the Bath in your way to town. You, in all probability, will find here ſome, or moſt of thoſe you like to ſee. Dr Arbuthnott wrote to me to-day from Tunbridge, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had ſeveral relapſes of a fever: He tells me he is much better, and that in Auguſt he intends to come hither. Mr Congreve and I often talk of you, and wiſh you health and every good thing; but often, out of ſelf-intereſt, we wiſh you with us. In five or ſix days, I ſet out upon an excurſion to Herefordſhire, to Lady Scudamore's, but ſhall return here the beginning of Auguſt. I wiſh you could meet me at Gutheridge. The Bath did not agree with Lady Bolingbroke. Since ſhe went to Dawley, by her own inclination,

tion, without the advice of phyſicians, ſhe hath taken to a milk-diet, and writes me an account of prodigious good effects in the recovery of her appetite and ſpirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty. I have an inclination to ſtudy, but the heat makes it impoſſible. The D—— of—— *, I hear, hath run away with Polly Peachum, having ſettled 400 l. a-year upon her during pleaſure; and, upon diſagreement, 200 l. a-year. Mr Pope is in a ſtate of perſecution for the Dunciad: I wiſh to be witneſs of his fortitude, but he writes but ſeldom. It would be a conſolation to me to hear from him. My portrait mezzotinto is publiſhed from Mr Howard's painting; I wiſh to ſend you one, but I fancy I could get a better impreſſion at London. I have ten thouſand things to talk of to you, but few to write: yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you intereſt yourſelf in every thing that concerns me ſo much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health, which I wiſh to hear every morning as ſoon as I awake. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately.

LETTER

* The Duke of Bolton, who afterwards married Miſs Fenton.

LETTER CCCCXXVII.

FROM DR SWIFT.

July 16. 1728.

I HAVE often run over the Dunciad in an Iriſh edition, (I ſuppoſe full of faults), which a a gentleman ſent me. The notes I could wiſh to be very large, in what relates to the perſons concerned; for I have long obſerved, that twenty miles from London nobody underſtands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and paſſages; and in a few years not even thoſe who live in London. I would have the names of thoſe ſcribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate. ——When I began this long paper, I thought I ſhould have filled it with ſetting down the ſeveral paſſages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unneceſſary, ſo many of them falling under the ſame rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, ſaw ſo much good ſatire, or more good ſenſe, in ſo many lines. How it paſſes in Dublin, I know not yet; but I am ſure it will be a great diſadvantage to the poem, that the perſons and facts will not be underſtood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be publiſhed till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town.

town. Again I inſiſt, you muſt have your aſteriſks filled up with ſome real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter of June 28. and find that all I have adviſed above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymouſly, as publiſhed by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, *&c.* and among many complaints of ſpurious editions. I am thinking whether the editor ſhould not follow the old ſtyle of this excellent author, *&c.* and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain, take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, hiſtories, and performances.

As to yourſelf, I doubt you want a ſpurrer on to exerciſe and to amuſements; but to talk of decay at your ſeaſon of life, is a jeſt. But you are not ſo regular as I. You are the moſt temperate man God-ward, and the moſt intemperate yourſelf-ward, of moſt I have known. I ſuppoſe Mr Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more fleſh, and two hundred leſs in money. Providence never deſigned him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtleſſneſs and cullibility. He hath as little foreſight of age, ſickneſs, poverty, or loſs of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I muſt obſerve, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindneſs to me) argues moſt ſophiſtically: The fall from a million to an hundred thouſand pounds is not ſo great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one;

one: beſides, he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great miniſter in the face under his loweſt declenſion. I never knew him live ſo great and expenſively as he hath done ſince his return from exile; ſuch mortals have reſources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bleſs you, whoſe great genius has not ſo tranſported you as to leave you to the courteſy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a bleſſing fitteſt for a philoſopher,—and Gay is a ſlave juſt by two thouſand pounds too little. ——And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares.——

LETTER CCCCXXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

Market-hill *, *Aug.* 2. 1728.

OUR friends here, as well as myſelf, were ſadly diſappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. No body in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were: but I perſuaded our family, that you were certainly in a way of making yourſelf eaſy, and had got that living you mentioned; and accordingly we were grieved and rejoiced at the loſs and ſettlement of a friend; but it never entered into our heads, that you were beſtowing forty days in ſeveral ſtages between conſtable

* The ſeat of Sir Arthur Acheſon.

and conſtable, without any real benefit to yourſelf, further than of exerciſe; and we wiſhed, that no body ſhould have had the benefit of your long abſence from your ſchool but yourſelf, by a good living, or we by your good company; much leſs that the pleaſure of ſpiting T—— had been your great motive. I heartily wiſh you were ſettled at Hamilton's Bawn; and I would be apt to adviſe you not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for by a letter I juſt received from the Biſhop of Cork, which was ſhort and dry, with the ſtale excuſe of pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him.——As to what you call my exerciſe, I have long quitted it. It gave me too much conſtraint, and the world does not deſerve it. We may keep it cold, till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many ſpeculations. I am well here, and hate removals. My ſcheme was, that you ſhould come hither, as you ſay, and I return with you in your chaiſe. Sir Arthur, on hearing your letter, preſſed me to ſtay longer. I am a very buſy man, ſuch as at Quilca, which you will know when you come: Yet I would contrive to be preſſed more to ſtay till Chriſtmas, and then you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own viſitation: And my reaſon of ſtaying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, &c. I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here, and the civility of my hoſts.

This

This is my ſtate, and humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my ſcheme. However I would have you keep your vacation of September here; and let Mrs Brent ſend me a dozen guineas (half of them half-guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding-gown and caſſock, and whatever elſe I may want by a longer abſence, provided you will reſolve and ſwear that I ſhall ſtay.

I had all Mrs Brent's packets by Mr Little. My ſervice to Mrs Dingley. I cannot ſay that I have more to ſay, than to ſay that I am, *&c.*

LETTER CCCCXXIX.

DR SWIFT TO DR SHERIDAN.

* *Sept.* 18. 1728.

MY continuance here is owing partly to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and ſick, hardly ever without a little giddineſs or deafneſs, and ſometimes both. So much for that. As to what you call my leſſon, I told you I would think no more of it; neither do I conceive the world deſerves ſo much trouble from you or me. I think the ſufferings of the country for want of ſilver, deſerve a paper †,

* This ſhould be alſo dated from Market-hill.

† In the Intelligencer, the 19th number of which is on this ſubject. See it in Vol. IV. p. 98. *Hawkeſ.*

ſince the remedy is ſo eaſy, and thoſe in power ſo negligent. I had ſome other ſubjects in my thoughts; but truly I am taken up ſo much with long lampoons on a perſon who owns you for a back, that I have no time for any thing elſe; and if I do not produce one every now and then, of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleneſs, and threatened with you. I deſire you will ſtep to the deanry, ſpeak to Mrs Brent *, bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's ſcrutoire in my cloſet, and then do you take out from thence, the hiſtory † in folio, marble cover; and two thin folio's fairly writ. I forget the titles, but you have read them. One is an account of the proceedings of Lord Oxford's miniſtry, and the other ‡ to the ſame purpoſe. There are foul copies of both in the ſame drawer; but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up, and brought hither by the bearer. My Lady is perpetually quarrelling with Sir Arthur and me, and ſhews every creature the libels I have writ againſt her §.

Mr Worral ſent me the particulars of the havock made in Naboth's vineyard ‖.—The d— burſt, &c.

I

* The Dean's houſe-keeper.

† Hiſtory of the peace of Utrecht.

‡ The ſtate of affairs in 1714. See it in Vol. VI. p. 92.

§ See Hamilton's Bawn; or, The Grand Queſtion debated, in Vol. IX. p. 24.

‖ A field not far from the deanry houſe, which Dr Swift incloſed at a great expence, with a fine ſtone-wall lined

I think Lady Dun's burning would be an admirable ſubject, to ſhew how hateful an animal a human creature is, that is known to have never done any good: The rabble all rejoicing, *&c.* which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

I wiſh you could get in with the Primate, on the account of ſome diſcourſe about you here to-day with Whaley and Walmſley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next, in order for England. I would have you ſee him. I fancy you may do ſome good with the Primate, as to the firſt good vacant ſchool, if you wheedle him, and talk a little Whiggiſhly.

LETTER CCCCXXX.

MR POPE TO DR SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I THANK you kindly for the news of the Dean of St Patrick's, for your Perſius, for every thing in your letter. I will uſe my warmeſt endeavours to ſerve Dr Whaley *. Beſides his own merit, the demerit of his antagoniſt goes into the ſcale, and the Dean tells me he is coadjutant of that fool Smedley †. You *muſt have*

 ſeen,

lined with brick; againſt which he planted vines, and the beſt choſen fruit-trees, for the benefit of the Dean of St Patrick's for the time being.

* An eminent clergyman of the dioceſe of Armagh.

† Dean of Fernes. See An excellent new ballad, *&c.* in Vol. IX. p. 33.

ſeen, but you *cannot have read*, what he has lately publiſhed againſt our friend and me. The only pleaſure a bad writer can give me, he has given, that of being abuſed with my betters and my friends. I am much pleaſed with moſt of the Intelligencers *; but I am a little piqued at the author of them, for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon ſo honourable an occaſion as being ſlandered by the dunces, together with my friend the Dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad. It had never been writ but at his requeſt, and for his deafneſs †; for had he been able to converſe with me, do you think I had uſed my time ſo ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to ſo imperfect an edition as is now publiſhed: you'll ſoon ſee a better, with a full and true commentary, ſetting all miſtakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the Dunciad, have been ſent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors. If I had an amanuenſis, (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth), you ſhould have them with this. If your univerſity or town have produced any on this ſubject, pray ſend them me, or keep them at leaſt together, for another day they may all meet.

I

* Though this letter is not dated, it appears by the mention here made of the Intelligencers, to be written in 1728; and by the Dean's libelling the lady, to be while he was at Sir Arthur's, where he wrote Hamilton's Bawn.

† See this compliment elegantly returned in a poem addreſſed to Mr Pope, Vol. VIII. p. 248.

I have writ to the Dean juſt now by Mr Elrington, who charges himſelf with this; and have inſerted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family; in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly ſuſpect I had any information of it.

Though I am a very ill correſpondent, I ſhall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eye-ſight is bad, my head often in pain, my time ſtrangely taken up. Were I my own maſter, (which I thank God I yet am in all points but one, where humanity only conſtrains me), I would infallibly ſee Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, though warm deſigns, will ever take effect,

Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus!

I am (where-ever I am) the Dean's, and the Dean's friends, and conſequently faithfully,

SIR,

Your affectionate ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER CCCCXXXI.

DR SWIFT TO MR WORRALL.

Sept. 28. 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my ſervant: ſo tell Mrs Brent * and Dr Sheridan; and I thank you for the great care you had in the commiſſions

* His houſe-keeper.

commiſſions I troubled you with. We have a deſign upon Sheridan. He ſent us in print a ballad upon Ballyſpellin, in which he has employed all the rhimes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abuſing his ballad and Ballyſpellin too. I here ſend you a copy, and deſire you will get it printed privately, and publiſhed *. I am ever your's, &c.

LETTER CCCCXXXII.

Bath, Nov. 12. 1728.

I HAVE paſſed ſix weeks in queſt of health, and found it not: but I found the folly of ſolicitude about it in a hundred inſtances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of phyſicians, the blind obedience of ſome patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe, at a certain time of life, men are either fools or phyſicians for themſelves, and zealots or divines for themſelves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's viſit; but laſt week I repented that wiſh, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am juſt relieved, by an aſſurance that you are ſtill at Sir A——'s planting and building; two things that I envy you for, beſides a third, which is the ſociety of a valuable lady. I conclude, (though

* See the verſes in Vol. XIV. Swift's works, 8vo edition.

(though I know nothing of it), that you quarrel with her, and abuſe her every day, if ſhe is ſo. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourſelf, or by others, becauſe you eſteem her. I think it a vaſt pleaſure, that whenever two people of merit regard one another, ſo many ſcoundrels envy and are angry at them: It is bearing teſtimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding your's and my name conſtantly united in any ſilly ſcandal, I think you would go near to ſing, *Io triumphe!* and celebrate my happineſs in verſe; and I believe, if you won't, I ſhall. The inſcription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inſerted in the poem. Do you care I ſhould ſay any thing farther how much that poem is your's? ſince certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the reſt of our lives! The whole weight of ſcribblers would juſt ſerve to find us amuſement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them. Every ſtick you plant, and every ſtone you lay, is to ſome purpoſe; but the buſineſs of ſuch lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raiſe nothing. I only wiſh we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities; and let thoſe who have ſo great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but eaſe, health, peace, and fair weather; I think it is the beſt wiſh in the world, and you know whoſe it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the

wet

wet climate would endanger more than my life, my humour and health, I am ſo atmoſpherical a creature.

I muſt not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words ſpoken of you in the drawing-room, was not true. The ſayings of princes are generally as ill related as the ſayings of wits. To ſuch reports little of our regard ſhould be given, and leſs of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTER CCCCXXXIII.

DR SWIFT TO MR WALLIS.

SIR, *Market-hill* *, *Nov.* 16. 1728.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind intention to the purchaſe you mention; but it will not anſwer my deſign, becauſe theſe lands are let in leaſes renewable for ever †, and conſequently can never have the rent raiſed, which is mortal to all eſtates left for ever to a public uſe, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and moſt corporations feel the ſmart of it.

I

* The ſeat of Sir Arthur Acheſon, where the Dean paſſed two ſummers. He had a farm near it, which was let to him by Sir Arthur, called afterwards Drapier's Hill. See ſome verſes on that ſubject.

† Accordingly, in his will, by which he deviſed his fortune to the building and endowing an hoſpital for lunatics, he reſtrained his executors from purchaſing any lands that were "encumbered with leaſes for lives re-"newable."

I have been here ſeveral months to amuſe me in my diſorders of giddineſs * and deafneſs, of which I have frequent returns—and I ſhall hardly return to Dublin till Chriſtmas.

I am truly grieved at your great loſs †. Such misfortunes ſeem to break the whole ſcheme of a man's life; and although time may leſſen ſorrow, yet it cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of ſo near a companion, nor hardly ſupply it with another ‡. I wiſh you health and happineſs, and that the pledge § left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great ſincerity,

Your moſt obliged and
moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

LETTER

* This diſorder, which, with intermiſſions, purſued him till it ſeemed to complete its conqueſt, by rendering him the exact image of one of his own Stuldbrugs, Lord Orrery often heard him aſcribe to a ſurfeit, occaſioned by eating an immoderate quantity of fruit at Sir William Temple's in 1991.

† The death of Mrs Wallis.

‡ This ſentiment, no doubt, came from the writer's heart. Stella, the incomparable Stella, was then no more.

§ It appears by a letter from Swift to Ben. Tooke, his bookſeller, dated Dublin, June 29 1710, that Mr Thomas Swift (his "little parſon-couſin," as the Dean ſtyles him) affected to be thought author of the "Tale of a Tub." This will account for Swift's diſlike of him.

LETTER CCCCXXXIV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Dec.* 2. 1728.

I THINK this is my fourth letter; I am ſure it is the third, without any anſwer. If I had any aſſurance of your health, I ſhould have been more eaſy. I ſhould have wrote to you upon this ſubject above a month ago, had it not been for a report that you were upon your road in your way to England, which I fear now was without foundation. Lord and Lady Bolingbroke are in town: She hath been lately very ill, but is now ſomewhat better. I have had a very ſevere attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend Dr Arbuthnott, hath, I hope, almoſt left me. I have been confined about ten days, but never to my bed; ſo that I hope ſoon to get abroad about my buſineſs, that is, the care of the ſecond part of the Beggar's Opera, which was almoſt ready for rehearſal; but Rich received the Duke of Grafton's commands (upon an information that he was rehearſing a play not proper to be repreſented) not to rehearſe any new play whatever, till his Grace hath ſeen it. What will become of it, I know not; but I am ſure I have writ nothing that can be legally ſuppreſſed, unleſs the ſetting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I paſſed five or ſix months this year at the Bath with

with the Dutcheſs of Marlborough; and then, in the view of taking care of myſelf, writ this piece. If it goes on, in caſe of ſucceſs, I have taken care to make better bargains for myſelf: I tell you this, becauſe I know you are ſo good as to intereſt yourſelf ſo warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I ſaw Mr Pope on Friday, who, as to his health, is juſt as you left him. Dr Arbuthnott particularly deſires his compliments; and Mrs Howard often aſks after you. Prince Frederick is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wiſh I could meet you, either abroad or at home.

LETTER CCCCXXXV.

* * * * * * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Montroſe, Dec.* 17. 1728.

SOME people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumſtances a little favouring it, I have reſolved to turn my thoughts that way: I have already tried my talent on ſome little amuſements, and have had the pleaſure in ſecret to ſee them pretty well received; but few here being much converſant in that ſtudy, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of thoſe who have ſucceeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty hap-

py that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleaſed to furniſh me with a theme to try my genius with what rules you may think neceſſary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the firſt, at leaſt of this nature, you ever had from this place; and as ſoon as it is finiſhed, you may expect a copy of the performance from, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

* * * * * †.

LETTER CCCCXXXVI.

LADY JOHNSON ‡ TO DR SWIFT.

[March 30. 1729.]

To the Revd the Dean of St Patrick's.

HOND SR

I AM a Huckſter and Lives in Strand-Street, & has dealings with ſeveral familys, a ſaturday Night a Caſe of inſtruments ‖ was ſent me in pawn by a Certain perſon in Mary's Street, for two Rowls a print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins of ſtrong Waters, My foſter brother who plys about that End of the town, tells me, he wanſt ſaw it in your hand, fearing Hawkins's

† As this letter ſeems to have been written by ſome very young adventurer in poetry, we chuſe to ſuppreſs the name at preſent, eſpecially as we cannot tell what anſwer he received from Dr Swift, or whether afterwards he applied himſelf with ſucceſs to Apollo and the muſes.

‡ Thus indorſed by Dr Swift: "The beſt letter I ever read."

‖ It is not unlikely this was a preſent of a caſe of inſtruments from Lady Johnſon to the Doctor.

Hawkins's * whip I ſend it to you, and will take an Other Courſe to get My Money, ſo I remain your Hon'rs Humble Sarvt to Command.

ye 30 MARTHA SHARP.

LETTER CCCCXXXVII.

TO MR POPE.

SIR, *March* 6. 1728-9.

IF I am not a good correſpondent, I have bad health; and that is as good. I paſſed eight months in the country, with Sir Arthur and my Lady Acheſon, and had at leaſt half a dozen returns of my giddineſs and deafneſs, which laſted me about three weeks a-piece; and, among other inconveniencies, hindered me from viſiting my Chapter, and puniſhing enormities, but did not ſave me the charges of a viſitation-dinner. This diſorder neither hinders my ſleeping, nor much my walking, yet is the moſt mortifying malady I can ſuffer. I have been juſt a month in town, and have juſt got rid of it in a fortnight; and when it is on me, I have neither ſpirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a reſource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: But I can bear a pint better than you can a ſpoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr Whalley; but I hope

* Hawkins was keeper of Newgate.

you remembered, that Daniel is a damnable poet, and conſequently a public enemy to mankind. But I deſpiſe the Lords decree, which is a jeſt upon common ſenſe: For what did it ſignify to the merits of the cauſe, whether George the Old or the Young were on the throne?

I intended to paſs laſt winter in England, but my health ſaid no; and I did deſign to live a gentleman, and, as Sancho's wife ſaid, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earneſt to come hither in ſpring: If not, pray God you may never be in jeſt. Dr Delany ſhall attend you at Cheſter, and your apartment is ready; and I have a moſt excellent chaiſe, and about ſixteen dozen of the beſt cyder in the world; and you ſhall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monſtrari*, &c. And when I cannot hear, you ſhall have choice of the beſt people we can afford, to hear you, and nurſes enough; and your apartment is on the ſunny ſide.

The next paragraph ſtrikes me dumb. You ſay I am to blame, if I refuſe the opportunity of going with my Lady Bolingbroke to Aix la Chapelle. I muſt tell you, that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I muſt have good ears to catch up the words of ſo nimble a tongued race as the French, having been a dozen years without converſing among them. Mr Gay is a ſcandal to all luſty young fellows with healthy countenances; and I think he is not intemperate

rate in a phyſical ſenſe. I am told he has an aſthma, which is a diſeaſe I commiſerate more than deafneſs, becauſe it will not leave a man quiet either ſleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his Opera * before it is acted; for I defy all your ſubſcriptions to amount to 800 l. And yet I believe he loſt as much more for want of human prudence:

I told you ſome time ago, that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived, and upon myſelf; but they never went further: And my Lady Acheſon made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or ſuffered them to be copied. They were ſometimes ſhewn to intimate friends, to occaſion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have ſome confuſed notion of ſeeing a paper called Sir Ralph the Patriot, but am ſure it was bad or indifferent; and as to the lady at quadrille, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the ſame with a paper of verſes, called the Journal of a Dublin Lady, which I writ at Sir Arthur Acheſon's; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I ſent it to be printed in a paper which Dr Sheridan had engaged in, called the Intelligencer, of which he had made but ſorry work, and then dropt it. But the verſes were printed by themſelves, and moſt horridly mangled in the preſs, and were

* The ſecond part of the Beggar's Opera.

very mediocre in themſelves; but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family-jeſt. I do ſincerely aſſure you, that my frequent old diſorder, and the ſcene where I am, and the humour I am in, and ſome other reaſons which time hath ſhewn, and will ſhew more if I live, have lowered my ſmall talents with a vengeance, and cooled my diſpoſition to put them in uſe. I want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleaſed; and, for want of riches, people grow every day leſs ſolicitous to pleaſe me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a ſupper, and his wife a ſhilling, to play with me an hour at back-gammon once a-fortnight. To all people of quality, and eſpecially of titles, I am not within; or, at leaſt, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But on Sunday-evenings, it coſts me ſix bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray come over in April, if it be only to convince you that I tell you no lies, and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs Brent, my houſe-keeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle, ſays ſhe will be your nurſe; and the beſt phyſicians we have ſhall attend you without fees; although, I believe, you will have no occaſion but to converſe with one or two of them to make them proud.

Your letter came but laſt poſt, and you ſee my punctuality. I am unluckly at every thing I ſend

to

to England. Two bottles of uſquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble ſervice to my Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Maſham and his lady, my dear friend, and Mr Pulteney, and the Doctor, and Mr Lewis, and our ſickly friend Gay, and my Lady Bolingbroke; and very much to Patty *, who I hope will learn to love the world leſs, before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my Lord Peterborow being ill. I am exceedingly his ſervant, and pray God recover his health. As for your courtier Mrs Howard, and her miſtreſs, I have nothing to ſay, but that they have neither memory nor manners, elſe I ſhould have ſome mark of the former from the latter, which I was promiſed above two years ago: But ſince I made them a preſent, it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs Pope is ill: Pray God preſerve her to you, or raiſe you up as uſeful a friend.

This letter is an anſwer to Mr Ford, whoſe hand I miſtook for your's, having not heard from him this twelvemonth. Therefore you are not to ſtare; and it muſt not be loſt, for it talks to you only.

Again, forgive my blunders: For, reading the letter by candle-light, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr Ford, I thought it muſt be your's, becauſe it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of Gay and Mr Whalley, and Lord Bolingbroke, which made me conclude it muſt

* Patty Blount.

muſt be your's: So all the anſwering part muſt go for nothing.

LETTER CCCCXXXVIII.

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *March* 10. 1728.

YOUR time is precious, your curioſity not very ſmall, my eſteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on Monday, (viz.) that is to ſay, the 10th of this inſtant March 1728, his Excellency Thomas Windham, Eſq; Lord High-chancellor of Ireland pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the aſſiſtance of the two chiefs, his decree in the caſe of Stewart v. Stewart, on A. Powell, to this effect: He ſaid there was a full conſent till ſuch time as the draught of the ſettlement was ſent down to Mrs Stewart, to be conſidered by her and her friends; and after ſhe had conſidered it, ſhe ſhall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all reſtrictions of marriage are odious in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, eſpecially after the age of one and twenty; therefore marry they may, and let Mr Nutley * be a lawyer for Mrs Rebecca Stewart, the plaintiff, to take care of the ſettlement for her advantage, and let Powell chuſe

* Mr Nutley had been a judge in Queen Anne's time.

chuſe another lawyer for himſelf; though, by the bye, Mr Nutley would ſerve for both; and it is not neceſſary to inquire what Powell makes by his practice, although he aſſured the mother it amounted to one thouſand four hundred pounds *per annum*.

Ovid, 'tis true, ſucceſsfully imparts
The rules to ſteal deluded virgins hearts;
But Oh! ye fair ones, pious Nutley's ſkill
Inſtructs you to elude, by magick bill,
The laws of God, and gratify your will.

You will, I hope, excuſe this liberty in one, who, to reſent the indignity offered to you by Ram's coachman *, made him drunk ſoon after at Gorey, which ſo incenſed the aforeſaid Ram, that he diſcharged him his ſervice, and he is now ſo reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, "Ha' "you any dirt to carry out?" I am, Sir, your ſincere friend and humble ſervant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

LETTER CCCCXXXIX.

——— FLOWER, ESQ; † TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Aſhbrook, March* 18. 1728-9.

AS I have been honoured with ſome of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my ſorrow not intimately, ſo I truſt

* Vid. Intelligencer, No. 2.

† Afterwards Lord Caſtledurrow.

truſt you will pardon this preſumption. Perhaps you may be at a loſs to gueſs what title I have to an old acquaintance with you; but as ſeveral little accidents make indelible impreſſions upon the minds of ſchool-boys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from Sheene to London: We took water at Morelake; the commander of the little ſkiff was very drunk and inſolent, put us aſhore at Hammerſmith, yet inſiſted, with very abuſive language, on his fare, which you courageouſly refuſed; the mob gathered; I expected to ſee your gown ſtript off, and, for want of a blanket, to take a flight with you in it; but

Tum pietate gravem ac meritis ſi forte virum quem
Conſpexere, ſilent, arrectiſque auribus aſtant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

Virg. Æn. I. 155.

By your powerful eloquence you ſaved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey. But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old ſtory, which perſuades me to write. A friend from Dublin lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, intitled The Intelligencer; it is numbered 20, a poſthumous work of Neſtor Ironſide; a correſpondent mentioning theſe papers in a letter, raiſed my curioſity, with the ſpecimen I had of them, to read the reſt. For my part, I have buried myſelf in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from news-papers; you who live

ſo

ſo much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am ſatisfied are acquainted with the Intelligencer. I wiſh his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miſeries of the North, as repreſented, demand the utmoſt compaſſion, and muſt ſoften the malice of the moſt bitter enemy; I hope they, whoſe intereſt it is, if they rightly conſidered it, to relieve thoſe miſerable wretches, will redreſs ſo public a calamity; to which if, as I have heard, ſome of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed, they deſerve as great cenſure, as a certain Dean, who lends ſeveral ſums without intereſt to his poor pariſhioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be ſure, have crept in, and are of that ſacred and learned order; the blackeſt of crimes, forgery, treaſon, and blaſphemy, recently prove this: ſuch ſhould be ſpued out of it with the utmoſt contempt, and puniſhed according to their demerit with ſevere juſtice. If this allegation be true, I hope to ſee them cenſured by the Intelligencer, and recommend to him the words of Jeremiah to expatiate upon, c. x. v. 21. c. xii. v. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow *, his printer, is in danger of puniſhment; ſhe ſuffered very cruelly for the Drapier's works; I hope ſeveral contributed to eaſe her miſfortunes on that occaſion; I confeſs I am ſorry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name I beg, being unwilling

* Mrs Harding.

unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of your's, I ſhall by the firſt ſafe hand ſend one; in return I expect the Drapier's Works entire.

I am ſorry, that, for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the Engliſh of

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo.

Not having Creech's Horace, a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt tranſlating of it in a couple of diſtichs; the ſcience which the compound Engliſh and Greek word ſignifies, little concerns a widower; but I ſhould be glad to ſee it improved by good proficients in the Ionick jigg. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a paſſage on the Thames. My younger uncle, the grave Mr Flower, his wife and mine, and Parſon Dingle, one day made the tour of the city: We ſaw Bedlam, the lions, and what not? and finiſhed with a view of that noble engine under London Bridge: Then we took water for Whitehall; rowed very ſilently to oppoſite the glaſs-houſe, where a dyer, his boat at an anchor, was angling; Poor Jack unfortunately aſked, addreſſing himſelf to our waterman, What that man was fiſhing for? The wag anſwered very briſk, For——, Maſter will you buy any? You are a man of too much humour not to be pleaſed with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh; and am ſure need not deſcribe the ſcene to you. He is ſince called in our family by the name of Jack Fiſher.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXL.

MR GAY. TO DR SWIFT.

From the Duke of Queenſberry's
in Burlington-Gardens.

DEAR SIR, *March* 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE writ to you ſeveral times; and having heard nothing from you, makes me fear my letters are miſcarried. Mr Pope's letter hath taken off my concern in ſome degree; but I hope good weather will entirely re-eſtabliſh you in your health. I am juſt recovered from the ſevereſt fit of ſickneſs, that ever any body had, who eſcaped death. I was ſeveral times given up by the phyſicians, and every body that attended me; and, upon my recovery, was judged to be in ſo ill a condition, that I ſhould be miſerable for the remainder of my life: but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the diſtempers that attacked me, which were at the ſame time, fever, aſthma, and pleuriſy. I am now in the Duke of Queenſberry's houſe, and have been ſo ever ſince I left Hampſtead; where I was carried at a time, that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been ſo ſevere.

I muſt acquaint you, (becauſe I know it will pleaſe you) that during my ſickneſs I had many of the kindeſt proofs of friendſhip, particularly

from the Duke and Dutcheſs of Queenſberry, who, if I had been their neareſt relation, and neareſt friend, could not have treated me with more conſtant attendance then; and they continue the ſame to me now.

You muſt undoubtedly have heard, that the Dutcheſs took up my defence with the King and Queen, in the cauſe of my play, and that ſhe hath been forbid the court for intereſting herſelf to increaſe my fortune by the publication of it, without being acted. The Duke too hath given up his employments (which he would have done, if the Dutcheſs had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill uſage from the miniſters; but this haſtened him in what he determined. The play is now almoſt printed, with the muſic, words, and baſes, engraved on thirty-one copper-plates, which, by my friends aſſiſtance, hath a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The Dutcheſs of Marlborough hath given me a hundred pounds for one copy; and others have contributed very handſomely; but, as my account is not yet ſettled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cauſe of virtue, and againſt the faſhionable vices, I am looked upon at preſent as the moſt obnoxious perſon almoſt in England. Mr Pulteney tells me, I have got the ſtart of him. Mr Pope tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiouſneſs is the reward of my inoffenſiveneſs in my former life. I wiſh I had a book ready to ſend you; but I believe I ſhall not

not be able to complete the work till the latter end of next week. Your money is ſtill in Lord Bathurſt's hands; but, I believe, I ſhall receive it ſoon: I wiſh to receive your orders how to diſpoſe of it. I am impatient to finiſh my work, for I want the country-air; not that I am ill, but to recover my ſtrength: And I cannot leave the work till it is finiſhed. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room, with ſheets all round it, and two people from the binder folding ſheets. I print the book at my own expence, in quarto, which is to be ſold for ſix ſhillings with the muſic. You ſee I don't want induſtry; and I hope you will allow that I have not the worſt œconomy. Mrs Howard hath declared herſelf ſtrongly, both to the King and Queen, as my advocate. The Dutcheſs of Queenſberry is allowed to have ſhewn more ſpirit, more honour, and more goodneſs, than was thought poſſible in our times; I ſhould have added too, more underſtanding and good ſenſe. You ſee my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increaſes by oppreſſion. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated, even by miniſters of ſtate, and yet am in good ſpirits. Moſt of the courtiers, though otherwiſe my friends, refuſed to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of England take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the beſt of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I

am afraid I ſhall write too much for you and for myſelf. I have not writ ſo much together ſince my ſickneſs. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr Arbuthnott's attendance and care of me ſhewed him the beſt of friends. Dr Hollings, though entirely a ſtranger to me, was joined with him, and uſed me in the kindeſt and moſt handſome manner. Mr and Mrs Pulteney were greatly concerned for me, viſited me, and ſhewed me the ſtrongeſt proofs of friendſhip. When I ſee you I will tell you of others, as of Mr Pope, Mrs Blount, Mr and Mrs Rollinſon, Lord and Lady Bolingbroke, &c. I think they are all your friends and well-wiſhers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr Lewis, nor Lord Bathurſt, Sir William Wyndham, and Lord Gower, and Lord Oxford, among the number.

LETTER CCCCXLI.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

London, March 19. 1728-9.

THIS is the ſecond or third time, dear Sir, that I have wrote to you, without hearing a word of you or from you; only in general, that you are very much out of order: ſometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafneſs, which I am very ſorry for. The gentleman,

tleman, who carries this, hath come better off than I did imagine: I uſed my little intereſt as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you ſome account of your friends, many of whom have been in great diſtreſs this winter for John Gay. I may ſay, without vanity, his life, under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble ſervant; for a phyſician, who had not been paſſionately his friend, could not have ſaved him. I had, beſides my perſonal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public perſon, a little Sacheverell; and I took the ſame pleaſure in ſaving him, as Radcliffe did in preſerving my Lord Chief-juſtice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of ſpite to the huſband, who wiſhed her dead.

The inoffenſive John Gay is now become one of the obſtructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of the miniſters, the chief author of the Craftſman, and all the ſeditious pamphlets which have been publiſhed againſt the government. He has got ſeveral turned out of their places; the greateſt ornament of the court baniſhed from it for his ſake; another great lady in danger of being *chaſſe* likewiſe; about ſeven or eight dutcheſſes puſhing forward, like the ancient *circumcelliones* in the church, who ſhall ſuffer martyrdom upon his account firſt. He is the darling of the city. If he ſhould travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roaſted oxen ſacrificed to him, ſince he became ſo conſpicuous. Will. Pulteney

hangs his head, to ſee himſelf ſo much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but I really believe he would get more by ſhewing his perſon: and, I can aſſure you, this is the very identical John Gay, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in Whitehall two years ago. I have been diverting myſelf with making an extract out of a hiſtory, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wiſh I had your aſſiſtance to go through with it; for I can aſſure you, it riſeth to a very ſolemn piece of burleſque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite ſo deſperate as you might imagine; for Mr Pope is as high in favour, as I am afraid the reſt are out of it. The King, upon the peruſal of the laſt edition of his Dunciad, declared he was a very honeſt man. I did not know till this moment, that I had ſo good an opportunity to ſend you a letter; and now I know it, am called away, and am obliged to end with my beſt wiſhes and reſpects, being moſt ſincerely

Your's, &c.

LETTER CCCCXLII.

DR SWIFT TO MR GAY.

Dublin, March 19. 1729.

I DENY it. I do write to you according to the old ſtipulation; for when you kept your old company, when I writ to one, I writ to all.

But

But I am ready to enter into a new bargain, ſince you are got into a new world, and will anſwer all your letters. You are firſt to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to the Dutcheſs of Queenſberry, and let her know, that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with ſome difficulty that I can obey her, when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the ſauce is not very conſiſtent. You muſt likewiſe tell her Grace, that ſhe is a general toaſt among all honeſt folks here, and particularly at the deanry, even in the face of my Whig-ſubjects. ——I will leave my money in Lord Bathurſt's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in your's; and pray keep the intereſt-money in a bag wrapt up and ſealed by itſelf, for fear of your own fingers under your careleſſneſs. Mr Pope talks of you as a perfect ſtranger; but the different purſuits, and manners, and intereſts of life, as fortune hath pleaſed to diſpoſe them, will never ſuffer thoſe to live together, who, by their inclinations, ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have ſome little œconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friends a pint of port; for the domeſtic ſeaſon of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt play, although Mr Pope ſeemed to have, and although it were ever ſo good: but you ſhould have done like the parſons, and changed your text: I mean the title, and the names of the perſons. After all, it was an effect of idleneſs;

for

for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100 l. a-year more for horses.——I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr Pope. I wish you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

LETTER CCCCXLIII.

DR SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21. 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, *&c.* This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust.—— I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the inslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leicestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would glad-

ly

ly croſs the channel, and ſtand by, while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of ſuch an endeavour. When I was of your age, I often thought of death; but now, after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me leſs. I conclude, that Providence hath ordered our fears to decreaſe with our ſpirits: And yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever; for finding it troubleſome to read at night, and the company here growing taſteleſs, I am always writing bad proſe, or worſe verſes, either of rage or raillery, whereof ſome few eſcape to give offence or mirth, and the reſt are burnt.

They print ſome Iriſh traſh in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends; for all are ſpurious except one paper *, for which Mr Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordſhip uſed to ſay, that a few good ſpeakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the queſtion, would never hold long when reaſon was on the other ſide. Whether politics do not change like gaming, by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant: But I believe in your time you would never, as a miniſter, have ſuffered an act to paſs through the H. of C——s, only becauſe you were ſure of a majority in the H. of L—s to throw it out; becauſe it would be unpopular, and conſequently a loſs

* Intitled, "A libel on Dr Delany and a certain great Lord." Vol. IX. p. 14.

loſs of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the caſe in the qualification-bill relating to penſioners. It ſhould ſeem to me, that corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your miniſtry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with theſe laſt ſixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running ſeven millions in debt. I am forced to play at ſmall game, to ſet the beaſts here a-madding, merely for want of better game: *Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim*, &c.——The d—— take thoſe politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in perſon to England, if I am provoked, and ſend for the dictator from the plough. I diſdain to ſay, *O mihi præteritos*——but, *cruda deo viridiſque ſenectus*. Pray, my Lord, how are the gardens? Have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew-hedges? Have you not bad weather for the ſpring-corn? Has Mr Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? And is the head-land ſown with wheat? And what ſays Polybius? And how does my Lord St John *? Which laſt queſtion is very material to me, becauſe I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.—— I built a wall five years ago; and when the maſons played the knaves, nothing delighted me ſo much as to ſtand by, while my ſervants threw down what was amiſs. I have likewiſe ſeen a monkey

* Lord St John of Batterſea, father to Lord Bolingbroke.

monkey overthrow all the diſhes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleaſure of ſeeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wiſh you would invite me to ſuch another entertainment: But you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and ſo I would, if I could get into a better before I was called into the beſt, and not die here in a rage, like a poiſoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not aſhamed to let me pine away in this kingdom, while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *melange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my preſent diſpoſition; which muſt needs pleaſe you, ſince nothing was ever more diſpleaſing to myſelf. I deſire you to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady.

LETTER CCCCXLIV.

DR SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5. 1729.

I DO not think it could be poſſible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your ſcurvy ſuit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumſtances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a ſituation of life that muſt make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged

obliged to you for the juſtice you do me, in ſuppoſing your affairs do at leaſt concern me as much as my own; ſo I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read laſt ſummer in a news-paper, that you were writing the hiſtory of your own times. I ſuppoſe ſuch a report might ariſe from what was not ſecret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of hiſtory; which you often promiſed Mr Pope and me to do. I know he deſires it very much; and I am ſure I deſire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of œconomy, than that it is the parent of liberty and eaſe; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth as I have done. For there is a ſilly error in the world, even among friends otherwiſe very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in ſuch nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that ſhould be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wiſe man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, inquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Reſtoration, when he was at Briſtol, did not take ſome care of his fortune, notwithſtanding that quotation I once ſent you out of his ſpeech to the H. of Commons? In my conſcience I believe fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually leſs for every year

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he lives. I have demonſtration for it; becauſe if I play at piquet for ſixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myſelf, I always loſe; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though ſhe is a bungler and the game be eccleſiaſtic. As to the public, I confeſs nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it, but theſe frequent returns of deafneſs, which have hindered me from paſſing laſt winter in London; yet I cannot but conſider the perfidiouſneſs of ſome people, who I thought, when I was laſt there, upon a change that happened, were the moſt impudent in forgetting their profeſſions that I have ever known. Pray will you pleaſe to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, That *res nolunt diu male adminiſtrari;* the commonneſs makes me not know who is the author, but ſure he muſt be ſome modern.

I am ſorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I proteſt I never knew a very deſerving perſon of that ſex, who had not too much reaſon to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more inſignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſorry to loſe. But my greateſt miſery is recollecting the ſcene of twenty years paſt, and then all on a ſudden dropping into the preſent. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fiſh at the end of my line, which I

drew up almoſt on the ground, but it dropt in; and the diſappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future diſappointments. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſay this to you, if you had not a ſpirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatneſs are got, and by what qualities they are loſt? I have read my friend Congreve's verſes to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and falſe moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "That "all times are equally virtuous and vicious;" wherein he differs from all poets, philoſophers, and Chriſtians that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtue always in the world; but ſometimes there may be a peck of it in Aſia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of ſincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modeſt enough to confeſs, that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I ſay this, becauſe I have a ſcheme, in ſpite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue: And when the nation is ripe for it, I deſire you will ſend for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedneſs of men. I dine alone upon half a diſh of meat, mix water

with

with my wine, walk ten miles a-day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epiſtola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finiſhed my letter to Ariſtippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs Pope, having heard from others that ſhe was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unſeaſonable to trouble you. I am aſhamed to tell you, that when I was very young, I had more deſire to be famous than ever ſince; and fame, like all things elſe in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you, who are ſo much younger, although you want that health you deſerve, yet your ſpirits are as vigorous as if your body were ſounder. I hate a croud, where I have not an eaſy place to ſee and be ſeen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the beſt author is as much ſqueezed, and as obſcure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the compliments of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books beſides; becauſe whoever comes into my cloſet, caſts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchſafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you, it is almoſt incredible how opinions change, by the decline or decay of ſpirits; and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to diſtinguiſh myſelf, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be uſed like a lord by thoſe who have an opinion of my parts; whe-

ther right or wrong, it is no great matter; and ſo the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and ſix horſes. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendſhip, is what would exceedingly pleaſe me; but yet I never loved to make a viſit, or be ſeen walking with my betters, becauſe they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no ſooner writ this than I corrected myſelf, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, &c. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I moſt heartily thank you, for you deſire that I would record our friendſhip in verſe; which if I can ſucceed in, I will never deſire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You muſt preſent my humble ſervice to Mrs Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reaſon, that ſhe may live to take care of you.

LETTER CCCCXLV.

CHEVALIER RAMSAY TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, 10th April, 1729.*

ONE of the greateſt pleaſures I propoſed to myſelf in a journey to England, was that of ſeeing you at London; and it is a very ſenſible mortification to me to find myſelf diſappointed in ſo agreeable an expectation. It is now many years ſince I had the greateſt eſteem of your genius

nius and writings; and when I was very young, I found, in ſome of them, certain ideas, that prepared me for reliſhing thoſe principles of univerſal religion, which I have ſince endeavoured to unfold in Cyrus. I could not let our common friend Mr Leſley * go back to Ireland, without ſeizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have ſhewn to make my work eſteemed. Such marks of friendſhip do me a great deal of honour, as well as pleaſure, and I hope I have a thorough ſenſe of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publiſh a new edition by ſubſcription. I have given an hundred copies of the propoſals to our friend, and flatter myſelf, that I may count upon the continuation of your friendſhip. I am, with great reſpect, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. RAMSAY.

LETTER CCCCXLVI.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, May* 8. 1729.

I HAVE wrote three times to Mr Dean of St Patrick's, without receiving ſo much as an acknowledgment of the receipt of my letters, at the ſame time I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I

* Son of the Reverend Mr Charles Leſley, the famous Nonjuror.

ſhould hardly have brought myſelf to have written this, were it not to ſerve you, and a friend at the ſame time.

I recommended one Mr Maſon, ſon of Maſon, gentleman of the Queen's chapel, a bary-tone voice, for the vacancy of a ſinger in your cathedral. This letter was wrote from Bath laſt September. The ſame Maſon informs me, that there is another vacancy: Therefore I renew my requeſt. I believe you will hardly get a better: He has a pleaſant mellow voice, and has ſung ſeveral times in the King's chapel this winter, to the ſatisfaction of the audience. I beg at leaſt your anſwer to this. Your friends in town, ſuch as I know, are well. Mr Pope is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr Gay is gone to Scotland with the Duke of Queenſberry. He has about twenty law-ſuits with bookſellers for pirating his book. The King goes ſoon to Hanover. Theſe are all the news I know. I hope you don't imagine I am ſo little concerned about your health, as not to deſire to be informed of the ſtate of it from yourſelf. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother Robin is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This, with my beſt wiſhes and reſpects, from, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXLVII.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, June 9. 1729.*

THIS is given you by Mr Maſon, whom I believe you will find anſwering the character I gave of him, which really was not partial; for I am not ſo much as acquainted with his father or himſelf. I explained every thing to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you ſome time ago, and for which I moſt heartily thank you. Let him now ſpeak for himſelf. I have been inquiring about a counter-tenor; but have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really ſenſibly touched with the account you give of Ireland. It is not quite ſo bad here; but really bad enough: At the ſame time we are told, that we are in great plenty and happineſs.

Your friends, whom you mention in your's, are well. Mr Gay is returned from Scotland, and has recovered his ſtrength by his journey. Mr Pope is well; he had got an injunction in Chancery againſt the printers who printed his Dunciad: It was diſſolved again, becauſe the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr Gay's caſe; for he has owned his book. Mr Pulteney gives you his ſervice. They are all better than myſelf; for I am now ſo bad of a conſtant convulſion in

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my heart, that I am like to expire ſometimes. We have no news that I know of. I am apt to believe, that, in a little time, this matter of the provincial treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I ſhall trouble you no more at preſent, but remain, with my beſt wiſhes, and moſt ſincere affection, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER CCCCXLVIII.

LADY CATHERINE JONES * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Chelſea, June* 11. 1729.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter of the 22d of May, and own my obligation to Mr Dean for the information of the decay of my grandfather's monument † in the cathedral church of St Patrick.

Mr French, the preſent receiver of my father's eſtate, will be, ſome time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair: In which, when

* Daughter of Richard Earl of Ranelagh, who had been paymaſter-general and governor of Chelſea hoſpital, and great-niece to Mr Boyle, being one of the granddaughters of his ſiſter Catherine, Counteſs of Ranelagh.

† A monument erected to the memory of Archbiſhop Jones, and his ſon Lord Viſcount Ranelagh. It was then in a ruinous condition, but repaired by the order of this lady.

when he has informed me of the expence, I ſhall immediately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the deſire of the Dean and Chapter, as well as the duty done to the memory of my grandfather, without adding further trouble to Mr Dean, from his moſt humble and obedient ſervant.

CATHERINE JONES.

LETTER CCCCXLIX.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Aug. 11. 1729.

I AM very ſenſible, that, in a former letter, I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wiſhes and deſires; which however I find, with ſome comfort, do now daily decline, very ſuitable to my ſtate of health for ſome months paſt. For my head is never perfectly free from giddineſs, and eſpecially towards night. Yet my diſorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafneſs this half-year; ſo I am like a horſe, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this compariſon puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wiſh you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place ſtrowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here

here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two-thirds of whoſe revenues are ſpent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not ſuffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad. This is the true ſtate of Ireland, in a very few words. Theſe evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is abſolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print theſe ten years paſt.

What I have ſaid requires forgiveneſs; but I had a mind for once to let you know the ſtate of our affairs, and my reaſon for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philoſopher: And perhaps the increaſe of years and diſorders may hope for ſome allowance to complaints, eſpecially when I may call myſelf a ſtranger in a ſtrange land. As to poor Mrs Pope, (if ſhe be ſtill alive), I heartily pity you and pity her. Her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her beſt friends will moſt wiſh her eaſed of her labours, when ſhe hath ſo many good works to follow them. The loſs you will feel by the want of her care and kindneſs, I know very well; but ſhe has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reaſon why I would have you in Ireland when you ſhall be at your own diſpoſal, is, that you may be maſter of two or three years revenues, *proviſæ frugis in annos copia*, ſo as not to be pinched in

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the leaſt when years increaſe, and perhaps your health impairs; and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may ſupport me for the few years I ſhall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant intereſt, for the ſpoonful of wine, and ſcraps of a chicken it will coſt me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reaſon to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any perſon one-tenth part ſo heartily diſpoſed as you are to do good offices to others, without the leaſt private view.

Was it a gaſconade to pleaſe me, that you ſaid your fortune was increaſed 100 l. a-year ſince I left you? you ſhould have told me how. Thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti* are extremely deſirable, if they could be got with juſtice, and without avarice; of which vice though I cannot charge myſelf yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no uſurer more wiſhes to be richer, (or rather to be ſurer of his rents). But I am not half ſo moderate as you; for I declare I cannot live eaſily under double to what you are ſatisfied with.

I hope Mr Gay will keep his 3000 l. and live on the intereſt, without decreaſing the principal one penny; but I do not like your ſeldom ſeeing him. I hope he is grown more diſengaged from his intentneſs on his own affairs, which I ever diſliked, and is quite the reverſe to you, unleſs you are a very dextrous diſguiſer. I deſire my humble ſervice to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurſt, and particularly to Mrs B—, but to

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no lady at court, God bleſs you for being a greater dupe than I. I love that character too myſelf, but I want your charity. Adieu.

LETTER CCCCL.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Aix la Chapelle, Aug. 30. 1729. *N. S.*

I TOOK a letter of your's from Pope, and brought it with me to this place, that I might anſwer at leaſt a part of it I begin to-day; when I ſhall finiſh I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been perſuaded to drink, and thoſe which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are ſpent in airings or viſits, and we go to bed with the chicken *.

LETTER CCCCLI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Bruſſels, Sept. 27. 1729.

I HAVE brought your French acquaintance † thus far on her way into her own country, and conſiderably better in health than ſhe was when

* "The reſt of the letter is printed in Mr Pope's works, Vol. IX. p. 141, *&c.*"

† Lady Bolingbroke.

when ſhe went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that ſhe will recover ſuch a degree of health as may render old age ſupportable. Both of us have cloſed the tenth luſtre, and it is high time to determine how we ſhall play the laſt act of the farce. Might not my life be intitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it*, than a *farce?* Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interſperſed with ſcenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr Baloardo, the prototype of your hero.——I uſed to think ſometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind, not enough to anticipate ſorrow, to daſh the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: Little regret when I look backwards, little apprehenſion when I look forward. You complain grievouſly of your ſituation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England; but I will not, nay I ought not; for I find by long experience, that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleaſure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montagne does ſomething like it in one of his rhapſodies. To tell you my reaſons, would be to write an eſſay, and I ſhall hardly have time to write a letter; but if you will come over and live with Pope and me, I'll ſhow you in an inſtant why thoſe two things ſhould not *aller de pair*; and that forced retrenchments on both

may be made without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending without anxiety two or three stages more. In short, Mr Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex, you will find that I can live frugally, without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: And yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused. But I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason, and oftner the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now, to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress; and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment, your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at: And yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree, that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his exit, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess,

confeſs, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your ſentiment is true and natural; your reaſoning, I am afraid, is not ſo upon this occaſion. Prudence will make us deſire fame, becauſe it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wiſe man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of ſociety. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propoſe fame as the end, and good, or at leaſt great actions, as the means. You go further; you teach our ſelf-love to anticipate the applauſe which we ſuppoſe will be paid by poſterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beſides your own. I am afraid this may have done ſome harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men purſue ſucceſſfully by various, and even contrary courſes. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as eſſential, and on the means as indifferent; ſo that Fabricius and Craſſus, Cato and Cæſar, preſſed forward to the ſame goal. After all, perhaps it may appear, from a conſideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world, without calling this paſſion, or this direction of ſelf-love, in to your aid. Tacitus has crouded this excuſe for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Comtemptæ famæ contemni virtutes.* But now, whether we conſider fame as an uſeful inſtrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we conſider it as the cauſe of that pleaſure which

our ſelf-love is ſo fond of; methinks, our entrance into life, or (to ſpeak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the ſeaſon when we ought to deſire it moſt, and therefore, when it is moſt becoming, to deſire it with ardour. If it be uſeful, it is to be deſired moſt when we have, or may hope to have, a long ſcene of action open before us. Towards our exit, this ſcene of action is, or ſhould be cloſed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occaſion for. If it is pleaſant, the ſooner we are in poſſeſſion of fame, the longer we ſhall enjoy this pleaſure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the ſenſation of pleaſure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having taſted it ſooner.

From my farm, Oct. 5.

I am here. I have ſeen Pope, and one of my firſt inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am ſorry to hear; you are building, it ſeems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpoſe, in ſome county of Ireland *. Though I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am ſorry you do the ſame thing. I have repented a thouſand times of my reſolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend. May the phyſical evils of life fall as eaſily upon you

as

* In the county of Armagh, called Drapier's Hill.

as ever they did, on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils, which ſurround us, make as little impreſſion on you as they ought to make on one who has ſuch ſuperior ſenſe to eſtimate things by, and ſo much virtue to wrap himſelf up in.

My wife deſires not to be forgotten by you. She's faithfully your ſervant, and zealouſly your admirer. She will be concerned and diſappointed not to find you in this iſland at her return, which hope both ſhe and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER CCCCLII.

Oct. 9. 1729.

IT pleaſes me that you received my books at laſt: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or diſapprove not of ſome parts of the commentary, *&c.* It was my principal aim in the entire work, to perpetuate the friendſhip between us, and to ſhew, that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other. If in any particular any thing be ſtated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here may have it rectified. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with ſome additions to the notes and epigrams caſt in, which I wiſh had been increaſed by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice

in hearing that Drapier's Hill is to emulate Parnaſſus. I fear the country about it is as much impoveriſhed. I truly ſhare in all that troubles you, and wiſh you removed from a ſcene of diſtreſs, which I know works your compaſſionate temper too ſtrongly. But if we are not to ſee you here, I believe I ſhall once in my life ſee you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100l. a-year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: ſhe will never be troubleſome to me, if ſhe be not ſo to herſelf. But a melancholy object it is, to obſerve the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a perſon to whom one is tied by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itſelf would be ſo afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs. I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away 100l. a-year. Don't be angry: I will not live to be very old; I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it. I will enjoy the pleaſure of what I give, by giving it alive, and ſeeing another enjoy it. When I die, I ſhould be aſhamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr Gay aſſures me his 3000l. is kept entire and ſacred. He ſeems to languiſh after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke

broke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you: Has he, or not? The doctor is unalterable, both in friendſhip and quadrille. His wife has been very near death laſt week: his two brothers buried their wives within theſe ſix weeks. Gay is ſixty miles off, and has been ſo all this ſummer, with the Duke and Dutcheſs of Queenſberry. He is the ſame man; ſo is every one here that you know. Mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur.*——Poor Mrs ** is like the reſt; ſhe cries at the thorn in her foot, but will ſuffer nobody to pull it out. The court-lady I have a good opinion of; yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, becauſe you like to ſee the inſide of a court, which I do not. I have ſeen her but twice. You have a deſperate hand at daſhing out a character by great ſtrokes, and at the ſame time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you ſhould draw mine, if I were conſcious of any guilt: but if I were conſcious only of folly, God ſend it! For as nobody can detect a great fault ſo well as you, nobody would ſo well hide a ſmall one. But, after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vaſt deal for a courtier. I can aſſure you, that lord Peterborow always ſpeaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great mind to be your friend as any one. I muſt throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monſtrare, et ſentio tentum.*

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLIII.

DR SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31. 1729.

I RECEIVED your Lordſhip's travelling letter of ſeveral dates, at ſeveral ſtages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in ſo many places. As to your ten luſtres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jeſt, and anſwered me out of Terence, *Iſta commemoratio eſt quaſi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to anſwer for, all monaſtically paſſed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company! I go on anſwering your letter. It is you were my hero, but the * other never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of his miniſtry, from my accuſations. But I grant he had the greateſt inequalities of any man alive, and his whole ſcene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it, than yours: For I declare yours was *unie*; and I wiſh you would ſo order it, that the world may be as wiſe as I upon that article. Mr Pope wiſhes it too; and I believe there is not a more honeſt man in England, even without wit.

But

* Lord Oxford.

But you regard us not.—I was forty-ſeven years old * when I began to think of death; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to ſleep. ——I writ to Mr Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undiſtinguiſhed in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours: All my pretenſions from perſon and parts infinitely ſo; I a younger ſon of younger ſons; you born to a great fortune; yet I ſee you, with all your advantages, ſunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: But yet I ſee you as much eſteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more, (though it be almoſt impoſſible), than ever you were in your high exaltation;—only I grieve like an alderman, that you are not ſo rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you; and I will call five hundred witneſſes (if you will take Iriſh witneſſes) to prove it. I renounce your whole philoſophy, becauſe it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I uſed that expreſſion to Mr Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a ſuitableneſs to your mind; and as for the *pleaſure of giving*, I know your ſoul ſuffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generoſity, and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no eccleſiaſtical, but an Epictetian phraſe), could you, when theſe have brought you to it, come over, and live with Mr Pope and me at the deanry? I could almoſt wiſh the

* The year of Queen Anne's death.

the experiment were tried;—no, God forbid that ever ſuch a ſcoundrel as Want ſhould dare to approach you. But in the mean time do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth ſaid to me in his lordly Latin, *Philoſopha verba ignava opera;* I wiſh you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philoſophical ſpectacles which you adviſe me to, will tell me, that I can live on 50 l. a-year, (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to); but I cannot endure that *otium* ſhould be *ſine dignitate.*——My Lord, what I would have ſaid of fame, is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; becauſe I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *ſubſidium*; I would endeavour that my betters ſhould ſeek me by the merit of ſomething diſtinguiſhable, inſtead of my ſeeking them. The deſire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the ſpirit and folly of youth: But with age we learn to know the houſe is ſo full, that there is no room for above one or two at moſt in an age through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you; it gives me pleaſure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—— take ſtupidity, that it will not come to ſupply the want of philoſophy.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLIV.

FROM DR SWIFT.

Oct. 31. 1729.

YOU were ſo careful of ſending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleaſed four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abſtracted from every body, in the happineſs of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeneſs, ſhall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it; for we have an octavo of our own, which hath ſold wonderfully, conſidering our poverty and dulneſs, the conſequence of it.

I writ this poſt to Lord B. and told him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loſs for a frolic, I will fly as ſoon as build; I have neither years, nor ſpirits, nor money, nor patience, for ſuch amuſements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100 l. the poorer. But this kingdom is grown ſo exceſſively poor, that we wiſe men muſt think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thouſand pounds of ſpecie in the whole iſland; for we return thrice as much to our abſentees, as we get by trade, and ſo are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print

theſe

theſe ten years, to as little purpoſe as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Iriſh politics, which I only mention, becauſe it ſo nearly touches myſelf. I muſt repeat what I believe I have ſaid before, that I pity you much more than Mrs Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health and duty, and tender diſpoſition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much ſatisfied that your additional 100 l. *per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends; I would not have them glad to be rid of you: and I ſhall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B—— about the figure of living, and the pleaſure of giving. I am under the neceſſity of ſome little paltry figure in the ſtation I am; but I make it as little as poſſible. As to the other part, you are baſe, becauſe I thought myſelf as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a ſecret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

L—— C——, who doth his duty as a good governor in enſlaving this kingdom as much as he can, talks to me of you in the manner he ought.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

Middleton Stoney, Nov. 9. 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon ſeveral occaſions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing which you have often put me in mind of, the over-running you with an anſwer before you had ſpoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I ſtill write and write on, without having a word of an anſwer. I have heard of you once by Mr Pope: Let Mr Pope hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know that you remember me, you are very partial to me, I ſhould have ſaid, very juſt to me. You ſeem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wiſh to be with you. I have been in Oxfordſhire, with the Duke of Queenſberry for theſe three months, and have had very little correſpondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new-writing a damned play, which I wrote ſeveral years ago, called "The Wife of "Bath*." As it is approved or diſapproved of

* This comedy was the firſt he wrote, and was unſucceſsfully performed at the theatre in Drury-Lane, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived ſeveral years after (1729 30) at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-fields.

by my friends, when I come to town, I ſhall either have it acted or let it alone, if my ** brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon ſuperſtition, and I have avoided the very words, *bribery* and *corruption*. Folly indeed is a word that I have ventured to make uſe of; but that is a term, that never gave fools offence. It is a common ſaying, that he is wiſe that knows himſelf. What hath happened of late, I think, is a proof that it is not limited to the wiſe.

My Lord Bathurſt is ſtill our caſhier: When I ſee him, I intend to ſettle our accounts, and repay myſelf the five pounds of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I ſhall be in town; not at Whitehall, for thoſe lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were diſpoſed of. Direct to me to the Duke of Queenſberry's, in Burlington-gardens, near Piccadilly. You have often twitted me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you miſtook me; for I know by experience, that there is no dependence, that can be ſure, but a dependence upon one's ſelf. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this reſolution kindly, and you ſee my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or no. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt ſincerely and moſt affectionately, J. GAY.

P. S.

Inn fields, and damned a ſecond time, although the author's reputation was then at its height, from the uncommon ſucceſs of his Beggar's Opera.

P. S. To the lady I live with I owe my life and fortune: Think of her with reſpect; value and eſteem her as I do; and never more deſpiſe a fork with three prongs. I wiſh too you would not eat from the point of your knife *. She hath ſo much goodneſs, virtue, and generoſity, that, if you knew her, you would have a pleaſure in obeying her as I do. She often wiſhes ſhe had known you.

LETTER CCCCLVI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 19. 1729.

I FIND that you have laid aſide your project of building in Ireland, and that we ſhall ſee you in this iſland *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima.* I know not whether the love of fame increaſes as we advance in age; ſure I am that the force of friendſhip does. I loved you almoſt twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception, or to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you leſs, or for loving you as well after loving you ſo many years, I ſhall not determine. What I would ſay is this: Whilſt my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels leſs need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendſhip return

* See the letter of Feb. 15. 1727-8.

oftener; they buſy me, they warm me more: Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great ſeparation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another ſtate, (for *vera amicitia non niſi inter bonos*), begin to feel more ſtrongly that divine ſympathy which is to be the great band of their future ſociety? There is no one thought which ſoothes my mind like this. I encourage my imagination to purſue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect * comes boiſterouſly in, and wakes me from ſo pleaſing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on œconomics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will ſay, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500 l. a-year as well as with 5000 l. The difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the eſtate. I do aſſure you, that I have never quitted the deſign of collecting, reviſing, improving, and extending ſeveral materials which are ſtill in my power; and I hope that the time of ſetting myſelf about this laſt

* Viz. Reaſon. Tully (or, what is much the ſame, his diſciple) obſerves ſomething like this on the like occaſion; where, ſpeaking of Plato's famous book of the ſoul, he ſays, "Neſcio quemodo, dum lego, adſentior; cum "poſui librum, et mecum ipſe de immortalitate animo-"rum cœpi cogitare, adſenſio illa omnis elabitor." Cicero ſeems to have had but a confuſed notion of the *cauſe* which the letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the *imagination* is always ready to indulge ſo flattering an idea, but ſeverer *reaſon* corrects and diſclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the queſtion; for Tully wrote to his few philoſophic friends. *Warb.*

laſt work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curioſity and importance are loſt, and ſome of them in a manner which would ſurpriſe and anger you. However, I ſhall be able to convey ſeveral great truths to poſterity, ſo clearly, and ſo authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, ſince Pope is to write to you. No matter; for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will ſay as much to you in one page, as I have ſaid in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about; I hope in good earneſt, it is a fine one; and will be in his hands, an original *. His ſole complaint is, that he finds it too eaſy in the execution. This flatters his lazineſs; it flatters my judgment, who always thought, that (univerſal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace. Adieu.

LETTER CCCCLVII.

Nov. 28. 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a rhapſody; it is many years ago ſince I wrote as a wit †. How many occurrences or informations muſt one omit, if one determined to ſay nothing

* Eſſay on Man.

† He uſed to value himſelf on this particular. *Warb.*

that one could not ſay prettily? I lately received from the widow of one dead correſpondent, and the father of another, ſeveral of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myſelf to obſerve, how and by what degrees I ceaſed to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correſpondents on the other. Now, as I love you better than moſt I have ever met with in the world, and eſteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the reſt of the world; ſo inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but ſuch as love one another will call writing worſe. I ſmile to think how Curl would be bit, were our epiſtles to fall into his hands, and how glorioufly they would fall ſhort of every ingenious reader's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have ſomething to rebuke you for in the way of œconomy. I love the man that builds a houſe *ſubito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horſe; then cries, "We wiſe men muſt think "of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: But I will increaſe your regard for my wiſdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes all the life of another *, whoſe concern ought to be as near to me as my own, and

* His mother's.

and with whom my whole proſpects ought to finiſh. I throw my javelin of hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jaculorum ævo*,——&c.

The ſecond (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with ſome additional notes and epigrams, ſhall be ſent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition.—— The Drapier's Letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, *&c.* for you know I diſapprove Iriſh politics, (as my commentator tells you), being a ſtrong and jealous ſubject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your preſent; ſhe having lately received a much richer preſent from Mr Knight of the South-ſea; and you are ſenſible ſhe cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an out-law. It is certain, as he can never expect any favour *, his motive muſt be wholly diſintereſted. Will not this reflection make you bluſh? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wiſh you were here long enough to forget thoſe ſcenes that ſo afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow ſuch a patriot here too, as not to be quite at eaſe, for your love of old England.—It is very poſſible, your journey in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you muſt ſoon again go back, you would

* He was miſtaken in this. Mr Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742. *Warb.*

would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My conſtant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and leſſen extremely my deſires of long life; ſince I ſee the beſt that can come of it is a miſerable benediction. I look upon myſelf to be many years older in two years ſince you ſaw me: The natural imbecillity of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at leaſt as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only deſire I may be able to keep pace with you. My firſt friendſhip at ſixteen, was contracted with a man of ſeventy; and I found him not grave enough or conſiſtent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I ſpeak of old Mr Wycherly; ſome letters of whom (by-the-bye) and of mine, the bookſellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours *. I don't much approve of it; though there is nothing for me to be aſhamed of, becauſe I will not be aſhamed of any thing I do not do myſelf, or of any thing that is not immortal, but merely dull, (as for inſtance, if they printed this letter I am now writing; which they eaſily may, if the underlings at the poſt-office pleaſe to take a copy of it). I admire, on this

* See the occaſion, in the ſecond and third paragraph of the preface to the firſt volume of Pope's Letters, the 7th of Warburton's edition of his works.

this conſideration, your ſending your laſt to me quite open, without a ſeal, wafer, or any cloſure whatever, manifeſting the utter openneſs of the writer. I would do the ſame by this, but fear it would look like affectation to ſend two letters ſo together.——I will fully repreſent to our friend, (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart), what you ſo feelingly ſet forth as to the badneſs of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honeſt man; and indeed ought to be ſo, conſidering how very indiſcreet and unreſerved he is: But I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idleneſſes in the way of wit. You know my maxim, to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all intereſt in either party. I was once diſpleaſed before at you, for complaining to Mr *** of my not having a penſion, and am ſo again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the courſe of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendſhip of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Cragg's, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole), that I never thought myſelf ſo warm in any party's cauſe as to deſerve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: But give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind, the two perſons I would leaſt have accepted any favour from, are thoſe very two to whom you have unluckily ſpoken of it. I deſire you to take off any impreſſions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordſhip's mind, as if I ever had

any

any thought of being beholden to him, or any other in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the preſent conſtitution; I believe, as ſincere a well-wiſher to it, nay, even to the church eſtabliſhed, as any miniſter in or out of employment whatever, or any biſhop of England or Ireland. Yet I am of the religion of Eraſmus, a Catholic; ſo I live, ſo ſhall I die; and hope one day to meet you, Biſhop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr Hutchinſon, in that place to which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B.'s anſwer to your letter I have juſt received, and join it to this packet. The work he ſpeaks of with ſuch abundant partiality, is a ſyſtem of ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER CCCCLVIII.

TO A CERTAIN ESQUIRE.

SIR, *Jan.* 3. 1729-20.

SEEING your frank on the outſide, and your addreſs in the ſame hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And, before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us. That, your tythes being generally worth five or ſix pounds *per annum*, and, by the terror of Squireſhip, frighting my agent to take what you graciouſly

ouſly thought fit to give, you wronged me of half my due every year. That, having held from your father an iſland worth three-pence a-year, which I planted and paid two ſhillings annually for; and being out of poſſeſſion of the ſaid iſland ſeven or eight years, there could not poſſibly be above four ſhillings due to you; for which you have thought proper to ſtop three or four years tythe, at your own rate of two pounds five ſhillings a year, (as I remember) and ſtill continue to ſtop it, on pretence that the ſaid iſland was not ſurrendered to you in form: although you have cut down more plantations of willows, and abeles, than would purchaſe a dozen ſuch iſlands. I told my friend, that this talent of Squires prevailed very much formerly in the country: That, as to yourſelf, from the badneſs of your education, againſt all my advices and endeavours, and from the caſt of your nature, as well as another circumſtance which I ſhall not mention, I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman: That I had expoſtulated this ſcurvy matter very gently with you: That I conceived this letter was an anſwer: That, from the prerogative of a good eſtate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few Iriſh wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was ſure your anſwer would be extremely rude and ſtupid, full of very bad language in all ſenſes: That, a bear in a wilderneſs will as ſoon fix on a philoſopher as on a cottager: And a man, wholly void of education, judgment,

or

or diſtinction of perſons, has no regard, in his inſolence, but to the paſſion of fear: And how heartily, I wiſhed, that to make you ſhew your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons, than the Dean of St Patrick's.

All this happened before my opening your letter: which being read, my friend told me I was an ill gueſſer. That you affirmed you deſpiſed me only as a clergyman by your own confeſſion; and that you had reaſon, becauſe clergymen pretend to learning, wherein you value yourſelf as what you are an utter ſtranger to.

I took ſome pains in providing and adviſing about your education; but, ſince you have made ſo ill uſe of my rules, I cannot deny, that, according to your own principles, your uſage of me is juſt. You are wholly out of my danger: The weapons I uſe will do you no hurt; and to that which would keep nicer men in awe you are inſenſible. A needle againſt a ſtone-wall can make no impreſſion. Your faculty lies in making bargains: Stick to that. Leave your children a better eſtate than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiſer than I, who gave among you fifty years purchaſe for land, for which I am not to ſee one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reſide among you, whenever any of your poſterity ſhall be able to diſtinguiſh a man from a beaſt. One thing I deſire you will be ſet

right

right in: I do not deſpiſe all ſquires. It is true, I deſpiſe the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a ſquire muſt have ſome merit before I ſhall honour him with my contempt: For I do not deſpiſe a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you ſend me an anſwer to this, I ſhall not read it, but open it before company, and in their preſence burn it; for no other reaſon but the deteſtation of bad ſpelling, no grammar, and that pertneſs which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taſte.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it, as a mark of my eſteem for you; which, however, perhaps I ſhall not purſue: For I could willingly excuſe our two names from ſtanding in the ſame paper, ſince I am confident you have as little deſire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wiſh many happy new years to you and your family, and am, with truth,

Your friend and humble ſervant.

Let me add ſomething ſerious: That as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valour; ſo I confeſs, it was imprudent in me to provoke rudeneſs: Which, as it was my own ſtanding rule never to do, except in caſes where I had power to puniſh it, ſo my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you have thought fit to make good. For, with every fault in your nature, your education, and your underſtanding, I never imagined you ſo utterly devoid of knowing ſome little diſtinction between perſons.

LETTER CCCCLIX.

WILLIAM PULTENEY ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 9. 1730.

AMONG the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my ſon, I aſſure you none gave me greater pleaſure than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occaſion. When you were laſt in England, your ſtay was ſo ſhort, that I ſcarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a deſire I had to bear ſome ſhare of your eſteem; but, ſhould you return this ſummer, I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Bathurſt, Pope, myſelf, and others of our friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs Pulteney joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembering her. She bid me tell you, that ſhe is determined to have no more children, unleſs you will promiſe to come over, and chriſten the next. You ſee how much my happineſs, in many reſpects, depends upon your promiſe. I have always deſired Pope, when he wrote to you, to remember my compliments; and I can aſſure you with the greateſt truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in England a friend that loves and honours you more than I do,

do, or can be, with greater ſincerity, than I am, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

W. PULTENEY.

P. S. If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever ſent over to Ireland, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one ſide of the queſtion. This has drove certain people to that laſt reſort of calling names. Villain, traitor, ſeditious raſcal, and ſuch ingenious appellations, have frequently been beſtowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such uſage has made it neceſſary to return the ſame polite language; and there has been more Billingſgate ſtuff uttered from the preſs * within theſe two months, than ever was known before. Upon this Dr Arbuthnott has wrote a very humourous treatiſe †, which he ſhewed me this morning; wherein he proves, from many learned inſtances, that this ſort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and claſſical; and that what the world falſe-

* 'Among the pamphlets publiſhed within that period, was Lord Harvey's "Sedition and Defamation diſplayed; in a letter to the author of the Craftſman," publiſhed in January 1730-31.'

† 'Probably that publiſhed in the miſcellaneous works of the late Dr Arbuthnott, Vol. 1. p. 40. printed at Glaſgow in 1731. The title of the piece is, 'A brief Account of Mr John Ginglicut's Treatiſe concerning the Altercation, or Scolding of the Ancients.'

ly imagines to be polite, is truly Gothic and barbarous. He ſhews how the gods and goddeſſes uſed one another; dog, bitch, and whore were pretty common expreſſions among them: Kings, heroes, ambaſſadors, and orators, abuſe one another much in the ſame way; and he concludes, that it is a pity this method of abjuration ſhould be loſt. His quotations from Homer, Demoſthenes, Æſchines, and Tully, are admirable, and the whole is very humourouſly conducted. I take it for granted he will ſend it you himſelf, as ſoon as it is printed.

LETTER CCCCLX.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, *Feb.* 12. 1729-30.

I HAVE this moment received a letter from you; but it is the firſt I can call a letter; the other ſcraps were only to direct me to convey your correſpondence to others, and I thought I anſwered them beſt by obeying your commands. But now you have deigned to ſend me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a poſt-day; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you, how much I think myſelf obliged to you, and how ſincerely I am ———

Well, I might end here, if I would; but I can't

can't part with you ſo ſoon; and I muſt let you know, that as to your money affairs, though I have paid off John Gay, I ſtill keep the 200l. for which I have given him a note. I have paid him intereſt to this time for it, which he muſt account to you for. Now you muſt imagine, that a man, who has nine children to feed, can't long afford *alienos paſcere nummos;* but I have four or five, that are very fit for the table *. I only wait for the Lord Mayor's day to diſpoſe of the largeſt; and I ſhall be ſure of getting off the youngeſt, whenever a certain great man † makes another entertainment at Chelſea. Now you ſee, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raiſe a ſupply anſwerable to your demand. I muſt own to you, that I ſhould not have thought of this method of raiſing money; but that you ſeemed to point it out to me. For juſt at the time that ſcheme came out, which pretended to be calculated only for Ireland, you gave me a hint in one of the envelopes [*anglice covers*] that you wiſhed I might provide for my numerous family; and in this laſt you harp upon

* This alludes to a tract of the Dean's, intitled, "A "modeſt propoſal for preventing the children of poor "people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents "or country, and for making them beneficial to the "public." The Dean had propoſed many uſeful ſchemes, which having been neglected, he ſatirically and humourouſly propoſes to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent miſery to themſelves, and render them of ſome benefit to the public.

† 'Sir Robert Walpole.'

the ſame ſtring. I did immediately propoſe it to Lady Bathurſt as your advice, particularly for her laſt boy, which was born the plumpeſt, fineſt thing, that could be ſeen; but ſhe fell in a paſſion, and bid me ſend you word, that ſhe would not follow your direction, but that ſhe would breed him up to be a parſon, and he ſhould live upon the fat of the land; or a lawyer, and then, inſtead of being eat himſelf, he ſhould devour others. You know women in paſſion never mind what they ſay; but, as ſhe is a very reaſonable woman, I have almoſt brought her over now to your opinion; and having convinced her, that as matters ſtood, we could not poſſibly maintain all the nine; ſhe does begin to think it reaſonable the youngeſt ſhould raiſe fortunes for the eldeſt. And upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal; for if he ſhould happen to get twins, the ſelling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident, whilſt his wife lies in with one child, he ſhould get a ſecond upon the body of another woman, he might diſpoſe of the fatteſt of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this ſcheme, the more reaſonable it appears to me; and it ought by no means to be confined to Ireland; for in all probability we ſhall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe indeed we ſhall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children; for I happened to peep the other day into a large aſ-

ſembly

ſembly not far from Weſtminſter-hall *, and I found them roaſting a great fat fellow †. For my own part I had not the leaſt inclination to a ſlice of him; but, if I gueſſed it right, four in five of the company had a deviliſh mind to be at him. You begin now to wiſh I had ended, when I might have done it ſo conveniently. Well, adieu.

LETTER CCCCLXI.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, March* 3. 1729-30.

I FIND you are determined not to write to me according to our laſt ſtipulation. Had I not been every poſt for ſome time in expectation to have heard from you, I ſhould have wrote to you before, to let you know the preſent ſtate of your affairs. Let me know what I ſhall do with the intereſt-money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myſelf, which will be always the way of my tranſacting any thing for you. My old vampt play got me no money; for it had no ſucceſs. I am going very ſoon into Wiltſhire with the Duke of Queenſberry, with intention to ſtay there till the winter. Since I had that ſevere fit of ſickneſs, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly.

* 'The Parliament.'

† 'Sir Robert Walpole.'

formerly. I hope another ſummer's air and exerciſe will reinſtate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, ſo that you can't require any poetry from me. I have been very ſeldom abroad ſince I came to town, and not once at court. This is no reſtraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wiſh for retirement. I ſaw Mr Pope a day or two ago in good ſpirits, and with good wiſhes for you. We always talk of you; the doctor does the ſame. I have left off all great folks but our own family. Perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our preſent ſituation. I don't hate the world, but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earneſt about a trifle. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately.

Direct for me at the D—— of Q——, in Burlington-gardens.

LETTER CCCCLXII.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

Dover-ſtreet, March 4. 1729-30.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

IT is now above a whole year and ſix months ſince I have had the favour and pleaſure of a line from your own ſelf; and I have not troubled you with one from myſelf; the anſwer that you would naturally make is very obvious. Why

do

do you then trouble me now? I reply, it is to join with my friend Mr Pope in recommending the perſon concerned in the incloſed propoſal to your favour and protection, and to intreat that you would be ſo good as to promote his intereſt. I have not ſent you any of his receipts; but will, when you will pleaſe to let me know what number you can diſpoſe of: I believe that your biſhops have more learning, at leaſt would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; ſo I hope they will all ſubſcribe. The perſon concerned is a worthy honeſt man; and, by this work of his, he is in hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him ſome years: This debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his houſe being twice burnt, which he was obliged to rebuild; and having but ſmall preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himſelf out of the difficulties theſe accidents have brought upon him. Three ſons he has bred up well at Weſtminſter, and they are excellent ſcholars: The eldeſt has been one of the uſhers in Weſtminſter ſchool ſince the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty and able to ſtudy many hours in a day. This in ſhort is the caſe of an honeſt, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation ſhould have any weight with you, but as it is joined to and under the wing of Mr Pope.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had ſuch an humble ſervant in being, that often remembers you, and wiſhes to ſee you in this iſland. My family, I thank God, is well: My daughter had, laſt ſummer, the ſmall-pox really, and in the natural way, and ſhe is not marked at all. My wife and daughter deſire that you will accept of their humble ſervices, and ſay that they want much to ſee you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr Whalley all the little ſervices I was capable of: It was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us ſoon after Eaſter: He ſeems to be in great hopes, I wiſh they may be well-founded.

I think it is now time to releaſe you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may ſay repeat to you, that I have a houſe for you, or houſe-room, come when you pleaſe, provided you come ſoon. I am, with true reſpect and eſteem, your moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

Your Lord Lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deſerves it better than Bulkeley.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXIII.

Dublin, March 13. 1730-1.

YOUR ſituation is an odd one; the Dutcheſs is your treaſurer, and Mr Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in ſome verſes on that occaſion, preſcribing leſſons to direct your conduct, in a negative way; not to do ſo and ſo, *&c.* like other treaſurers; how to deal with ſervants, tenants, or neighbouring 'ſquires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance; and ſo the parallel goes on, but grows too long to pleaſe me. I prove, that poets are the fitteſt perſons to be treaſurers and managers to great perſons, from their virtues and contempt of money, *&c.*— Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your ſhoe? unleſs you would make your court at St James's, by affecting to imitate the prince of Lilliput.——But the reſt of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Dutcheſs, I ſhall ſay no more to you, but apply myſelf to her Grace.

Madam, ſince Mr Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and ſince I have the ſame perfection, I will ſettle that matter immediately, to prevent thoſe ill conſequences he apprehends. Your Grace ſhall have your own way in all places except your own houſe, and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine; ſo that you have all the world to reign

reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houſes in town and country. I will likewiſe, out of my ſpecial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right againſt all human kind except myſelf, and to be never in the wrong, but when you differ from me. You ſhall have a greater privilege in the third article of ſpeaking your mind; which I ſhall graciouſly allow you now and then to do even to myſelf, and only rebuke you when it does not pleaſe me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter; which, having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to truſt myſelf with the carriage of it), the preſumptuous manner in which you begin had ſlipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the ſeventieth line, where you begin to baniſh me for ever, by demanding me to anſwer all the good character ſome partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived ſixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermiſſion of two ſummers in England; and conſequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thouſand times duller, and fifty million times more peeviſh, perverſe, and moroſe: So that, under theſe diſadvantages, I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about ſome twenty bars length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me ſit at your left hand, at leaſt within three of you? for of two bad ears, my right is the beſt. My groom tells me that he

likes

likes your park, but your houſe is too little. Can the parſon of the pariſh play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurſe, if I ſhould fancy myſelf ſick for four and twenty hours? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When theſe preliminaries are ſettled, I muſt be very poor, very ſick, or dead, or to the laſt degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimſbury. For I profeſs, you are the firſt lady that ever I deſired to ſee, ſince the firſt of Auguſt 1714; and I have forgot the date when that deſire grew ſtrong upon me; but I know I was not then in England, elſe I would have gone on foot for that happineſs as far as to your houſe in Scotland. But I can ſoon recollect the time, by aſking ſome ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company: Which however I think was a ſign of my ill judgment; for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I diſlike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad ſpelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourſelf. Falſe ſpelling is only excuſable in a chamber-maid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women.——Pray God preſerve your Grace and family; and give me leave to expect that you will be ſo juſt to remember me among thoſe who have the greateſt regard for virtue, goodneſs, prudence, courage, and gene-

rosity; after which you must conclude, that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

To Mr Gay.

I have just got your's of February 24th, with a postscript by Mr Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his handwriting. How much does his philosophy exceed mine; I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LETTER CCCCLXIV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *March the 31st*, 1730.

I EXPECT, in about a fortnight, to set out for Wiltshire, and am as impatient as you seem to be to have me get on horseback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, because Mr Lewis told me last Sunday, that he was, within a day or two, to set out for the Bath; so that very soon you are like to have neither of your cashiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this house: The letters will be sent to me, where-ever

where-ever I am. My ambition at preſent is levelled to the ſame point that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of caſtles. If I were to undertake it in my preſent circumſtance, I ſhould, in the moſt thrifty ſcheme, ſoon be ſtrained; and I hate to be in debt; for I can't bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a taylor or a butcher. I grant you this is not having the true ſpirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your compliments to Mr P——; who is very much your humble ſervant. I have not ſeen the Doctor, and am not like to ſee his Rouen brother very ſoon; for he is gone to China. Mr Pope told me, he had acquainted the Doctor with the misfortune of the four hermitage. My Lord Oxford told me, he at preſent could match your's, and from the ſame perſon. The Doctor was touched with your diſappointment, and hath promiſed to repreſent this affair to his brother at his return from China. I aſſure you, for all your gibes, that I wiſh you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myſelf. When Lord Bolingbroke is in town, he lodges at Mr Chetwynd's in Dover-ſtreet. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in ſettling a ſteward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the juſtice and ſervice I can to a friend; ſo I am ſure you will think I am well employed upon this occaſion. I now and then have ſeen Jo. Taylor, who ſays

he hath a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his houſe in the country, and he being determined not to let it to any body elſe; and he thinks it but reaſonable, that you ſhould either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk; but I deſign to do both this month, and to become a laudable practitioner.

The Dutcheſs wiſhes ſhe had ſeen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourſelf, and peep through the window, that day ſhe came to Mr Pope's. The Duke too is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble ſervant. If I were to write, I am afraid I ſhould incur the diſpleaſure of my ſuperiors. I can't for my life think ſo well of them, as they themſelves think they deſerve. If you have a very great mind to pleaſe the Dutcheſs, and at the ſame time to pleaſe me, I wiſh you would write a letter to her, to ſend to her brother, Lord Cornbury, to adviſe him in his travels; for ſhe ſays ſhe would take your advice rather than mine; and ſhe remembers that you told her in the Park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always inſiſted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration ſufficient. Then too, when you were in England, ſhe writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed ſince for not delivering it.

The day the penſion-bill was thrown out of the Houſe of Lords, Lord Bathurſt ſpoke with great applauſe. I have not time to go to Mr

Pope's;

Pope's: In a day or two very probably I ſhall ſee him, and acquaint him about the uſquebaugh. I will not embezzle your intereſt-money; though, by looking over your accounts, I ſee how money may be embezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I ſay nothing for myſelf, but that I will do all I can: For the reſt I leave Jo. Taylor to ſpeak for me. To-day I dine with Alderman Barber, the preſent ſheriff, who holds his feaſt in the city. Does not Charteris's miſfortunes * grieve you? For that great man is like to ſave his life, and loſe ſome of his money. A very hard caſe!

P. S. I am juſt now come from the Alderman's feaſt, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.
The poſt is juſt going away.

LETTER CCCCLXV.

April 14. 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and ſay nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honeſt man: moreover he is above ſeventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word *honeſt*. I ſhall think it a kindneſs done myſelf, if you

* 'He was condemned at the Old Bailey on the 27th of Feb. 1729-30, for a rape.'

can propagate Mr Weſtley's ſubſcription for his commentary on Job, among your divines, (biſhops excepted, of whom there is no hope), and among ſuch as are believers, or readers of ſcripture; even the curious may find ſomething to pleaſe them, if they ſcorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his proſe more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your beſt to ſerve an old Tory, and a ſufferer for the church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here ſome verſes in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not uſe me ſo ill as to flatter me. I therefore think it is ſome other weak Iriſhman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I proteſt to you. But ſince he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I ſeek no epiſtolary fame, but am a good deal pleaſed to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the moſt friendly intimacy together. ——Pliny writ his letters for the public; ſo did Seneca, ſo did Balſac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not; and therefore theſe give us more pleaſure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a ſecret which was intended to be kept

kept from us. That is a pleaſure. We ſee Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, ſuch as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as hiſtorians and poets have repreſented them to ours. That is another pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a proceſſion at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the ſhoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial ſaint. Follow him into the veſtry; you ſee the bearer ſlip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by among other lumber. I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public ſpirit would be leſs grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a viſit at leaſt. It will not be the fault of ſeveral perſons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good will, and little power, produce ſuch low and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men.—I know you will be angry with me, if I ſay nothing to you of a poor woman *, who is ſtill on the other ſide of the water in a moſt languiſhing ſtate of health. If ſhe regains ſtrength enough to come over, (and ſhe is better within a few weeks), I ſhall nurſe her in

* Lady Bolingbroke.

in this farm * with all the care and tenderneſs poſſible. If ſhe does not, I muſt pay her the laſt duty of friendſhip where-ever ſhe is, tho' I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am moſt faithfully and affectionately your's.

LETTER CCCCLXVI.

TO LADY WORSLEY.

MADAM, *April* 19. 1730.

MY Lady Carteret (if you know ſuch a lady) commands me to purſue my own inclination; which is, to honour myſelf with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preſerve myſelf in your memory, in ſpite of an acquaintance of more years, than in regard to my own reputation, as a young gentleman, I care to recollect. I forget whether I had not ſome reaſon to be angry with your Ladyſhip when I was laſt in England. I hope to ſee you very ſoon the youngeſt great-grandmother in Europe: And fifteen years hence (which I ſhall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amuſement of "Riſe up daughter," *&c.* You are to anſwer this letter, and to inform me of your health and humour; and, whether you like your daughter better or worſe, after having ſo

* Lord Bolingbroke's ſeat at Dawley in Middleſex. *Warb.*

ſo long converſed with the Iriſh world, and ſo little with me. Tell me what are your amuſements at preſent; cards, court, books, viſiting, or fondling (I humbly beg your Ladyſhip's pardon, but it is between ourſelves) your grandchildren? My Lady Carteret hath been the beſt Queen we have known in Ireland theſe many years; yet ſhe is mortally hated by all the young girls, becauſe (and it is your fault) ſhe is handſomer than all of them together. Pray, do not inſult poor Ireland on this occaſion, for it would have been exactly the ſame thing in London. And therefore I ſhall adviſe the K—g, when I go next to England, to ſend no more of her ſort, (if ſuch another can be found) for fear of turning all his loyal female ſubjects here againſt him.

How is our old friend Mrs Barton? (I forget her new name). I ſaw her three years ago at court, almoſt dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her, while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I firſt met them; which, conſidering myſelf, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wiſh you may have grace to find it.

My Lady Carteret hath made me a preſent, which I take to be malicious, with a deſign to ſtand in your place. Therefore I would have you to provide againſt it by another, and ſomething of your own work, as her's is. For you know I always expect advances and preſents from ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this laſt article by any of your ſex but the Q—n, whom I taxed three years ago with a preſent of ten pounds

pounds value. Upon taking my leave, she said she intended a medal for me, but it was not finished. I afterwards sent her, on her own commands, about five and thirty pounds worth of silk, for herself and the princesses; but never received the medal to this day. Therefore I will trust your sex no more. You are to present my most humble service to my old friend Sir Robert Worsley. I hope my friend Harry is well and fattening in the sun, and continuing a batchelor to enrich the poor Worsley family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greatest truth and respect, &c.

LETTER CCCCLXVII.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR DEAN, *June* 30. 1730.

I READ a letter from you some time ago, which gave me infinite pleasure; and I was going to return you an answer immediately: But when I sat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles, which fill the scene of life in that busy, senseless place, where I then was *; and though I had nothing to do there, at least nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was resolved to defer writing to you, till I could clear my head from that rubbish, which every one must contract in that place. I cannot

* London.

cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were diſſected after paſſing a winter's campaign there, it would appear juſt like a pamphlet ſhop; you'd ſee a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of ſatires, ſpeeches, novels, ſermons, bawdy ſongs, addreſſes, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity-lectures, quack-bills, hiſtorical accounts, tables, and God knows what.

The moment I got down here, I found myſelf quite clear from all thoſe affairs; but really the hurry of buſineſs, which came upon me after a ſtate of idleneſs for ſix months, muſt excuſe me to you. Here I am abſolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at leaſt one hundred acres of ground, which (to ſpeak in the ſtyle of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fiſh, and fowl.

To enjoy this power, which I reliſh extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are Yahoos in the neighbourhood; but having read in hiſtory, that the ſouthern part of Britain was long defended againſt the Picts by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wiſe people the Chineſe, you know, did the ſame thing to defend themſelves againſt the Tartars. Now, I think on it, as this letter is to be ſent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I ſhall have ſome obſervations made upon it, becauſe I am within three miles of a certain caſtle. Therefore I do hereby declare,

that

that nothing herein contained ſhall extend, or be conſtrued to extend ſo far: And furthermore, I think myſelf in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our preſent juſt and prudent miniſtry, I do not fear the leaſt moleſtation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications afore-mentioned in any-wiſe deſigned to keep them out; for I am well ſatisfied they can break through much ſtronger fences than theſe, if they ſhould have a mind to it. Obſerve how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution. When I am in the herd, I have as little of it about me as any body; but now that I am in the midſt of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preſerving them, and grow fearful, leaſt a certain great man ſhould take a fancy to them, and tranſport them into Norfolk*, to place them in an iſland in one of his new-made fiſh-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought, I will only ſuppoſe it to be hung out under a great bow-window.

In either caſe, I muſt confeſs to you, that I don't like it. In the firſt place, I am not ſure his new-made ground may hold good: In the latter caſe, I have ſome reaſon to doubt the foundations of his houſe are not ſo ſolid as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not ſo much in the wrong, as you may conceive, to deſire that my territory may remain where it is: For though I know you could urge many arguments to ſhew the advantages I might reap by being ſo near him,

* 'To Haughton, the ſeat of Sir Robert Walpole.'

him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to risk that, even though he should have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend Erasmus; and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himself, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have received four bottles of usquebaugh, and sent three of them to Mr Pope; so that I have detained only one for myself. I don't believe such an instance of honesty, punctuality, disinterestedness, and self-denial, can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have with-held but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aspersed or not. Till then, I remain your most faithful and most obedient servant.

LETTER CCCCLXVIII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, near Salisbury in Wiltshire, July the 4th*, 1730.

YOU tell me, that I have put myself out of the way of my old acquaintance, so that unless I hear from you, I can know nothing of

you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me ſo long without writing one word to me? If you can't write to me for my ſake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at Ameſbury, at the Duke of Queenſberry's. The Dutcheſs ſends you her ſervices. I wiſh you were here; I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourſelf at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a biſhop of the ſame name *. You might ride upon the Downs, and write conjectures upon Stonehenge. We are but five and twenty miles from the Bath; and I was told this very evening by General Dormer, (who is here) that he heard ſome-where or other, that you had ſome intentions of coming there the latter ſeaſon. I wiſh any thing would bring us together, but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think that man muſt be a bold writer, who truſts to wit without it. I took your advice; and ſome time ago took to love, and made ſome advances to the lady you ſent me to in Soho, but I met no return; ſo I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no purſuit or amuſement. A ſtate of indolence is what I don't like; 'tis what I would not chuſe.

I

* 'Dr Benjamin Hoadly Biſhop of Saliſbury, whoſe brother, Dr John Hoadly, ſucceeded Archbiſhop King in the ſee of Dublin, 19th January 1729-30.

I am not thinking of a court or preferment; for I think the lady I live with my friend, ſo that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life that every one wiſhes for ſome ſettlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot; ſo that I will endeavour to paſs away life as agreeably as I can, the way I am. I often wiſh to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I ſay true. I am determined to write to you, though thoſe dirty fellows of the poſt-office do read my letters; for ſince I ſaw you, I am grown of that conſequence to be obnoxious to the men I deſpiſe; ſo that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honeſt man. I have heard from Mr Pope but once ſince I left London: I was ſorry I ſaw him ſo ſeldom, but I had buſineſs that kept me from him. I often wiſh we were together again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately.

LETTER CCCCLXIX.

THE EARL OF OXFORD TO DR SWIFT.

REV. SIR, *Dover-ſtreet, July* 15. 1730.

MR Clayton telling me he was going for Ireland, I could not forbear ſending you a few lines by him, although I may puniſh you; yet it is ſo great a pleaſure to me to think of you,

and to converſe with you even in this manner, that I muſt expect you will be ſo good as to forgive the trouble this gives you.

I do not know what notions you entertain of us here: I fear and believe you are in a very bad way: This is my thought, that devoured we certainly ſhall be; but only this will be the difference, we ſhall have that great favour and inſtance of mercy, that we ſhall have the honour to follow you, and be the laſt devoured; and though this is ſo plain, and that demonſtrable, yet we have ſo many unthinking, unaccountable puppies among us, that to them every thing ſeems to go well as it ſhould do; and are ſo pleaſed with this thought, or rather do not think at all, that it is in vain to ſay any thing to them. This is a very diſagreeable ſubject, and I will therefore leave it.

My wife is, I thank God, pretty well; her ſtomach is rather better than it was; Peggy is very well; both deſire you will accept of their humble ſervice. You mention your law-affairs: I know ſo much of that ſort of people called lawyers, that I pity moſt heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them: If you are not already, I hope you will be ſoon ſafe out of their hands.

I ſuppoſe Mr Whalley is, by this time got ſafe to his living, and enjoying the fruit of his victory, peace and quietneſs. I believe he has enough of law; of lawyers, and of lords both

ſpiritual

ſpiritual and temporal. I hope he is well: If you ſee him, my ſervice to him.

I wiſh you would come over here, that we might have the pleaſure of ſeeing you. Why ſhould you not paſs the winter here? I ſhould think it would be more agreeable to you than where you are.

Lord Bathurſt has had a fever: but he is now well again. Pope I ſaw yeſterday: He is pretty well. I am, with true reſpect and eſteem, Sir, you moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

LETTER CCCCLXX.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Cirenceſter, Sept.* 9. 1730.

YOU have taken all the precaution which a reaſonable man could poſſibly take, to break off an impertinent correſpondence, and yet it will not do. One muſt be more ſtupid than a Dutch burgomaſter, not to ſee through the deſign of the laſt letter. "I ſhew all your letters to "our Iriſh wits. One of them is going to write a "treatiſe of Engliſh bulls and blunders." And, for further ſecurity, you add at laſt, I am going to take a progreſs, God knows where, and ſhan't be back again, God knows when. I have given you a reaſonable breathing time; and now I muſt at you again. I receive ſo much pleaſure

in reading you letters, that, according to the uſual good nature and juſtice of mankind, I can diſpenſe with the trouble I give you in reading mine; but if you grow obſtinate, and won't anſwer, I'll plague and peſter you, and do all I can to vex you. I'll take your works to pieces, and ſhew you, that it is all borrowed or ſtole. Have not you ſtolen the ſweeteſt of your numbers from Dryden and Waller? Have not you borrowed thoughts from Virgil and Horace? At leaſt, I am ſure I have ſeen ſomething like them in thoſe books. As to your proſe writings, which they make ſuch a noiſe about, they are only ſome little improvements upon the humour you have ſtole from Miguel de Cervantes and Rabelais.

Well, but the ſtyle,——a great matter indeed, for an Engliſhman to value himſelf upon, that he can write Engliſh: Why, I write Engliſh too, but it is in another ſtyle.

But I won't forget your political tracts. You may ſay that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon leſs occaſions, and not at all proud of it. You have overturned and ſupported miniſters: you have ſet kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the paſſions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern hiſtory, and ſeeing a little further into the inſide of things than the generality of men, you have made this buſtle.

buſtle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and don't remember any of thoſe pretty flowers, thoſe juſt antitheſes, which one meets with ſo frequently in the French writers. None of thoſe clever turns upon words, nor thoſe apt quotations out of Latin authors, which the writers of the laſt age amongſt us abounded in. None of thoſe pretty ſimilies, which ſome of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illuſtrate, but are alſo like twenty other things. In ſhort, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been ſo tired with them, that I have never been eaſy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, juſt as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed for one of your gown to value himſelf upon, that, with ſitting ſtill an hour in his ſtudy, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil, and good-natured, and will ſend me a long, a very long letter, in anſwer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had a better pen, I can tell you that I ſhould not have concluded ſo ſoon.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCLXXI.

LADY B—— G——* TO DR SWIFT.

London, Sept. 19. 1730.

HAD I not not been retired into the country, your's ſhould have been anſwered long ago. As to your poeteſs, I am her obliged ſervant, and muſt confeſs the fact is juſt as you ſtate it. It is very true, I was gaming: and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I juſt opened, found they were verſes: ſo ſlunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuſe myſelf of ſhewing them to a mortal. But let me aſſure you, it was not out of modeſty, but in great hopes that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it ſeems, unhappily,

* This lady was daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lords Juſtices of Ireland in 1699, with whom Dr Swift went over as chaplain and private ſecretary. He lived in his Lordſhip's family at the caſtle of Dublin; and Lady Betty Berkeley finding a ballad on the game of traffic unfiniſhed upon Swift's table, added a ſtanza of raillery upon him, and left the paper where ſhe found it. This occaſioned another ballad of Swift's, to the tune of the cut-purſe. The ballad on traffic is to be found amongſt the poſthumous pieces, Vol. VI. and that to the tune of the cut purſe in Vol. VI. Bat. edit. 1754, 8vo. Lady Betty Berkeley married Sir John Germain, Baronet, of Drayton, in Northamtonſhire.

happily, we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, ſince you deſire it, you may be very ſure ſhe ſhall not fail of my entreaties to his Grace the Duke of Dorſet for her, though you have not yet let me into the ſecret what her requeſt is; ſo till my Lord Carteret does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind ſort of a petition. I have not ſeen his Grace this great while, and he is now at Windſor, and I chuſe rather to ſpeak to him on all accounts, having not ſo fine a talent at writing. But as you are commonly eſteemed by thoſe, who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable ſhare of honeſty and brains, I do not queſtion your doing what is right by him, nor his paying you all the civility and kindneſs you can deſire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwiſe, though he has the unfaſhionable quality of eſteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biaſſed againſt his own ſenſe and judgment. The conſequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to England, and meeting often with him, (in Lady Betty's chamber *), where the happy compoſition † ſhall exert her ſkill in ordering dinner; and

* Alluding to the firſt line of Francis Harris's petition. See Vol. VI. of Swift's works, Bathurſt's edit. 1754, 8vo.

† Mrs Biddy Floyd. This expreſſion alludes to the laſt verſe of a little poem of Swift, intitled, A receipt to form a beauty, and called "The happy compoſition "Floyd." This lady is mentioned in the ballad on the game of traffic, as being one of the party at Lord Berkeley's, and at this time lived with Lady Betty.

and I won't miſtake oil of amber for the ſpirit of it, but continue, as I ever was, your ſincere friend, as well as faithful humble ſervant,

E——— G———

LETTER CCCCLXXII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

Ameſbury, near Saliſbury, Nov. 8. 1730.

DEAR SIR,

SO you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you ſhall not make me hold my tongue. You ſhall hear from me (the poſt-office willing) whether you will or no. I ſee none of the folks you correſpond with, ſo that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you, as I can; which hath been ſo very little, that I am reſolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the diſtreſſed: and in the circumſtances I am in, where ſhould I apply, but to my beſt friend? Mr Pope indeed, upon my frequent inquiries, hath told me, that the letters, which are directed to him, concern me as much as himſelf: But what you ſay of yourſelf, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord Carteret was here yeſterday, on his return from the Iſle of Wight, where he had been a-ſhooting, and left ſeven pheaſants with us. He went this morning to the Bath,

Bath, to Lady Carteret, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours laſt night, and told me that you talk of me. I mean, that you are prodigiouſly in his favour, as he ſays, and I believe, that I am in your's; for I know you to be a juſt and equitable perſon, and it is but my due. He ſeemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reaſon for it, for he is now out of employment, and my friends have been generally of that ſort: for I take to them, as being naturally inclined to thoſe who can do no miſchief. Pray do you come to England this year? He thinks you do. I wiſh you would; and ſo does the Dutcheſs of Queenſberry. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, Come ſpend me; and your friends cry, Come ſee us. I have been treated barbarouſly by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr Pope to have a ſhare in it. In ſhort, I don't care to keep any man's money that ſerves me ſo. Love or money I muſt have; and if you will not let me have the comfort of one, I think I muſt endeavour to get a little comfort by ſpending ſome of the other. I muſt beg, that you will call at Ameſbury, in your way to London; for I have many things to ſay to you: and I can aſſure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your preſcription, and I do ride upon the Downs; and, at preſent, I have no aſthma. I have killed five brace of partridges,

partridges, and four brace and half of quails, and I do not envy either Sir Robert or Stephen Duck *, who is the favourite poet of the court. I hear ſometimes from Mr Pope, and from ſcarce any body elſe. Were I to live ever ſo long, I believe I ſhould never think of London; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not for you †; you ſhall have all your ſhare of talk, which was never allowed you at Twickenham. You know this was a grievance you often complained of; and ſo, in revenge, you make me write all, and anſwer nothing. I beg you to make my compliments to Dr Delaney. I am, dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately,

J. GAY.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the Dutcheſs, and ſhe told me, I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a deſign to have aſked her to ſign the invitation that I have made you. As I don't know how much ſhe may have to ſay to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that ſhe may not be ſtinted for want of room. So much I will ſay, that whether ſhe ſigns it or no, both the Duke and Dutcheſs would be very glad you would come to

* Stephen Duck was a poor threſher, who having written ſome verſes, they were ſhewed to the late Queen, who made him her library keeper at Richmond. He afterwards took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at laſt drowned himſelf.

† Mr Gay was reſerved in his converſation.

to Ameſbury; and you muſt be perſuaded that I ſay this without the leaſt private view. For what is it to me whether you come or not? For I can write to you, you know.

P. S. By the Dutcheſs of Q———.

I would fain have you come. I can't ſay you'll be welcome; for I don't know you, and perhaps I ſhall not like you; but if I do not, (unleſs you are a very vain perſon), you ſhall know my thoughts as ſoon as I do myſelf.

C. Q.

LETTER CCCCLXXIII.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, [*Indorſed, Nov.* 1730.]

THE paſſage in Mr Pope's letter about your health does not alarm me: both of us have had the diſtemper theſe thirty years. I have found that ſteel, the warm gums, and the Bath, all do good in it. Therefore, firſt take the vomit A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg, in a morning, of the electuary marked B; with five ſpoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time (when you are troubled with it) or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a ſervant

of my own, that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the *pulvis rad. Valerianæ* ſylveſtris, about a ſcruple of it twice a-day. How came you to take it in your head that I was Queen's phyſician? When I am ſo, you ſhall be a biſhop, or any thing you have a mind to. Pope is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your Lord Lieutenant * has a mind to be well with you. Lady Betty Germain complains you have not wrote to her ſince ſhe wrote to you. I have ſhewed as much civility to Mrs Barber as I could, and ſhe likewiſe to me. I have no more paper, but what ſerves to tell you that I am, with great ſincerity, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. ARBUTHNOTT.

I recommended Dr Helſham to be phyſician to the Lord Lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have.

A.

℞ Pulv. rad. ipocacoanæ, ℈.

B.

℞ Conſerv. flavedin. aurant. abſynth. Rom. ana ʒ vi. rubigin. Martis in pollin. redact. ʒiij. ſyrup e ſucco kermes, q. ſ.

C

℞ Aſ. fœtid. ʒij. tinctur. caſtor. q. ſ. fiant pilulæ xxiv.

D.

℞ Cortic. Peruviani elect. rubigin. Martis ana ʒij.

* The Duke of Dorſet.

℥ij. digere tepide in vini alb. Gallic. ℔ ij. per. 24 horas: poſtea fiat colatura.

E.

℞ Sp. cor. cerv. ſp. lavendul. tinctur. caſtor. ana ℥ij. miſce.

[As theſe receipts may poſſibly be uſeful to ſome perſon troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddineſs, Dr Arbuthnott's receipt of bitters, for ſtrengthening the ſtomach, is added.]

Take of zadoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms; orange-peel, a drachm; leſſer cardamon ſeeds, two ſcruples. Infuſe all in a quart of boiling ſpring-water for ſix hours: ſtrain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood-water.

LETTER CCCCLXXIV.

Dublin, Nov. 10. 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow, in the Queen's time, went abroad upon his embaſſies, the miniſtry told me, that he was ſuch a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by gueſs, becauſe they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my caſe with you; ſometimes in Scotland, ſometimes at Ham-walks, ſometimes God knows where. You are a man of buſineſs, and not at leiſure for inſignificant correſpondence. It was I got you the employment of being my

Lord Duke's *premier miniſtre;* for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entruſted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a ſtrong inclination to ſpend a ſummer near Saliſbury-downs, having rode over them more than once, and, with a young parſon of Saliſbury, reckoned twice the ſtones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety three. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble acknowledgments to my Lady Dutcheſs, in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that ſhe is *mater pulchra filia pulchrior.* I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl, and would be angry ſhe ſhould excel her mother, who was long my principal goddeſs. I deſire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped, when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houſes, eſpecially thoſe of poets; upon which account a knife was abſolutely neceſſary at Mr Pope's, where it was morally impoſſible with a bidential fork to convey a morſel of beef, with the incumbrance of muſtard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath coſt me thirty pounds to provide tridents, for fear of offending her; which ſum I deſire ſhe will pleaſe to return me.——I am ſick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my diſorder. I have a ſtrong mind to ſpend my 200 l. next ſummer in France. I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that ſum left in this kingdom. You want no ſettlement (I call the family where you live,

and

and the foot you are upon, a ſettlement) till you increaſe your fortune to what will ſupport you with eaſe and plenty, a good houſe and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you. For I have often known a ſhe-couſin, of a good family and ſmall fortune, paſſing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till ſhe grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr Pope complains of ſeldom ſeeing you: But the evil is unavoidable; for different circumſtances of life have always ſeparated thoſe whom friendſhip would join. God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progreſs towards real happineſs here, which would make life more deſirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneaſy as it did yourſelf; I mean the removal of that ſolicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts, and diſturbed your converſation. For if it be true what Mr Pope ſeriouſly tells me, you will have opportunity of ſaving every groat of the intereſt you receive; and ſo by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to paſs the reſt of your wineleſs life in eaſe and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from thoſe taſteleſs ungrateful people from whom you deſerved ſo much, and who deſerve no better geniuſes than thoſe by whom they are celebrated. If you ſee Mr Cæſar, preſent my humble ſervice to him;

and let him know that the ſcrub libel printed againſt me here, and reprinted in London, for which he ſhewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myſelf, and ſent to a Whig printer. It was in the ſtyle and genius of ſuch ſcoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this ſtrain againſt a friend of mine whom you know.——But my paper is ended.

LETTER CCCCLXXV.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD, *Nov.* 10. 1730.

I WAS poſitively adviſed by a friend, whoſe opinion hath much weight with me, and who hath a great veneration for your Lordſhip, to venture a letter of ſolicitation: And it is the firſt requeſt of this kind that I ever made ſince the public changes, in times, perſons, meaſures, and opinions, drove me into diſtance and obſcurity.

There is an honeſt man, whoſe name is Launcelot; he hath been long a ſervant to my Lord Suſſex: He married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure, which depending upon a leaſe which the Duke of Grafton ſuffered to expire about three years ago, ſunk half her little fortune. Mr Launcelot had many promiſes from the Duke of Dorſet, while his Grace held that office which is now in your Lordſhip;

Lordſhip*; but they all failed, after the uſual fate that the bulk of court-ſuiters muſt expect.

I am very ſenſible that I have no manner of claim to the leaſt favour from your Lordſhip, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleaſed to treat me with much humanity, and with more diſtinction than I could pretend to deſerve. I am likewiſe conſcious of that demerit which I have largely ſhared with all thoſe who concerned themſelves in a court and miniſtry, whoſe maxims and proceedings have been ever ſince ſo much exploded. But your Lordſhip will grant me leave to ſay, that in thoſe times, when any perſons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable conſequence, they never failed to ſucceed in any reaſonable requeſt they made for a friend. And when I ſometimes added my poor ſolicitations, I uſed to quote to the then miniſters a paſſage in the goſpel, *The poor* (meaning their own dependants) *you have always with you*, &c.

This is the ſtrongeſt argument I have to intreat your Lordſhip's favour for Mr Launcelot, who is a perfect honeſt man, and as loyal as you could wiſh. His wife, my near relation, hath been my favourite from her youth, and as deſerving as it is poſſible for one of her level. It is underſtood that ſome little employments about the court may be often in your Lordſhip's diſpoſal; and that my Lord Suſſex will give Mr Launcelot

* The Earl of Cheſterfield was then Lord Steward of his Majeſty's houſehold.

Launcelot the character he deſerves: And then let my petition be (to ſpeak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my Lord, that although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my requeſt is but of a few lines.

I ſhall not congratulate with your Lordſhip upon any of your preſent great employments, or upon the greateſt that can poſſibly be given to you; becauſe you are one of thoſe very few who do more honour to a court, than you can poſſibly receive from it: Which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your Lordſhip. I am,

My Lord, &c.

LETTER CCCCLXXVI.

Dublin, Nov. 19. 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight paſt, concluding you were in London, from whence I underſtood one of your former was dated. Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Ameſbury ſo late in the year; at which ſeaſon I take the country to be only a ſcene for thoſe who have been ill uſed by a court, on account of their virtues; which is a ſtate of happineſs the more valuable, becauſe it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deſerves it more. I would gladly ſell a dukedom to loſe favour in the manner their Graces have done.

I

I believe my Lord Carteret, ſince he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wiſh me ill; and I have told him often, that I only hated him as Lieutenant. I confeſs he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than moſt of his predeceſſors; and I confeſs at the ſame time, that he had ſix times a regard to my recommendation, by preferring ſo many of my friends in the church. The two laſt acts of his favour were, to add to the dignities of Dr Delany and Mr Stopford; the laſt of whom was, by you and Mr Pope, put into Mr Pulteney's hands. I told you in my laſt, that a continuance of giddineſs (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at preſent. For, in my caſe, a domeſtic life is neceſſary; where I can, with the centurion, ſay to my ſervant, Go, and he goeth; and, Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and conſequently a dutcheſs is at this time the hatefulleſt lady in the world to me, one only excepted; and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thouſand times more hateful. I confeſs I begin to apprehend you will ſquander my money, becauſe I hope you never leſs wanted it; and if you go on with ſucceſs for two years longer, I fear I ſhall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill informed me, who ſays that Mr Pope is at preſent the chief poetical favourite; yet Mr Pope himſelf talks like a philoſopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our

few

few honeſt folks here is, that Duck is abſolutely to ſucceed Euſden in the laurel; the contention being between Concannen, or Theobald, or ſome other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking; but the dubious ſtate of your affairs in thoſe days was too much the ſubject, and I wiſh the Dutcheſs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing ſo much contributed to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left unleſs I would have been a greater raſcal than happened to ſuit with my temper. I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſucceeding meaſures and miniſtries, by way of ſauce to reliſh my meat: And I confeſs one point of conduct in my Lady Dutcheſs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you ſpend a dozen lines in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may give my Lady Dutcheſs room to write, and ſo you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200 l. to have left place for as many more.

To the Dutcheſs.

MADAM,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty; for

for it hath been a known and eſtabliſhed rule above twenty years in England, That the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me, by all ladies who aſpired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet I know not by what weakneſs I have condeſcended graciouſly to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Though Mr Gay will tell you, that a nameleſs perſon * ſent me eleven meſſages before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely obliged for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys, under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the ſame time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You ſay, perhaps you ſhall not like me: I affirm you are miſtaken, which I can plainly demonſtrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another perſon diſlikes me of late, with whoſe likings your's have not for ſome time paſt gone together. However, if I ſhall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needleſs; for Diogenes himſelf would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER

* The Princeſs of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline.

LETTER CCCCLXXVII.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

MADAM, *Nov.* 21. 1730.

I DO now pity the leiſure you have to read a letter from me, and this letter ſhall be a hiſtory. Firſt, therefore, I call you to witneſs that I did not attend on the Q—n till I had received her own repeated meſſages; which, of courſe, occaſioned my being introduced to you. I never aſked any thing, till, upon leaving England the firſt time, I deſired from you a preſent worth a guinea, and from her Majeſty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Your's I received; and the Q—n, upon my taking leave of her, made an excuſe that ſhe had intended a medal for me; which not being ready, ſhe would ſend it me the Chriſtmas following: Yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and, by her commands, attended her as I had done before. I muſt now tell you, Madam, that I will receive no medal from her Majeſty, nor any thing leſs than her picture at half length, drawn by Jervas; and if he takes it from another original, the Q—n ſhall ſit at leaſt twice for him to touch it up. I deſire you will let her Majeſty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her pleaſure. But this is a uſual thing with princes as well as miniſters,

niſters, upon every falſe repreſentation; and ſo I took occaſion to tell the Q—n, upon the quarrel Mr Walpole had with our friend Gay, the firſt time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Againſt you I have but one reproach: That when I was laſt in England, and juſt after the preſent King's acceſſion, I reſolved to paſs that ſummer in France, for which I had then a moſt lucky opportunity, from which thoſe who ſeemed to love me well diſſuaded me, by your advice: And when I ſent you a note, conjuring you to lay aſide the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occaſion, your anſwer poſitively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you ſaid the ſame thing to my friends, who ſeemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reaſonably hope for a ſettlement in England. Which, God knows, was no very great ambition, conſidering the ſtation I ſhould leave here, of greater dignity, and which might have eaſily been managed to be diſpoſed of as the Q—n pleaſed. If theſe hints came from you, I affirm you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and eſteem you as much as ever. You had your reaſons, which I ſhall not inquire into; becauſe I always believed you had ſome virtues, beſides all the accompliſhments of mind and perſon that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the Q—n for ſacrificing my friend Gay to the miſtaken piques of Sir Robert Walpole, about a libel written againſt him, al-

though he was convinced at the ſame time of Mr Gay's innocence, and although, as I ſaid before, I told her Majeſty the whole ſtory. Mr Gay deſerved better treatment amongſt you, upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded fables, dedicated to Prince William, which I hope his Royal Highneſs will often read for his inſtruction. I wiſh her Majeſty would a little remember what I largely ſaid to her about Ireland, when, before a witneſs, ſhe gave me leave, and commanded me to tell here what ſhe ſpoke to me upon that ſubject; and ordered me, that if I lived to ſee her in her preſent ſtation, to ſend her our grievances, promiſing to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this miſerable and moſt loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never ſo near as now. As to myſelf, I repeat again, that I never aſked any thing more than a trifle, as a memorial of ſome diſtinction which her Majeſty graciouſly ſeemed to make between me and every common clergyman: But that trifle was forgotten, according to the uſual method of princes, although I was taught to think myſelf upon a foot of pretending to ſome little exception.

As to yourſelf, Madam, I moſt heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the ſlavery, and vexation of a favourite, where you could not always anſwer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be leſs teaſed with ſolicitations, one of the greateſt evils in life. You poſſeſs an eaſy employment,

employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit: And if it ſhall pleaſe God to eſtabliſh your health, I believe and hope you are too wiſe to hope for more. Mr Pope hath always been an advocate for your ſincerity, and even I, in the character I gave you of yourſelf, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet I confeſs, I never heartily pledged your health as a toaſt upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good ſenſe, and an unblemiſhed character. For as to friendſhip, truth, ſincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myſelf about them; becauſe I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether uſeleſs at courts. I am content that you ſhould tell the Q—n all I have ſaid of her, and in my own words, if you pleaſe.

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourſelf, if it had been good manners, in the height of your credit, to put you in mind of its mortality. For you are not the firſt, by at leaſt three ladies, whom I have known to undergo the ſame turn of fortune. It is allowed that ladies are often very good ſcaffoldings, and I need not tell you the uſe that ſcaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I ſhould have begun this letter by telling you, that I was encouraged to write it by my beſt friend, and one of your great admirers; who told me, that, from ſomething that had paſſed between you, he thought you would not re-

ceive it ill. After all, I know no perſon of your ſex, for whom I have ſo great an eſteem, as I do and believe I ſhall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private perſon; for I muſt except the Q—n, and it is not an exception of form: becauſe I have really a great veneration for her great qualities, although I have reaſon to complain of her conduct to me; which I could not excuſe, although ſhe had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my ſincere profeſſions of being, with true reſpect,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient

humble ſervant.

LETTER CCCCLXXVIII.

TO LADY SANTRY.

MADAM, 1730. *At a conjecture.*

MY reaſon for waiting on you, ſome time ago, was grounded on the eſteem I always had for you; which continued ſtill the ſame, although I had hardly the leaſt acquaintance with your Lord, nor was at all deſirous to cultivate it, becauſe I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I ſaw you at Sir Compton Domville's houſe, all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of the viſit I had made you, and the cruel treatment you received from me, with relation to your ſon.

I will not believe your Ladyſhip was ſo weak as to ſpread this complaint yourſelf, but I lay it wholly to thoſe two young women who were then in the ſame room, I ſuppoſe as viſitors. But if you were really diſcontented, and thought to publiſh your diſcontent in aggravating words, I muſt cut off at leaſt nine tenths of the friendſhip I had for you, and liſt you in the herd of Iriſh ladies, whoſe titles, or thoſe of their huſbands, with me never have the weight of a feather, or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had ſo much ſenſe as to underſtand, that all I ſaid was intended for the ſervice both of you and your ſon. I have often ſpoken much more ſeverely to perſons of much higher quality than your ſon, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received hearty thanks, as well as found amendment. One thing I ſhall obſerve, upon your account; which is, never to throw away any more advice upon any Iriſh lord, or his mother; becauſe I thought you would be one of the laſt to deceive me.

I called four times at the houſe where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which I ſuppoſe, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the perſon who ought to complain, becauſe all I ſaid to you proceeded from friendſhip, and a deſire of reforming your ſon. But that deſire is now utterly at an end.

LETTER CCCCLXXIX.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Ameſbury, Dec.* 6. 1730.

BOTH your letters, to my great ſatisfaction, I have received. You were miſtaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever ſince the beginning of May. But the beſt way is to direct your letters always to the Duke's houſe in London; and they are ſent hither by his porter. You ſay, we deſerve envy: I think we do; for I envy no man, either in town or out of it. We have had ſome few viſitors, and every one of them ſuch, as one would deſire to viſit. The Dutcheſs is a more ſevere check upon my finances than ever you were; and I ſubmit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time before I could prevail with her to let me allow myſelf a pair of ſhoes with two heels; for I had loſt one, and the ſhoes were ſo decayed, that they were not worth mending. You ſee by this, that thoſe who are the moſt generous of their own, can be the moſt covetous for others. I hope you will be ſo good to me, as to uſe your intereſt with her, (for whatever ſhe ſays, you ſeem to have ſome), to indulge me with the extravagance ſuitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that diſlikes you, hath no diſcernment. I really think you may ſafely

venture

venture to Ameſbury, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you; which may ſometimes occaſion diſputes: And I tell you before hand, that I cannot take your part. I think her ſo often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to perſuade me that ſhe is in the wrong; then there is another thing that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place, which is, that the lady of the houſe is not given to ſhew civility to thoſe ſhe does not like. She ſpeaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommoneſs of the thing, I fancy, your curioſity will prevail over your fear; and you will like to ſee ſuch a woman. But I ſay no more till I know whether her Grace will fill up the reſt of the paper.

The Dutcheſs of Q——.

Write I muſt, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant paſſion of contradiction. I do, in the firſt place, contradict moſt things Mr Gay ſays of me, to deter you from coming here; which if you ever do, I hereby aſſure you, that unleſs I like my own way better, you ſhall have your's; and in all diſputes you ſhall convince me, if you can. But by what I ſee of you, this is not a misfortune that will always happen; for I find you are a great miſtaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiouſneſs: 'Tis from this firſt that I determined not to like one, who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain, whether or no I ſhall e-

ver

ver be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building caſtles in the air; but I ſhould chuſe to build friends upon a more ſolid foundation. I would fain know; for I often hear more good likeable things than 'tis poſſible any one can deſerve. Pray, come, that I may find out ſomething wrong; for I, and I believe moſt women, have an inconceivable pleaſure to find out any faults, except their own. Mr Cibber is made poet-laureat. I am, Sir, as much your humble ſervant as I can be to any perſon I don't know. C. Q.

Mr Gay is very peeviſh that I ſpell and write ill; but I don't care: for neither the pen nor I can do better. Beſides, I think you have flattered me, and ſuch people ought to be put to trouble.

Mr GAY's poſtſcript.

Now I hope you are pleaſed, and that you will allow, for ſo ſmall a ſum as 200l. you have a lumping pennyworth.

LETTER CCCCLXXX.

THE EARL OF C——— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Hague, Dec.* 15. *N. S.* 1730.

YOU need not have made any excuſes to me for your ſolicitation: On the contrary, I am proud of being the firſt perſon to whom you have

have thought it worth your while to apply ſince thoſe changes, which, you ſay, drove you into diſtance and obſcurity. I very well know the perſon you recommend to me, having lodged at his houſe a whole ſummer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to ſerve him; but your recommendation, I can aſſure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-ſuitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promiſes, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to ſerve him.

When firſt I had this office * I took the reſolution of turning out no-body; ſo that I ſhall only have the diſpoſal of thoſe places, that the death of the preſent poſſeſſors will procure me. Some old ſervants that have ſerved me long and faithfully, have obtained the promiſes of the firſt four or five vacancies; and the early ſolicitations of ſome of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But after having ſatisfied theſe engagements, I do aſſure you Mr Launcelot ſhall be my firſt care. I confeſs, his proſpect is more remote than I could have wiſhed it; but as it is ſo remote, he won't have the uneaſineſs of a diſappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets ſomething, we ſhall both be pleaſed.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner

* 'Of Lord Steward of the king's houſehold, in which he ſucceeded the Duke of Dorſet, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.'

ner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to ſerve him, in the juſt expectation, that ſhould I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the perſon who was the author of my crime, would likewiſe be the author of my vindication. I am, with real eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

C——.

LETTER CCCCLXXXI.

LADY E—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Dec. 24. 1730.

SINCE you, with a modeſt aſſurance, affirm you underſtand and practiſe good manners better than any other perſon in either kingdom, I wiſh you would therefore put into very handſome terms my excuſe to Dean Swift, that I have not anſwered his letter, that I received before the laſt. For even Prebendary Head aſſured my brother Harry, that he, in form and juſtice, took place of a colonel, as being major-general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know whether you or I were to write laſt; becauſe, as being but a poor courteſey lady, I can pretend to no other place but what other people's goodneſs gives me. This being ſettled, I ought not to have writ again; but however, I fear I ſhould have been wrong enough to have deſired the correſpondence to be kept up,

but

but that I have been ill for a fortnight, and of courſe lazy, and not in a writing mood.

Firſt, as to Mrs Barber, as I told you before, ſo I tell you the ſame again, that upon your recommendation, I ſhall be very glad to ſerve her, though I never did ſee her; and as I had not your letter till I went from Tunbridge, ſhe paſſed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her ſince. She writ to me to preſent ———'s poems to the Duke and Dutcheſs of Dorſet. I anſwered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I ſhall moſt willingly ſubſcribe; though I am of the opinion, we ladies are apt to be good poets, eſpecially if we can't ſpell; but that is by the way of inviolable ſecret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your laſt epiſtle, for which it ſeems I am to give you thanks for honouring me with your commands. Well, I do ſo, becauſe this gets a proof, that, after ſo many years acquaintance, there is one that will take my word; which is a certain ſign that I have not often broke it. Therefore behold the conſequence is this; I have given my word to the Duke of Dorſet that you would not ſo poſitively affirm this fact concerning Mrs Fox, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of truſt. And though it has been recommended to him as you ſay, he never did give any anſwer to it, nor deſigned it, till he was fully ſatisfied of the truth; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to

have

have done it, becauſe it is an eaſy way of ſecuring a place for ever to a family; and were this to be an example, be it ſo many pence, or ſo many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, not to ſhew my power with his Grace (in ſpite of his dependents, who may caſt their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of, where juſtice or good-nature is neceſſary; but to ſhew you his dependence on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it ſhall certainly be done; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you ſeem ſo deſirous to have; for at any time, whenſoever you have any buſineſs, ſervice, or requeſt to make to his Grace of Dorſet (whether my proper buſineſs or no) till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I ſhall be very glad to ſhew how ſincerely I am your friend and faithful humble ſervant,

E—— G——.

LETTER CCCCLXXXII.

DR SWIFT TO MRS WHITEWAY.

Dec. 28. 1730.

YOU might give a better reaſon for reſtoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the ſuperſcription that your letter was written by a man; for you have neither the ſcrawl

ſcrawl nor the ſpelling of your ſex. You live ſo far off, and I believe ſo ſeldom at home, and I am ſo ill a viſitor, that it is no wonder we meet ſo ſeldom: But if you knew what I ſay of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination: I mean what I ſay of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wiſhes of the ſeaſon; and am, with true eſteem and affection, your's, *&c.*

J. SWIFT.

LETTER CCCCLXXXIII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-31.

I BEGIN my letter, by telling you, that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been theſe two years. She is much your ſervant; and as ſhe has been her own phyſician with ſome ſucceſs, imagines ſhe could be your's with the ſame. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, preſcribe a great deal of *medicina animi*, without having recourſe to the books of Triſmegiſtus. Pope and I ſhould be her principal apothecaries in the courſe of the cure: And though our beſt botaniſts complain, that few of the herbs and ſimples which

go to the compoſition of theſe remedies, are to be found at preſent in our ſoil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; beſides, by the help of a little chemiſtry, the moſt noxious juices may become ſalubrious, and rank poiſon a ſpecific.——Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the preſent and to future ages, whilſt I begin this letter which he is to finiſh to you. What good he will do mankind, I know not; this comfort he may be ſure of, he cannot do leſs than you have done before him. I have ſometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers keep vice at a ſtand, or ſo much as retard the progreſs of it, they do as much as human nature admits. A real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires thoſe extraordinary means which become puniſhments as well as leſſons. National corruption muſt be purged by national calamities.—Let us hear from you. We deſerve this attention, becauſe we deſire it, and becauſe we believe that you deſire to hear from us.

LETTER CCCCLXXXIV.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD, *Jan.* 5. 1730-1.

I RETURN your Lordſhip my moſt humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter,

letter, and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those of play; where, if the most expert be absent for a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he hath no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your Lordship had pleased to forgive one, who hath been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there: And what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your Lordship in the prime of your life; in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your Lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature, as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your Lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention. And God forbid, that, in one particular branch of the King's family, there should

ever be ſuch mortality as to take away a dozen of his meaner ſervants in leſs than a dozen years.

Give me leave, in further excuſe of my weakneſs, to confeſs, that, beſides ſome hints from my friends, your Lordſhip is in a great meaſure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to ſee you; which I acknowledge to have been a diſtinction that I had not the leaſt pretence to, and conſequently as little to ground upon it the requeſt of a favour.

As I am an utter ſtranger to the preſent forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your Lordſhip's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourſelf: And that as, in my time, the moſt ſolemn and frequent promiſes of great men uſually failed againſt all probable appearances, ſo that ſingle flight one of your Lordſhip, may, by your generous nature, early ſucceed againſt all viſible impoſſibilities. I am, &c.

LETTER CCCCLXXXV.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Jan. 11. 1731.

IT is well for Mr Pope your letter came as it did, or elſe I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough ſearch at his houſe; for, that I was moſt poſitively aſſured that

that you were there in private, the Duke of Dorſet can tell you. *Non credo* is all the Latin I know, and the moſt uſeful word upon all occaſions to me. However, like moſt other people, I can give it up for what I wiſh; for once I believed, or at leaſt went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a requeſt, which is purely perſonal to me: *Non credo* for that; for I am ſure you would not be ſo diſagreeable as not to have made it, when you know 'tis a pleaſure and ſatisfaction to me to do anything you deſire, by which you may find you are not *ſans conſequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr Pope the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit nor ſenſe do arm him enough againſt being hurt by malice; and that he is too ſenſible of what fools ſay: The run is much againſt him on the Duke of Chandois's* account; but I believe their rage is not kindneſs to the Duke, but they are glad to give it vent with ſome tolerable pretence. I wiſh your preſence would have ſuch a miraculous effect as your deſign on Biddy's† ſpeech: You know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by her inclination; but now every winter is kept ſtill *per* force, for ſhe conſtantly gets a

* It was ſaid that Mr Pope intended the character of Timon, in his epiſtle on the uſe of riches in works of taſte addreſſed to the Earl of Burlington, for the Duke of Chandois.

† Mrs Biddy Floyd.

violent cold that laſts her all winter. But as to that quarrelſome friend of the Duke of Dorſet's, I will let her looſe at you, and ſee which can get the better. Miſs Kelly was a very pretty girl when ſhe went from hence, and the beaux ſhew their good taſte by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if ſhe is not mightily altered, ſhe would give up ſome of her airs and equipage to live in England.

Since you are ſo good as to inquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have eſcaped both head-achs and gout: And that your's may not be endangered by reading ſuch a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean,

E——G——.

LETTER CCCCLXXXVI.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, Jan.* 18. 1731.

IT is now near nine o'clock. I deferred ſitting down to write to you, in expectation to have ſeen Mr Pope, who left me two or three hours ago to try to find Lord Burlington, within whoſe walls I have not been admitted this year and half; but for what reaſon I know not. Mr Pope is juſt this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him; ſo that I cannot give you any ſatisfaction in the affair you writ laſt about.

bout. He deſigns to ſee him to-morrow; and if any thing can be done, he ſays you ſhall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter, you ſee how I decline in favour; but I look upon it as a particular diſtinction, that as ſoon as the court gains a man, I loſe him. It is a mortification I have been uſed to, ſo I bear it as a philoſopher ſhould. The letter which you writ to me and the Duke I received, and Mr Pope ſhewed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleaſure than all the letters you have writ ſince I ſaw you, as it gives me hopes of ſeeing you ſoon.

Were I to acquaint the Duke and Dutcheſs of my writing, I know that they would have ſomething to ſay to you, and perhaps would prevent my ſending the letter this poſt, ſo I chuſe to ſay nothing about it. You are in great favour and eſteem with all thoſe that love me, which is one great reaſon that I love and eſteem them.

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I chuſe to leave it where it is, till you want it, as it carries ſome intereſt; though it might be now ſold to ſome advantage, and is liable to riſes and falls with other ſtocks. It might be higher as well as lower; ſo I will not diſpoſe of it till I hear from you. I am impatient to ſee you, ſo are all your friends. You have taken your reſolution, and I ſhall henceforth every week expect

an

an agreeable ſurpriſe. The bellman rings for the letter, ſo I can ſay no more.

LETTER CCCCXXXVII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 23. 1730-1.

NOW were you in vaſt hopes you ſhould hear no more from me, I being ſlow in my motions: But don't flatter yourſelf; you began the correſpondence, ſet my pen a going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to pleaſe myſelf when I could; and though I don't juſt take the turn my mother did of faſting and praying; yet to be ſure that was her pleaſure too, or elſe ſhe would not have been ſo greedy of it. I don't care to deliver your meſſage this great while to Lieutenant Head, he having been dead theſe two years. And though he had, as you ſay, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my Dame Wadger's * firſt impreſſion, I have ever had a natural antipathy to ſpirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr Pope, which I am ſorry for, and expect you ſhould come to England, in order to improve it. If it was the Queen, and not the Duke of Grafton, that picked out ſuch a laureat † ſhe deſerves his poetry in her praiſe.

Your

* The deaf houſe-keeper at Lord Berkeley's.

† Colly Cibber.

Your friend Mrs Barber has been here. I find ſhe has ſome requeſt; but neither you nor ſhe yet let it out to me what it is: For certainly you cannot mean that, by ſubſcribing to her book; if ſo, I ſhall be mighty unhappy to have you call that a favour. For ſurely there is nothing ſo eaſy as what one can do one's ſelf, nor any thing ſo heavy as what one muſt aſk other people for; though I don't mean by this, that I ſhall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet ſhall be much happier, when it is in my own power to ſhew, how ſincerely I am my old friend's moſt faithful humble ſervant.

Mrs Floyd is much your's, but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

LETTER CCCCLXXXVIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 23. 1731.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is ſo) that I can make you uneaſy at my not writing; though I ſhan't often care to exert it, leſt you ſhould grow weary of me and my correſpondence; but the ſlowneſs of my anſwers does not come from the emptineſs of my heart, but the emptineſs of my head; and that you know is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been ſo long in faſhion; but every day convinces me more of the neceſ-

ſity

ſity of it, not but that I often wiſh againſt myſelf; as *per* example, I would fain believe you are coming to England; becauſe moſt of your acquaintance tell me ſo; and yet turn and wind, and ſift your letters to find any thing like it be true; but inſtead of that, there I find a law-ſuit, which is a worſe tie by the leg than your lameneſs. And pray what is "this hurt above my "heel?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my Lord Lieutenant * of the gout, and call it a ſprain, as he does? who has lain † ſo long and often to diſguiſe it, that I verily think he has not a new ſtory left. Does he do the ſame in Ireland; for there I hoped he would have given a better example?

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or elſe you could never have thought of any thing ſo much to my taſte as this piece of marble you ſpeak of for my ſiſter Penelope ‡, which I deſire may be at my expence. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor year, but ſhe died ſoon after we came there, and we did not ſtay quite two years,

* The Duke of Dorſet.

† This ſeems to be humourouſly made the participle of *lie* mentior.

‡ Lady Penelope Berkeley died in Dublin, whilſt her father was in the government, and was intered in St Andrew's church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr Swift cauſed a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the alter-piece, with this inſcription:

"Underneath lieth the body of the Lady
"Penelope Berkeley, daughter of the right honourable Charles Earl of Berkeley. She
"died Sept. the 3d. 1693."

years, and were in England ſome months before King William died. I wiſh I had my dame Wadger's, or Mr Ferrers's memorandum head, that I might know whether it was at the time * of gooſeberries.

Surely your Iriſh air is very bad for darts, if Mrs Kelly's are blunted already, make her croſs father let her come over, and we won't uſe her ſo in England. If my Dutcheſs † ſees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it muſt be purely from great complaiſance, for that never was her taſte here, though ſhe is as early a riſer as the generality of ladies are: And I believe there are not many dreſſing-rooms in London, but mine where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly; for I will have no more formal humble ſervants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was aſking your catechiſm.

LETTER

* In the petition of Frances Harris to the Lords Juſtices, upon loſing her purſe, there are theſe verſes:

"Yes, ſays ſhe, the ſteward I remember, when I was
"at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
"Such a thing as this happened juſt about the time
"of gooſberries."

This ſteward was Mr Ferrers; and Dame Wadger, was the old deaf houſe-keeper in Lord Berkeley's family, when he was one of the Lords Juſtices of Ireland.

† The Dutcheſs of Dorſet.

LETTER CCCCLXXXIX.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

March 20. 1730-1.

I THINK it is above three months ſince I wrote to you, in partnerſhip with the Dutcheſs. About a fortnight ſince I wrote to you from Twickenham, for Mr Pope and myſelf. He was then diſabled from writing by a ſevere rheumatic pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at preſent in town. Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurſt, he and I dined together yeſterday at Barnes, with old Jacob Tonſon, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of phyſicians, grown a moderate wine-drinker, after an abſtinence of above two years; and now look upon myſelf as qualified for ſociety as before.

I formerly ſent you a ſtate of the accounts between us. Lord B——— hath this day paid me your principal and intereſt. The intereſt amounted to 12l. and I want your directions how to diſpoſe of the principal, which muſt lie dead, till I receive your orders. I had a ſcheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal entire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to ſhew you that I conſult your advantage, I will buy two for myſelf, and then you and I will go halves in the ten thouſand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain: The ſcheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not

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be the moſt advantageous one; for we are to have but 3 l. *per cent.*

I ſolicit for no court favours, ſo that I propoſe to buy the tickets at the market price, when they come out, which will not be theſe two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus diſpoſed of; or if you like to truſt to your own fortune, rather than to ſhare in mine, let me have your orders; and at the ſame time, tell me what I ſhall do with the principal ſum. I came to town the 7th of January laſt, with the Duke and Dutcheſs, about buſineſs, for a fortnight. As it depended upon others, we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to Ameſbury, in Wiltſhire, for the reſt of the year; but the beſt way is always to direct to me at the Duke's, in Burlington-gardens, near Piccadilly. I am ordered by the Dutcheſs to grow rich in the manner of Sir John Cutler. I have nothing at this preſent writing, but my frock that was made at Saliſbury, and a bob periwig. I perſuade myſelf that it is ſhilling-weather as ſeldom as poſſible; and have found out, that there are few court-viſits that are worth a ſhilling. In ſhort, I am very happy in my preſent independency. I envy no man; but have the due contempt of voluntary ſlaves of birth and fortune. I have ſuch a ſpite againſt you, that I wiſh you may long for my company, as I do for your's. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; ſo that if it is out of friendſhip you write ſo ſeldom to me, it doth not anſwer

the purpoſe. Thoſe who you like ſhould remember you, do ſo whenever I ſee them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are ſolicitous to pleaſe or flatter me. The Dutcheſs ſends you her compliments, and ſo would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

LETTER CCCCXC.

DR SWIFT TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

I HAVE delayed ſeveral poſts anſwering your letter of January laſt, in hopes of being able to ſpeak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the moſt, ſince the ſucceſs of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be ſet a going, you ſhall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger, either from the nature of my diſtemper, or from the attendance of three phyſicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deſerves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been ſome years going down the hill; let us make the paſſage as ſmooth as we can. Let us fence againſt phyſical evil by care, and the uſe of thoſe means which experience muſt have pointed out to us: Let us fence againſt moral evil by philoſophy;

ſophy; for paſſion may decay, and ſtupidity not ſucceed. *Paſſions* (ſays Pope, our divine, as you will ſee one time or other) are the *gales* of life. Let us not complain that they do not blow a ſtorm. What hurt does age do us, in ſubduing what we toil to ſubdue all our lives? It is now ſix in the morning. I recal the time, (and am glad it is over), when about this hour I uſed to be going to bed, ſurfeited with pleaſure, or jaded with buſineſs: My head often full of ſchemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I riſe at this hour refreſhed, ſerene, and calm? that the paſt, and even the preſent affairs of life, ſtand like objects at a diſtance from me, where I can keep off the diſagreeable ſo as not to be ſtrongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Paſſions in their force would bring all theſe, nay, even future contingencies about my ears at once, and reaſon would but ill defend me in the ſcuffle.

I leave Pope to ſpeak for himſelf; but I muſt tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She ſays ſhe would find ſtrength enough to nurſe you, if you was here; and yet, God knows, ſhe is extremely weak. The ſlow fever works under, and mines the conſtitution: We keep it off ſometimes; but ſtill it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not aſhamed to ſay to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the king of terrors; ſhe beholds him without

the leaſt. When ſhe ſuffers much, ſhe wiſhes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, ſhe looks upon him with diſlike, becauſe he is to ſeparate her from thoſe friends to whom ſhe is more attached than to life itſelf.——You ſhall not ſtay for my next as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope ſhall write ſomething much better than the ſcraps of old philoſophers, which were the preſents, *munuſcula*, that Stoical fop Seneca uſed to ſend in every epiſtle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has ſpoken juſtly of his lady: Why not I of my mother? Yeſterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-firſt year of her age; her memory much diminiſhed, but her ſenſes very little hurt, her ſight and hearing good; ſhe ſleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, ſays her prayers; this is all ſhe does. I have reaſon to thank God for continuing ſo long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exerciſe for ſome years thoſe cares which are now as neceſſary to her as her's have been to me. An object of this ſort daily before one's eyes, very much ſoftens the mind; but perhaps may hinder it from the willingneſs of contracting other ties of the like domeſtic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleaſures. I have formerly made ſome ſtrong efforts to get and deſerve a friend: Perhaps it were wiſer never to attempt; but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to paſs through, juſt pay your hoſts their due,

due, diſperſe a little charity, and hurry on. Yet I am juſt now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleaſure, and put morality in good humour.——And juſt now too I am going to ſee one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain ſeveral civil people, whom, if we call friends, it is by the courteſy of England.——*Sic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.* While we do live, we muſt make the beſt of life,

Certantes licet uſque (minus via lædat) eamus,

as the ſhepherd ſaid in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am your's.

LETTER CCCCXCI.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

YOU may aſſure yourſelf, that if you come over this ſpring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of ſtudy, but devoted to that hiſtorical taſk which you have ſet me theſe many years. I am in hopes of ſome materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propoſe to myſelf. If they are not to be had, I muſt accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be ſurpriſed to find, that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myſelf,

ſelf, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important ſubject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except ſacred authority; and that I have ventured to ſtart a thought, which muſt, if it is puſhed as ſucceſsfully as I think it is, render all your metaphyſical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expreſſion in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this ſubject; and yet I am perſuaded, that divines and free-thinkers would both be clamorous againſt it, if it was to be ſubmitted to their cenſure, as I do not intend that it ſhall. The paſſage I mean, is that where you ſay, that you told Dr. ** the grand points of Chriſtianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations *, &c.

It has happened, that whilſt I was writing this to you, the Doctor came to make me a viſit from London, where I heard he was arrived ſome time ago. He was in haſte to return, and is, I perceive, in great haſte to print. He left me with eight diſſertations †, a ſmall part, as I underſtand, of his work: and deſired me to peruſe, conſider, and obſerve upon them againſt Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two firſt, I find myſelf

* In this maxim all bigotted *divines* and *free-thinking* politicians agree; the one for fear of diſturbing the eſtabliſhed religion; the other leſt that diſturbance ſhould prove injurious to their adminiſtration of government. *Warb.*

† 'Revelation examined with candor.'

ſelf unable to ſerve him. The principles he reaſons upon, are begged in a diſputation of this ſort; and the manner of reaſoning is by no means cloſe and concluſive. The ſole advice I could give him in conſcience, would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this taſk as well as I can; for I eſteemed the man, and ſhould be ſorry to diſoblige him where I cannot ſerve him.

As to retirement and exerciſe, your notions are true. The firſt ſhould not be indulged ſo much as to render us ſavage, nor the laſt neglected ſo as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being ſavage, live with all who live with them, and, who, to preſerve their health, ſanter away half their time. Adieu. Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a ſtrong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I ſhall ſee Ireland; I ſhall never deſire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I ſhall be too ſoon a free man——Your recommendations I conſtantly give to thoſe you mention; though ſome of them I ſee but ſeldom, and am every day more retired. I am leſs fond of the world, and leſs curious about it: yet no way out of humour, diſappointed, or angry; though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters; but I don't feel them: therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I paſs almoſt all my time at home.

My

My lord (of which I partly take the merit to myſelf) is as much eſtranged from politics as I am. Let philoſophy be ever ſo vain, it is leſs vain now than politics, and not quite ſo vain at preſent as divinity. I know nothing that moves ſtrongly but ſatire; and thoſe who are aſhamed of nothing elſe, are ſo of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, ſome good might be done even upon this age.

I know you'll deſire ſome account of my health. It is uſual, but my ſpirits rather worſe. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taſte or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing elſe. I have perſonal obligations which I will ever preſerve, to men of different ſides; and I wiſh nothing ſo much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it is a merit, if I can take off any man from gratting or ſatirical ſubjects, merely on the ſcore of party: and it is the greateſt vanity of my life, that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to ſubjects moral, uſeful, and more worthy his pen. Dr——'s book is what I can't commend ſo much as Dean Berkeley's *, though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

LETTER

* A fine original work, called, "The minute Philoſopher."

LETTER CCCCXCII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT, WITH A POSTSCRIPT.

DEAR SIR, *April* 11. 1731.

THE fortune of the perſon you intereſt yourſelf in, amounts to at preſent (all debts paid) above three thouſand four hundred pounds; ſo that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to ſay, an independent creature. I have been in expectations, poſt after poſt, to have received your directions about the diſpoſal of your money. Left that ſum, with 200l. of my own, in Mr Hoare's hands, at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I ſhall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a propoſal about purchaſing lottery-tickets in partnerſhip with myſelf; that is to ſay, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus of the intereſt-money I have received; but in this I will do nothing till I hear from you.

I am now got to my reſidence at Ameſbury, getting health, and ſaving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, water-drinking, if I can perſuade myſelf that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write, though, as yet, I have another impediment: for I have not provided myſelf with a ſcheme. Ten to one but I ſhall have a propenſity to write againſt vice, and who can tell how far that may offend? But

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an author ſhonld conſult his genius rather than his intereſt, if he cannot reconcile them. Juſt before I left London, I made a viſit to Mrs Barber. I wiſh I could any-ways have contributed to her ſubſcription. I have always found myſelf of no conſequence, and am now of leſs than ever; but I have found out a way, in one reſpect, of making myſelf of more conſequence, which is by conſidering other people of leſs. Thoſe who have given me up, I have given up; and in ſhort, I ſeek after no friendſhips, but am content with what I have in the houſe. They have ſubſcribed, and I propoſed it before Jo. Taylor, who, upon hearing ſhe was a friend of your's, offered his ſubſcription, and deſired his compliments to you. I believe ſhe hath given you an account that ſhe hath ſome proſpect of ſucceſs from others recommendations to thoſe I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occaſions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr Arbuthnott, which gave me but a bad account of Mr Pope's health. I have writ to him; but have not heard from him ſince I came into the country. If you knew the pleaſure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and eſpecially you would have anſwered my laſt letter, as it was a money-affair, and you have to do with a man of buſineſs.

Your letter was more to the Dutcheſs than to me; ſo I now leave off to offer her the paper.

Poſtſcript

Poſtſcript by the Dutcheſs.

It was Mr Gay's fault that I did not write ſooner; which, if I had, I ſhould hope you would have been here by this time; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to; and that I only love my own way, when I meet not with others whoſe ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I ſhall approve of your's; for to tell the truth, I am at preſent a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or diſtinct voice, except when I am angry; but I am a very good nurſe, when people don't fancy themſelves ſick.

Mr Gay knows this; and he knows too how to play at backgammon. Whether the parſon of the pariſh can, I know not; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can. Pray ſet out the firſt fair wind, and ſtay with us as long as ever you pleaſe. I cannot name my fixed time that I ſhall like to maintain you and your equipage; but, if I don't happen to like you, I know I can ſo far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly; at all hazards you'll be allowed a good breathing time. I ſhall make no ſort of reſpectful concluſions; for till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

Mr Gay's Poſtſcript.

The direction is to the Duke of Queenſberry's, in Burlington's-gardens, Piccadilly. Now I have told you this, you have no excuſe from writting but

but one, which is coming; get over your law-ſuit and receive your money.

The Dutcheſs adds, "he ſhall not write a "word more from Ameſbury in Wiltſhire. Your "groom was miſtaken; for the houſe is big e-"nough, but the park is too little."

LETTER CCCCXCIII.

LORD B——— TO DR SWIFT.

April 19. 1731.

I NEVER deſigned to have wrote to you any more, becauſe you bantered and abuſed me ſo groſly in your laſt. To flatter a man, from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing miſchief for miſchief-ſake, and conſequently highly immoral. However, I will not carry my reſentments ſo far, as to ſtand by and ſee you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of truſting John Gay with his money? None of his friends would ever truſt him with his own, whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200l, I had of your's; I paid him both principal and intereſt. I ſuppoſe by this time he has loſt it. I give you notice, you muſt look upon it as annihilated.

Now as I have conſiderd your deanry brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep ſervants and horſes, and frequently give little neat dinners

dinners, which are more expenſive than a few ſplendid entertainments; beſides which, you may be ſaid to water your flock with French wine, which altogether muſt conſume your ſubſtance in a little while. I have thought of putting you on a method, that may retrieve your affairs. In the firſt place, you muſt turn off all your ſervants, and ſell your horſes, (I will find exerciſe for you). Your whole family muſt conſiſt of only one ſound wholeſome wench. She will make your bed and warm it; beſides waſhing your linen and mending it, darning your ſtockings, *&c.* But to ſave all expence in houſekeeping, you muſt contrive ſome way or other, that ſhe ſhould have milk; and I can aſſure you, it is the opinion of ſome of the beſt phyſicians, that womens milk is the wholeſomeſt food in the world.

Beſides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be ſuch a *boutefeu* as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occaſion, to ſet a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the Drapier been a milk-ſop, poor Wood had not ſuffered ſo much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of ſpirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and ſeems to communicate itſelf to others of the Chapter. You would not then encourage Delaney and Stopford in their idleneſs, but let them be as grave as moſt of their order are with us. I am convinced they will ſooner

get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I ſhall not be out of hopes of ſeeing you a biſhop in time, when you live in that regular way, which I ſuppoſe. In ſhort, in a few years, you may lay up money enough to buy even the biſhoprick of Durham. For if you keep cows, inſtead of horſes, in that high-walled orchard, and cultivate, by your own induſtry, a few potatoes in your garden, the maid will live well, and be able to ſell more butter and cheeſe, than will anſwer her wages. You may preach then upon your temperance with a better grace than now, that you are known to conſume five or ſix hogſheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your converſation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even Lord Lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that ſlavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profeſs, ſeem to be deſigned for. It will take off that giddineſs in your head, which has diſturbed yourſelf and others. The diſputes between Sir Arthur * and my Lady will, for the future, be confined to proſe, and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour-chimney, without heating

* Sir Arthur Acheſon, at whoſe ſeat, in a village called Market Hill in Ireland, the Dean ſometimes made a long viſit. The diſpute between Sir Arthur and my Lady, here alluded to, is whether Hamilton's Bawn ſhould be turned into a barrack, or a malt-houſe? The *Old Thorn*, is that cut down at Market-Hill, the ſubject of a little poem written by Swift. See Bathurſt's edition of 1755, Vol. VII. p. 121, 141.

heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains,

You ought to remember what St Auſtin ſays, *Poeſis eſt vinum dæmonum.* Conſider the life you now lead: You warm all that come near you with your wine and converſation; and the reſt of the world, with your pen dipped deep in St Auſtin's *vinum dæmonum.*

So far for your ſoul's health. Now, as to the health of your body; I muſt inform you, that part of what I preſcribe to you, is the ſame which our great friar Bacon preſcribed to the Pope who lived in his days. Read his 'Cure of old Age, 'and Preſervation of Youth,' chap. the 12th. You uſed to ſay, that you found benefit from riding. The French, an ingenious people, uſe the word *chevaucher*, inſtead of *monter a cheval*, and they look upon it as the ſame thing in effect.

Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road, which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuſe from entering into this new courſe of life, upon pretence of doubting, whether you can get a perſon properly qualified to feed you, and compoſe your new family, I will recommend you to John Gay, who is much better qualified to bring increaſe from a woman, than from a ſum of money. But if he ſhould be lazy, (he is ſo fat, that there is ſome reaſon to doubt him), I will without fail ſupply you myſelf, that you

may be under no disappointments. Bracton says, *Conjunctio maris et fœminæ est jure naturæ.* Vide Cook upon Littleton. Calvin's case, 1st Vol. Reports.

This I send you from my closet at Richkings*, where I am at leisure to attend serious affairs; but when one is in town, there are so many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compose one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I see any man serious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or designing fellow. By-the-bye, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune, and is undone, we say, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reasonable to say of a cunning rascal, who has lived miserable, and died hated and despised, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himself? In short, to be serious about those trifles, which the majority of mankind think of consequence, seems to me to denote folly; and to trifle with those things, which they generally treat ludicrously, may denote knavery. I have observed, that, in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, whilst some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious. Adieu.

Continue to be merry and wise; but never turn serious or cunning.

LETTER

* 'A seat of his Lordship's, in Buckinghamshire.'

LETTER CCCCXCIV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, April* 27. 1731.

YOUR'S, without a date, I received two days after my return to this place from London, where I ſtayed only four days. I ſaw Mr Pope, who is much better: I dined with him at Lord Oxford's, who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquiſitive after every thing that concerns you. Mr Pulteney had received your letter, and ſeemed very much pleaſed with it; and I thought you too very much in the favour of the Lady. Sir William Windham, who you will hear hath buried Lady Catharine, was at Dawley in great affliction. Dr Arbuthnott I found in good health and ſpirits. His neighbour, Mr Lewis, was gone to Bath. Mrs Patty Blount I ſaw two or three times, who will be very much pleaſed, when ſhe knows you ſo kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs Howard will not be ſo well ſatisfied with the compliments you ſend her. I breakfaſted twice with her at Mrs Blount's; and ſhe told me, that her indiſpoſition had prevented her anſwering your letter. This ſhe deſired me to tell you, that ſhe would write to you ſoon; and ſhe deſires you will accept of her compliments in the mean time by me. You ſhould conſider circumſtances before you cenſure. It will be too long for a let-

ter to make her apology; but when I ſee you, I ſhall convince you that you miſtake her *. The day before I left London, I gave orders for buying two South-ſea or India bonds for you, which carry 4l. *per cent.* and are as eaſily turned into ready money, as bank-bills; which, by this time, I ſuppoſe is done.

Whenever you come to England, if you will put that confidence in me, to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing-place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a traveller; and I promiſe, I will not drop you on the road for any viſit whatever. You tell me of thanks I have not given. I don't know what to ſay to people who are continually laying one under obligations: My behaviour to you ſhall convince you that I am very ſenſible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my beſt friend and counſellor. I long for the time when we ſhall meet and converſe together. I will draw you into no great company, beſide thoſe I live with. In ſhort, if you inſiſt upon it, I will give up all great company for your's. Theſe are conditions that I can hardly think you will inſiſt upon, after your declarations to the Dutcheſs, who is more and more impatient to ſee you: and all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will ſettle this matter together, when you

* See a further defence of this lady, in the letter of Lady B—— G——.

you come to Ameſbury. After all, I find I have been ſaying nothing; for ſpeaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You uſed to blame me for over-ſolicitude about myſelf. I am now ſo rich, that I don't think myſelf worth thinking on; ſo that I will promiſe you never to mention myſelf, or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquiſitiveneſs of your friendſhip; and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myſelf again. I ſent you a groſs ſtate of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the Dutcheſs will ſtate it to you. I have left no room for her to write, ſo that I will ſay nothing till my letter is gone; but ſhe would not forgive me, if I did not ſend her compliments.

LETTER CCCCXCV.

TO VENTOSO.

SIR, *April* 28. 1731.

YOUR letter hath lain by me without acknowledging it longer than I intended; not for want of civility, but becauſe I was wholly at a loſs what to ſay: For as your ſcheme of thinking, converſing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, ſo I think myſelf the moſt improper perſon in the world to converſe or correſpond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not

a grain of pride in you: For you are pleaſed that people ſhould know you have been acquainted with perſons of great names and titles, whereby you confeſs that you take it for an honour; which a proud man never does: And, beſides, you ran the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad, and ſtrove to engage yourſelf in a deſperate cauſe, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been to the danger of your life, if there had not been, as it were, a combination of ſome, who would not give credit to the account you gave of your tranſactions; and of others, who, either really, or pretending to believe you, having given you out as a dangerous perſon, (of which laſt notion I once hinted ſomething to you): Becauſe, if what you repeated of yourſelf were true, it was neceſſary that you had either made your peace, or muſt have been proſecuted for high-treaſon. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes and other great perſons, ariſes from its being generally known to others, but never once mentioned by ourſelves, if it can poſſibly be avoided. I ſay this perfectly for your ſervice, becauſe an univerſal opinion among thoſe who know, or have heard of you, that you have always practiſed a direct contrary proceeding, hath done you more hurt than your natural underſtanding, left to itſelf, could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himſelf, by openly profeſſing it to thoſe with whom he converſeth. Wit, learning, valour, great acquaintance, the eſteem

eſteem of good men, will be known; although we ſhould endeavour to conceal them, however they may paſs unrewarded: But I doubt, our own bare aſſertions, upon any of thoſe points, will very little avail except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this ſeaſon of your life, I ſhould be glad you would act after the common cuſtom of mankind, and have done with thoughts of courts, of ladies, of lords, of politics, and all dreams of being important in the world. I am glad your country-life hath taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you firſt; and I am aſtoniſhed how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many leſſons agreeable to what I have ſaid, for which I could refer to a dozen paſſages in a few minutes. I ſhould be glad to ſee the houſe wholly ſwept of theſe cobwebs, and that you would take an oath never to mention a prince or princeſs, a foreign or domeſtic lord, an intrigue of ſtate or of love; but ſuit yourſelf to the climate and company where your prudence will be to paſs the reſt of your life. It is not a farthing matter to you what is doing in Europe, more than to every alderman who reads the news in a coffee-houſe. If you could reſolve to act thus, your underſtanding is good enough to qualify you for any converſation in this kingdom. Families will receive you without fear or conſtraint, nor watch to hear you talk in the grand ſtyle, laugh when you are gone, and tell

tell it to all their acquaintance. It is a happineſs that this quality may, by a man of ſenſe, be as eaſily ſhaken off as it is acquired, eſpecially when he hath no proper claim to it: For you were not bred to be a man of buſineſs; you never were called to any employments at courts; but deſtined to be a private gentleman, to entertain yourſelf with country-buſineſs and country-acquaintance; or at beſt, with books of amuſement in your own language. It is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who underſtood his own talents, nor a good one who miſtook them. I am, &c.

LETTER CCCCXCVI.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

June 5. 1731.

I FANCY you have comforted yourſelf a long time with the hopes of hearing no more; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatiſm that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I ſhould make a ſad nurſe to Mr Pope, who finds the effects of age, and a crazy carcaſe already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here ſoon, I expect you ſhould bring us together; and if

if he will bear me with patience, I ſhall hear him with pleaſure.

I don't know what number of chaplains the Duke of Dorſet intends to carry over; but as yet I have heard of but one that he has ſent, and he is as worthy, honeſt, ſenſible a man as any I know, Mr Brandreth, who, I believe, was recommended to your acquaintance. I believe you will find by my writing, that it is not quite eaſy to me; ſo I will neither teaſe you, nor trouble myſelf longer, who am moſt ſincerely your faithful humble ſervant,

E. G.

LETTER CCCCXCVII.

A COUNTERFEIT LETTER TO THE Q——N *.

MADAM, *Dublin, June* 22. 1731.

I HAVE had the honour to tell your Majeſty on another occaſion, that provinces labour under one mighty misfortune, which is, in a great meaſure, the cauſe of all the reſt; and that is, that they are for the moſt part far removed from the Prince's eye, and of conſequence from the influence both of his wiſdom and goodneſs. This is the caſe of Ireland beyond expreſſion!

There is not not one mortal here, who is not well

* Thus endorſed by Dr Swift: "Counterfeit letter "from me to the Q—n, ſent to me by Mr Pope, dated "June 22d 1731. Received July 19th 1731. Given by the "Counteſs of Suffolk."

well ſatisfied of your Majeſty's good intentions to all your people: And yet your ſubjects of this iſle are ſo far from ſharing the effects of your good diſpoſitions, in any equitable degree; are ſo far from enjoying all the good to which they are entitled from your Majeſty's moſt gracious inclinations, that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thouſand other inſtances, there is one perſon of Iriſh birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, *an honour* to her country, and to her ſex! I will be bold to ſay, *not leſs ſo in her ſphere than your Majeſty in your's.* And yet all her talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one perſon about your Majeſty, ſo far as to introduce her into your leaſt notice. As I am your Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubject, it is a debt I owe your Majeſty to acquaint you, that Mrs Barber, *the beſt female poet of this or perhaps of any age*, is now in your Majeſty's capital, known to Lady Hartford, Lady Torrington, Lady Walpole, *&c.* A woman whoſe genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either *honoured* or *envyed* by *every man* of genius in England.

Your Majeſty is juſtly reverenced for thoſe great abilities with which God hath bleſſed you; for your regard to learning, and your zeal for true religion: Complete your character, by your regard to perſons of genius, eſpecially thoſe who make the greatneſs of their talents, after your Majeſty's example, ſubſervient to the good of mankind

mankind and the glory of God; which is moſt remarkably Mrs Barber's caſe and character.

Give me leave to tell you, Madam, that every ſubject of underſtanding and virtue throughout your dominions, is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, Madam, is an open and an honeſt apology for this trouble; or, to ſpeak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true intereſt that all your ſubjects ſhould ſee that merit is regarded by you in one inſtance; or rather, that it is not diſregarded in any inſtance. Let them daily bleſs God for every gift of wiſdom and goodneſs beſtowed upon you, and pray inceſſantly for the long continuance of them; as doth

Your MAJESTY's

Moſt dutiful, and

Loyal ſubject and ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER CCCCXCVIII.

Dublin, June 29. 1731.

EVER ſince I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Briſtol, to paſs a month at Ameſbury, as the Dutcheſs hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered. Firſt, I thought

I had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all my lawyers; but my adverſary, after being in appearance a Proteſtant theſe twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papiſt, and conſequently, by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) ſell; ſo that I am at ſea again, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have ſtill a worſe evil: For the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead of coming ſeldom and violent, now conſtantly attends me more or leſs; though in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the Dutcheſs, in all her youth, ſpirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurſe, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can command and ſcold; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed and riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals are ſubſervient to me. I muſt talk nonſenſe when I pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. I muſt ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles beſides every day.

I always told you Mr ——— was good for nothing, but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Dutcheſs; and I hate to ſee you ſo charitable, and ſuch a cully; and yet I love you for it, becauſe I am one myſelf.

You are the fillieſt lover in Chriſtendom. If you like Mrs ——, why do you not command her to take you? If ſhe does not, ſhe is not worth purſuing. You do her too much honour; ſhe hath neither ſenſe nor taſte, if ſhe dares to

refuſe

refuſe you, though ſhe had ten thouſand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I underſtand your meaning, and I am ſure I had never the leaſt thoughts of any myſelf. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of ſelf-love; and I do ſometimes reproach you for not honouring me, by letting the world know we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the Dutcheſs in regard to me. I heard her ſay, Mr Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough; I have writ thrice; I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? Poſitively I will not write a ſyllable more. She is an ungrateful Dutcheſs, conſidering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thouſands ſhe had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 l. which will bring you 300 l. *per annum*; and this will maintain you, with the perquiſite of ſpunging while you are young; and when you are old, will afford you a pint of port at night, two ſervants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink,—provided you live in the country.——Have you no ſcheme either in verſe or proſe? The Dutcheſs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and ſo I have done with you.

MADAM,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconſtant, without any reproach from their conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare, that one of your women (which-ever it is that has deſigns upon a chaplain) muſt be my nurſe, if I happen to be ſick or peeviſh at your houſe; and in that caſe you muſt ſuſpend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the uſual appendix to Mr Gay's letters hath done me infinite miſchief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered ſince. I dare not confeſs that I have deſcended ſo low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but ſuſpected it, I ſhould loſe them all. One of them, who had an inkling of the matter, (your Grace will hardly believe it), refuſed to beg my pardon upon her knees; for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.——Pray, conſider this, and do your duty, or dread the conſequence. I promiſe you ſhall have your will ſix minutes every hour at Ameſbury, and ſeven in London, while I am in health: But if I happen to be ſick, I muſt govern to a ſecond. Yet, properly ſpeaking, there is no man alive with ſo much truth and reſpect your Grace's moſt obedient and devoted ſervant.

LETTER

LETTER CCCCXCIX.

THE DUTCHESS OF —— AND MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

THE DUTCHESS.

July 18. 1731.

YOU are my dear friend, I am ſure, for you are hard to be found: That you are ſo, is certainly owing to ſome evil genius. For if you ſay true, this is the very propereſt place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our ſhoulders that is not at ſome times worſe than your's can poſſibly be at the worſt; and not one to compare with your's, when at beſt, except your friends are your ſworn liars. So, in one reſpect at leaſt, you will find things juſt as they could be wiſhed. It is farther neceſſary to aſſure you, that the Dutcheſs is neither healthy nor young; ſhe lives in all the ſpirits ſhe can, and with as little grandeur as ſhe can poſſibly. She too, as well as you, can ſcold and command; but ſhe can be ſilent and obey, if ſhe pleaſes; and then for a good nurſe, it is out of diſpute that ſhe muſt prove an excellent one, who has been ſo experienced in the infirmities of others, and of her own. As for talking nonſenſe, provided you do it on purpoſe, ſhe has no objection: There is ſome ſenſe in nonſenſe, when it does not come by chance. In ſhort, I am very ſure

that ſhe has ſet her heart upon ſeeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you ſhould happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her or her houſe. She is impatient to be governed, and is chearfully determined, that you ſhall quietly enjoy your own will and pleaſure as long as ever you pleaſe.

MR GAY.

You ſhall ride, you ſhall walk, and ſhe will be glad to follow your example: And this will be doing good at the ſame time to her and yourſelf. I had not heard from you ſo long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmoſt impatience for a letter. I had flattered myſelf your lawſuit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a ſummons to Briſtol. Your money is either getting or loſing ſomething; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown ſo much a man of buſineſs, that is to ſay, ſo covetous, that I cannot bear to let a ſum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs Howard is now Counteſs of Suffolk; I am ſtill ſo much a dupe, that I think you miſtake her. Come to Ameſbury, and you and I will diſpute this matter; and the Dutcheſs ſhall be judge But I fancy you will object againſt her; for I will be ſo fair to you as to own, that I think ſhe is of my ſide: But, in ſhort, you ſhall chuſe any impartial referee you pleaſe. I have heard

from

from her; Mr Pope hath ſeen her; I beg you would ſuſpend your judgment till we talk over this affair together; for I fancy, by your letter, you have neither heard from her, nor ſeen her; ſo that you cannot at preſent be as good a judge as we are. I'll be a dupe for you at any time; thefore I beg it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had ſeveral attacks of the giddineſs you at preſent complain of, and that it hath formerly left you, I will hope, that at this inſtant you are perfectly well; though my fears were ſo very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myſelf, and think you better than you are. As to my being a manager for the Duke, you have been miſinformed. Upon the diſcharge of an unjuſt ſteward, he took the adminiſtration into his own hands. I own I was called in to his aſſiſtance, when the ſtate of affairs was in the greateſt confuſion. Like an ancient Roman, I came, put my helping hand to ſet affairs right, and as ſoon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

THE DUTCHESS.

What you imagined you heard her ſay, was a good deal in her ſtyle: It was a thouſand to one ſhe had not ſaid ſo, but I muſt do her the juſtice to ſay, that ſhe did not, either in thought or word. I am ſure ſhe wants to be better acquainted with you, for which ſhe has found out

ten

ten thouſand reaſons, that we'll tell you, if you come.

MR GAY.

By your letter, I cannot gueſs whether we are like to ſee you or no. Why might not the Ameſbury Downs make you better?

THE DUTCHESS.

DEAR SIR,

Mr Gay tells me, I muſt write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault that I omitted my duty in his laſt letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, till he had ſent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I ſhall be ready and glad to aſk your pardon upon my knees, as ſoon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-ſpirited, which I hope will not make a bad impreſſion, conſidering you are the occaſion. I ſubmit to all your conditions, ſo pray come; for I have not only promiſed myſelf, but Mr Gay alſo, the ſatisfaction to hear you talk as much nonſenſe as you can poſſibly utter.

MR GAY.

You will read in the Gazette of a friend of your's, who hath lately had the dignity of being diſgraced *: For he, and every body, except five

* William Pulteney, Eſq; who, on the 1ſt of July 1731, was, by order of King George II. ſtruck out of the liſt of the privy council, and put out of all the commiſſions of the peace.

five or ſix, look upon it in the ſame light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I have no ſcheme at preſent, either to raiſe my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myſelf for my idleneſs. You know, one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on ſomething that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular, (I wiſh to be ſo in many); I mean, that we hate to write upon other folks hints. I love to have my own ſcheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myſelf, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a ſcheme of my own with more eaſe and pleaſure, than into that of any other body. I long to ſee you; I long to hear from you; I wiſh you health; I wiſh you happineſs; and I ſhould be very happy myſelf to be witneſs that you enjoyed my wiſhes.

LETTER D.

TO MR POPE.

DEAR SIR, *July* 20. 1731.

I WRIT you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your laſt that I received yeſterday, with the incloſed from me to the Q——n. You hinted ſomething of this in a former letter: I will tell you

you ſincerely how the affair ſtands. I never was at Mrs Barber's houſe in my life, except once that I chanced to paſs by her ſhop, was deſired to walk in, and went no further, nor ſtaid three minutes. Doctor Delany hath been long her proctor; and he being many years my acquaintance, deſired my good offices for her, and brought her ſeveral times to the deanry. I knew ſhe was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a ſort of genius that way. She appeared very modeſt and pious, and I believe was ſincere, and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the ſcore of her trade, being a woollen-draper, until Doctor Delany ſaid, ſhe had a deſign of printing her poems by ſubſcription, and deſired I would befriend her: Which I did chiefly by your means. The Doctor ſtill urging me on, upon whoſe requeſt I writ to her two or three times, becauſe ſhe thought that my countenancing of her might be of uſe. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and ſhe ſeems to have made her way not ill. As for thoſe three letters you mention, ſuppoſed all to be written by me to the Q—n, on Mrs Barber's account, eſpecially the letter which bears my name; I can only ſay, that the apprehenſions one may be apt to have a friend doing a fooliſh thing, is an effect of kindneſs; and God knows, who is free from playing the fool ſome time or other. But in ſuch a degree, as to write to the Q—n, who hath uſed me ill without any cauſe, and to write in ſuch a manner as the letter you ſent me, and in ſuch a ſtyle, and

to

to have ſo much zeal for one almoſt a ſtranger, and to make ſuch a deſcription of a woman, as to prefer her before all mankind, and to inſtance it as one of the greateſt grievances of Ireland, that her Majeſty hath not encouraged Mrs Barber, a woollen-draper's wife declined in the world, becauſe ſhe hath a knack at verſifying; was to ſuppoſe, or fear, or folly ſo tranſcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you ſent incloſed is not my hand; and why I ſhould diſguiſe, and yet ſign my name, ſhould ſeem unaccountable: Eſpecially when I am taught, and have reaſon to believe, that I am under the Q—n's diſpleaſure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a ſtone over the burying-place of the Duke of Schomberg, in my chathedral: Which, however, I was aſſured by a worthy perſon, who ſolicited that affair laſt ſummer with ſome relations of the Duke, that her Majeſty, on hearing the matter, ſaid they ought to erect a monument. Yet I am told aſſuredly, that the K—g, not long ago, on the repreſentation and complaint of the Pruſſian envoy, (with a hard name), who hath married a grand-daughter of the Duke, ſaid publicly in the drawing-room, That I had put up that ſtone out of malice, to raiſe a quarrel between his Majeſty and the King of Pruſſia *. This perhaps may be falſe, becauſe it is abſurd: For I thought it was a Whiggiſh action to honour Duke Schomberg, who was ſo inſtrumental

* See his Epitaph, Vol. IX. p. 223.

ſtrumental in the Revolution, and was Stadtholder of Pruſſia, and otherwiſe in the ſervice of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will obſerve the letter you ſent me concluded, "Your "Majeſty's loyal ſubject," which is abſolutely abſurd; for we are only ſubjects to the King, and ſo is her Majeſty herſelf. I have had the happineſs to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal, whether you have known me to exceed the common indiſcretions of mankind; or that when I conceived myſelf to have been ſo very ill uſed by her Majeſty, whom I never attended but on her own commands, I ſhould turn ſolicitor to her for Mrs Barber? If the Q—n had not an inclination to think ill of me, ſhe knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I ſhould be ſuch a coxcomb. I am puſhed on by that unjuſt ſuſpicion to give up ſo much of my diſcretion, as to write next poſt to my Lady Suffolk on this occaſion, and to deſire ſhe will ſhew what I write to the Q—n; although I have as much reaſon to complain of her as of her Majeſty, upon the ſcore of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an Iriſh lady than an Engliſh one. You told me ſhe complained that I did not write to her: When I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an anſwer, ſhe wanted civility to acquit herſelf. I ſhall not be leſs in the favour of God, or the eſteem of my friends, for either of their Majeſties hard thoughts, which they only take up from miſrepreſentations. The firſt time I ſaw the

Q—n,

Q—n, I took occaſion, upon the ſubject of Mr Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent perſons often receive from princes and great miniſters; that they too eaſily receive bad impreſſions; and although they are demonſtrably convinced that thoſe impreſſions had no grounds, yet they will never ſhake them off. This I ſaid upon Sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr Gay about a libel, and the Q—n fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the ſame error. As to the lett * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

† of accidents, and out of perfect commiſeration, *&c.*

LETTER DI.

TO THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK ‡.

MADAM, *July* 24. 1731.

I GIVE you joy of your new title, and of the conſequences it may have or hath had on your riſing at court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame: For you remember how I propheſied of your behaviour, when you ſhould come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I writ

† Here the paper is accidentally torn. There ſeems to be wanting eight ſmall quarto lines, and concludes with thoſe few words on the back of the page, which follow the aſteriſks.

‡ Occaſioned by the counterfeit letter to the Queen.

to you ſome time ago by the advice of Mr Pope: I writ to you civilly; but you did not anſwer my letter, although you were not then a counteſs; and if you were, your neglect was ſo much the the worſe, for your title hath not increaſed your value with me, and your conduct muſt be very good, if it will not leſſen you. Neither ſhould you have heard from me now, if it were not on a particular occaſion. I find, from ſeveral inſtances, that I am under the Q—n's diſpleaſure; and, as it is uſual among princes, without any manner of reaſon. I am told there were three letters ſent to her Majeſty in relation to one Mrs Barber, who is now in London, and ſoliciting for a ſubſcription to her poems. It ſeems the Q—n thinks that theſe letters were written by me; and I ſcorn to defend myſelf even to her Majeſty, grounding my ſcorn upon the opinion I had of her juſtice, her taſte, and good ſenſe; eſpecially when the laſt of thoſe letters, whereof I have juſt received the original from Mr Pope, was ſigned with my name: And why I ſhould diſguiſe my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Laſt poſt I writ my whole ſentiments on the matter to Mr Pope; who tells me, that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters; which indeed was but bare juſtice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the eſteem I had for you. I deſire you would aſk the Q—n, whether,

ther, ſince the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one ſingle action, or ſaid one ſingle word to diſoblige her? I never aſked her for any thing: And you well know, that, when I had an intention to go to France about the time that the late K—g died, I deſired your opinion, (not as you were a courtier), whether I ſhould go or no; and that you abſolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look diſaffected, and for other reaſons, wherein I confeſs I was your dupe, as well as ſomebody's elſe: And, for want of that journey, I fell ſick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the Q—n hath blamed me for putting a ſtone, with a Latin inſcription, over the Duke of Schomberg's burying place in my cathedral; and that the K—g ſaid publicly, I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the King of Pruſſia. But the public prints, as well as the thing itſelf, will vindicate me: And the hand the Duke had in the Revolution made him deſerve the beſt monument. Neither could the King of Pruſſia juſtly take it ill, who muſt needs have heard that the Duke was in the ſervice of Pruſſia, and Stadtholder of it, as I have ſeen in his tiles. The firſt time I ſaw the Q—n, I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great miniſters, (it was on a particular occaſion), that, when they receive an ill account of any perſon, although they afterwards have the greateſt demonſtration of the falſehood, yet

will they never be reconciled: And although the Q—n fell in with me upon the hardſhip of ſuch a proceeding, yet now ſhe treats me exactly in the ſame manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her Majeſty or to you: And as little to the K—g, whom I never ſaw, but when I had the honour to kiſs his hand. I am ſenſible that I owe a great deal of this uſage to Sir Robert Walpole; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleaſed to quarrel with me very unjuſtly *: For which I ſhewed not the leaſt reſentment, (whatever I might have in my heart), nor was ever a partaker with thoſe who have been battling him for ſome years paſt. I am contented that the Q—n ſhould ſee this letter; and would pleaſe to conſider how ſevere a cenſure it is to believe I ſhould write three to her, only to find fault with her miniſtry, and recommend Mrs Barber, whom I never knew until ſhe was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to ſubſcribers, which by her writings I thought ſhe deſerved. Her Majeſty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until ſhe was Q—n, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: For the miſeries of this kingdom, ſhe appeared then to be much concerned. I deſired the friend who introduced me to be a witneſs

* It is true, there are but two or three paſſages in Swift's Works that could in the leaſt offend Sir R. W. before this period; but inſtantly after, even in this very year 1731, he attacks him with a good deal of ſeverity. Vide his poems.

neſs of her Majeſty's promiſe. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occaſions; and is it not wonderful, that I ſhould be ſuſpected of writing to her in ſuch a ſtyle, in a counterfeit hand, and my name ſubſcribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the ſame time that I well knew myſelf to be very much out of her Majeſty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not ſo very much awed with Majeſty as others, having known courts more or leſs from my early youth. And I have more than once told the Q—n, that I did not regard her ſtation half ſo much, as the good underſtanding I heard and found to be in her: Neither did I ever once ſee the late K—g, although her Majeſty was pleaſed to chide me on that account, for my ſingularity. In this I am a good Whig, by thinking it ſufficient to be a dutiful ſubject, without any perſonal regard for princes, further than as their virtues deſerve; and upon that ſcore had a moſt particular reſpect for the Q—n, your miſtreſs. One who aſks nothing may talk with freedom, and that is my caſe. I have not ſaid half that was in my heart, but I will have done; and, remembering that you are a counteſs, will borrow ſo much ceremony, as to remain, with great reſpect,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER DII.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

Auguſt 2. 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my Reverend Dean, for a letter of a very old date: The expectation of ſeeing you from week to week, which our friend Gay made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have ſince deferred it by waiting an opportunity of ſending my letter by a ſafe hand. That opportunity preſents itſelf at laſt, and Mr Ecklin will put this letter into your hands.

You will hear from him, and from others, of the general ſtate of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my ſins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than Popery, or even than Chriſtianity, of making up an account with heaven, and demanding the balance in bliſs, or paying it by good works and ſufferings of my own, and by the merits and ſufferings of others, I ſhould imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, ſince my return into England. One of the circumſtances of my ſituation, which has afflicted me moſt, and which afflicts me ſtill ſo, is the abſolute inutility I am of to thoſe whom I ſhould be the beſt pleaſed to ſerve. Succeſs in ſerving my friends would make me amends for the want

of

of it in diſſerving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making ſuch an eſtabliſhment here as might tempt you to quit Ireland. One of them would have ſucceeded, and would have been agreeable in every reſpect, if engagements to my Lady's kinſman (who did not, I ſuppoſe, deſerve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the conſent of thoſe, who would rather have you a dean in Ireland, than a pariſh-prieſt in England; and who are glad to keep you where your ſincere friend, my late Lord Oxford, ſent you. A third was wholly in our power; but when I inquired exactly into the value, I found it leſs than I had believed; the diſtance from theſe parts was great; and beſides all this, an unexpected and groundleſs diſpute about the right of preſentation (but ſtill ſuch a diſpute as the law muſt determine) had ariſen. You will pleaſe to believe, that I mention theſe things for no other reaſon than to ſhew you, how much thoſe friends deſerve you ſhould make them a viſit at leaſt, who are ſo deſirous to ſettle you amongſt them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unſucceſsful.

I received ſome time ago a letter from Dr. Delany; and very lately Mr Pope ſent me ſome ſheets, which ſeem to contain the ſubſtance of two ſermons of that gentleman's. The *philoſo-*

phia

phia prima is above my reach, and eſpecially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does ſo and ſo, by attempting to prove, that doing ſo and ſo is eſſential to his attributes, or neceſſary to his deſign; and that the not doing ſo and ſo would be inconſiſtent with the former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myſelf to contemplate what I am ſure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble ſilence. I can demonſtrate, that every cavil which has been brought againſt the great ſyſtem of the world, phyſical and moral, from the days of Democritus and Epicurus to this day, is abſurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, ſtate the ends of infinite wiſdom, and ſhew the proportion of the means *.

Dr Delany, in his letter to me, mentioned ſome errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by ſhewing the miſtakes, particularly of Sir John Marſham, on whoſe authority thoſe errors were built. Whether I can be of uſe to him, even in this part, I know not; for having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient hiſtory and chronology, by a careful examination into the firſt principles

* Yet this appears to have been the attempt of Mr Pope, in his Eſſay on Man, in which he profeſſes to have adopted Lord Bolingbroke's principles,

"Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend;"

and which Lord Bolingbroke, in a ſubſeqent part of this very letter, ſays was undertaken at his inſtigation; approving, at the ſame time, of the firſt three books, which he had ſeen and conſidered.

ples of them, I have ever ſince laid that ſtudy totally aſide. I confeſs, in the letter I writ lately to the Doctor, notwithſtanding my great reſpect for Sir John Marſham, that his authority is often precarious, becauſe he leans often on other authorities which are ſo. But to you I will confeſs a little more: I think, nay I know, that there is no poſſibility of making any ſyſtem of that kind, without doing the ſame thing; and that the defect is in the ſubject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of ſome who differ from him, and of others who undertook particularly ro refute him. It ſeems plain to me, that this was the caſe. All the materials of this ſort of learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them ſo, and the unfaithfulneſs of thoſe who have tranſmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow Euſebius *, has done even more than time itſelf. By throwing theſe fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations, (and it is often impoſſible to make any others), in ſhort, by a few plauſible gueſſes for the connection and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almoſt any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned diſſertation, by the ſame ſet of authorities, that there had been four Aſſyrian monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but

* 'The learned biſhop of Cæſarea in the fourth century, in his Chronicon, publiſhed by Joſeph Scaliger, with notes, at Leyden, in 1606, folio, and reprinted at Amſterdam, with great additions to the notes, in 1638.'

but two; that there had been but one, and that there never had been any. I puzzled myſelf, and a much nobler man than myſelf, the friend to whom I lent the manuſcript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In ſhort, I am afraid that I ſhall not be very uſeful to Dr Delany, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be uſeful, and I am ſure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are ſtill in Ireland, pray give my beſt ſervices to him; but ſay no more than may be proper, of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about what you ſay, that Pope and you have often teaſed me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that the publication of any thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be ſo even now. Beſides, call it pride if you will, I ſhall never make, either to the preſent age or to poſterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late Queen's reign *. But I will apply myſelf very ſeriouſly to the compoſition of juſt and true relations of the events of thoſe times, in which both I, and my friends and my enemies, muſt take the merit or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will aſſign to us. I will endeavour to write ſo as no man could write, who had not been

* This probably alludes to a tract called "Letters on "the Spirit of Patriotiſm, &c." of which Lord Bolingbroke permitted a few copies to be taken for his particular friends, and which afterwards found its way into the world by Mr Pope's means. Gent. Mag Vol. XIX. p. 195, 196.

been a party in thoſe tranſactions, and as few men would write, who had been concerned in them. I believe I ſhall go back, in conſidering the political intereſts of the principal powers in Europe, as far as the Pyrennean treaty; but I ſhall not begin a thread of hiſtory till the death of Charles the ſecond of Spain, and the acceſſion of Queen Anne to the throne of England. Nay, even from that time downwards, I ſhall render my relations more full, or *piu magra*, the word is father Paul's, juſt as I have, or have not, a ſtock of authentic materials. Theſe ſhall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other mens curioſity in going one ſtep farther than they carry me. You ſee, my dear Swift, that I open a large field to myſelf; with what ſucceſs I ſhall expatiate in it, I know as little, as I know whether I ſhall live to go through ſo great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal buſineſs of the reſt of my life. This advantage, at leaſt, I ſhall reap from it, a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the preſent ſcene. I ſhall grieve leſs at thoſe things which I cannot mend; I ſhall dignify my retreat; and ſhall wind up the labours of my life in ſerving the cauſe of truth.

You ſay, you could eaſily ſhew, by comparing my letters for twenty years paſt, how the whole ſyſtem of my philoſophy changes by the ſeveral graduations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been

uniform

uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my ſhame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own paſſions, and the paſſions and intereſts of other men ſtill more, have led me aſide. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballaſt enough. If the ſhip did not ſink, the cargo was thrown over-board. The ſtorm itſelf threw me into port. My own opinion, my own deſires, would have kept me there; the opinion, the deſires of others, ſent me to ſea again. I did, and blamed myſelf for doing what others, and you among the reſt, would have blamed me if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much at leaſt as was due to friendſhip. If I go off the ſtage of public life, without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do aſſure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does Pope talk to you of the noble work, which, at my inſtigation, he has begun in ſuch a manner, that he muſt be convinced by this time I judged better of his talents than he did? The firſt epiſtle, which conſiders man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole ſyſtem of univerſal being. The ſecond, which conſiders him in his own habitation, in himſelf, and relatively to his particular ſyſtem. And the third, which ſhews how an univerſal cauſe works to one end, but works by various laws; how man, and beaſt, and vegetable, are linked in a mutual dependency,

dependency, parts neceſſary to each other, and neceſſary to the whole; how human ſocieties were formed; from what ſpring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greateſt intereſts and our plaineſt duty indiviſibly the ſame. Theſe three epiſtles, I ſay, are finiſhed. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble ſubject; he pleads the cauſe of God, I uſe Seneca's expreſſion, againſt that famous charge which Atheiſts in all ages have brought, the ſuppoſed unequal diſpenſations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting *. You admit it indeed for an extreme good purpoſe, and you build

* To prove that the diſpenſations of Providence in the preſent ſtate are not unequal, is certainly very deſirable; but there is reaſon to fear, that thoſe who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not ſucceeded in the attempt.

The philoſophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to juſtify the ways of God to man, by proving that happineſs does not conſiſt in externals, in order to ſhew that his diſpenſations are equal, have yet placed happineſs in virtue chiefly, as a principle of active benevolence.

"Happier as kinder in each due degree,
"And height of bliſs, but height of charity."

Now there ſeems to be an inconſiſtency between theſe two principles, of which they are not aware.

It may reaſonably be aſked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to beſtow? Can it beſtow upon others any thing more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happineſs, or happineſs is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happineſs, it

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on this admiſſion the neceſſity of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. But what if you ſhould find, that this future ſtate will not account for God's juſtice * in the preſent ſtate, which you give up, in oppoſition to the Atheiſt? Would it not have been better to defend God's juſtice in this world, againſt theſe daring men, by irrefragable reaſons, and to have reſted the other point on revelation? I do not like conceſſions made againſt demonſtration, repair or ſupply them how you will. The epiſtles I have mentioned will compoſe a firſt book; the plan of the ſecond is ſettled. You will not underſtand by what I have ſaid, that Pope will go ſo deep into the argument, or carry it ſo far as I have hinted. You inquire ſo kindly after my wife, that I muſt tell you ſomething of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a ſurgeon abroad, and which has had great ſucceſs in caſes ſimilar to her's. This remedy has viſibly attacked the original cauſe of all her complaints, and has abated in ſome degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various ſymptoms. I hope, and ſurely with reaſon, that ſhe will receive

is indeed a mere name; the ſubject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliſs of charity is founded on a deluſion; on the falſe ſuppoſition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happineſs can be communicated by externals, and conſequently is dependent upon them, and theſe externals are unequally diſtributed, how is the diſpenſation of Providence, with reſpect to happineſs in the preſent ſtate, equal?

* *i. e.* Will not reconcile the preſent unequal diſtribution to the divine juſtice.

ceive ſtill greater benefit from this method of cure, which ſhe will reſume as ſoon as the great heat is over. If ſhe recovers, I ſhall not, for her ſake, abſtract myſelf from the world more than I do at preſent in this place. But if ſhe ſhould be taken from me, I ſhould moſt certainly yield to that ſtrong deſire, which I have long had, of ſecluding myſelf totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of ſecuring, by thoſe means, for the reſt of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philoſophical quiet.

I ſuppoſe you have ſeen ſome of thoſe volumes of ſcurrility, which have been thrown into the world againſt Mr P——— and myſelf, and the Craftſman, which gave occaſion to them. I think it is the ſenſe of all my friends, that the perſon who publiſhed the *Final Anſwer* *, took a right turn, in a very nice and very provocking circumſtance. To anſwer all the falſities, miſrepreſentations, and blunders, which a club of ſuch ſcoundrels, as Arnold, Concanen, and other penſioners of the miniſter, crouded together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and muſt have forced ſeveral things to be ſaid. To have explained ſome points, and

* This pamphlet was written by Lord Bolingbroke, in his own vindication, in 1731. It is intitled, 'A final 'Anſwer to the Remarks on the Craftſman's Vindication 'of his two honourable Patrons; and to all the Libels 'which have come, or may come, from the ſame Quarter, 'againſt the Perſon laſt mentioned in the Craftſman of 'the 22d of May.'

to have ſtopped at others, would have given ſtrength to that impertinent ſuggeſtion, Guilt alone is ſilent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the ſcene of the late Queen's reign, nor ſubmit the paſſages of her adminiſtration, and the conduct of any of her miniſters, to the examination of ſo vile a tribunal. This was ſtill the more right, becauſe, upon ſuch points as relate to ſubſequent tranſactions, and as affect me ſingly, what the Craftſman had ſaid, was juſtified unanſwerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamouſly falſe. The effect of this paper has anſwered the deſign of it; and, which is not common, all ſides agree, that the things ſaid ought to have been ſaid. The public writers ſeem to be getting back, from theſe perſonal altercations, to national affairs, much againſt the grain of the miniſter's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given, is given; when all the ſpirit which can be raiſed, is raiſed, it is to no purpoſe to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing elſe to do, but to let the ſhip drive till ſhe is caſt away, or till the ſtorm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a formaſt-man. I am but a paſſenger, ſaid my Lord Carbury.

It is well for you that I am got to the end of my paper for you might elſe have a letter as long again from me. If you anſwer me by the poſt,

poſt, remember, whilſt you are writing, that you write by the poſt. Adieu, my reverend friend.

LETTER DIII.

Aug. 28. 1731.

YOU and the Dutcheſs uſe me very ill; for I profeſs I cannot diſtinguiſh the ſtyle or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herſelf, and that you write more like her Grace than yourſelf. I would ſwear the beginning of your letter writ by the Dutcheſs, though it is to paſs for yours; becauſe there is a curſed lie in it, that ſhe is neither young nor healthy; and beſides, it perfectly reſembles the part ſhe owns. I will likewiſe ſwear, that what I muſt ſuppoſe is written by the Dutcheſs, is your hand: and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you; but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parſon's, to whom I lately gave a city-living, ſuch as an Engliſh chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeneſs, wit, humour, and ſtyle of England into a ſhort ſyſtem, for the uſe of all perſons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour. * The other is almoſt of equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of ſervants, in about twen-

* 'Wagſtaff's Dialogues of Polite Converſation,' publiſhed in his lifetime. See Vol. X. p. 113.

ty ſeveral ſtations, from the ſteward and waiting-woman, down to the ſcullion and pantry-boy. †——I believe no mortal had ever ſuch fair invitations, as to be happy in the beſt company of England. I wiſh I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a ſhoe-boy grew to be ſeveral times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common ſenſe. A Lord Lieutenant told the firſt King George, that he was the greateſt ſubject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preſerved by his never appearing in England; which was the only wiſe thing he ever did, except purchaſing 16,000 l. a year.—— Why? you need not ſtare: it is eaſily applied. I muſt be abſent, in order to preſerve my credit with her Grace.——Lo here comes in the Dutcheſs again, (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for diſcovering my art,) to defend herſelf againſt my conjecture of what ſhe ſaid——Madam, I will imitate your Grace, and write to you upon the ſame line. I own it is a baſe unromantic ſpirit in mē to ſuſpend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finiſh a paltry law-ſuit. It concerns indeed almoſt all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr Pope's, and two thirds of Mr Gay's, and about ſix weeks rent of your Grace's. This curſed accident hath drill'd

† An imperfect thing of this kind, called, 'Directions to ſervants in general,' has been publiſhed ſince his death. See Vol. X. p. 258

drill'd away the whole ſummer. But, Madam, underſtand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal ſenſe; and whenever I have the honour to attend you, ſhall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I ſhall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of juſtice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miſerably hath your Grace been miſtaken, in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miſerunt, ſed tu utraſque.* So ſays Cicero, (as your Grace knows,) or ſo he might have ſaid.

I am told that the Craftſman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publiſhers of (I ſuppoſe) the laſt edition of the Dunciad; and I was aſked whether you and Mr Pope were as good friends to the new-diſgraced perſon as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but ſuppoſe it was the conſequence of ſome miſtake. As to writing, I look on you juſt in the prime of life for it, the very ſeaſon when judgment and invention draw together. But ſchemes are perfectly accidental: Some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: And what you ſay is paſt doubt, that every one can beſt find hints for himſelf; though it is poſſible, that ſometimes a friend may give you a lucky one juſt ſuited to your own imagination. But all this is almoſt paſt with me: My invention and judgment are perpetually at fiſty-cuffs, till

till they have quite disabled each other; and the mereſt trifles I ever wrote are ſerious philoſophical lucubrations, in compariſon to what I now buſy myſelf about; as (to ſpeak in the author's phraſe) the world may one day ſee *.

LETTER DIV.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Drayton, Sept. 7. 1731.

TO ſhew how ſtrictly I obey your orders, I came from the Dutcheſs of Dorſet's country-

* His ludicrous prediction was ſince his death, and very much to his diſhonour, ſeriouſly fulfilled. *Warb.*

By this deſire of *letting the world ſee* what other men of leſs wit and more diſcretion would carefully have concealed, Swift has placed himſelf open to the cenſure of his enemies, and beyond the reach of any defence from his friends. He has not only committed to the preſs a moſt deſpicable heap of writings, but has publicly recorded the loweſt amuſements of his private ſcenes of life, without having once ſuſpected, that perſons whoſe ſtations or abilities have fixed them in a conſpicuous attitude, are looked upon by the reſt of mankind with a very critical, and a very envious eye. Auguſtus, as I remember, was a little aſhamed to be diſcovered at a game of cobnuts! and even Domitian was cunning enough to withdraw into his cloſet to catch flies. Great minds, you will ſay, require to be often unbent. I allow it: but thoſe relaxations might be choſen, ſo as to make idleneſs appear in a beautiful light: and Swift would have forfeited a leſs degree of fame by playing many years at puſhpin, (the records of which he could not have printed,) than by compoſing various kinds of nonſenſe, which, by his own option, have been honoured with a place in his works. *Orrery.*

try-houſe to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady; for which I acknowledge myſelf exceedingly obliged to my parents: for had I that ſort of education, I ſhould not have been ſo eaſy and happy as, I thank God, I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I do derive it from my anceſtors; but I may forgive even that, ſince it waited upon me no ſooner; and eſpecially ſince I ſee my elder and two younger brothers ſo terribly plagued with it; ſo that I am now the only wine-drinker in my family; and upon my word, I am not increaſed in that ſince you firſt knew me.

I am ſorry you are involved in law-ſuits; it is the thing on earth I moſt fear. I wiſh you had met with as complaiſant an adverſary as I did; for my Lord Peterborow plagued Sir John * all his lifetime, but declared, if ever he gave the eſtate to me, he would have done with it; and accordingly has kept his word like an honourable man. I hope I ſhall ſoon hear of the Duke and Dutcheſs of Dorſet's ſafe landing; and I do not queſtion the people of Ireland's liking them as well as they deſerve. I deſire no better for them; for if you don't ſpoil him there, which I think he has too good ſenſe to let happen, he is the moſt worthy, honeſt, good-natured, great-ſoul'd man that ever was born. As to the Dutcheſs, ſhe is ſo reſerved, that perhaps ſhe may

* Huſband to Lady B—— G——.

till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see *.

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By this desire of *letting the world see* what other men of less wit and more discretion would carefully have concealed, Swift has placed himself open to the censure of his enemies, and beyond the reach of any defence from his friends. He has not only committed to the press a most despicable heap of writings, but has publicly recorded the lowest amusements of his private scenes of life, without having once suspected, that persons whose stations or abilities have fixed them in a conspicuous attitude, are looked upon by the rest of mankind with a very critical, and a very envious eye. Augustus, as I remember, was a little ashamed to be discovered at a game of cobnuts! and even Domitian was cunning enough to withdraw into his closet to catch flies. Great minds, you will say, require to be often unbent. I allow it: but those relaxations might be chosen, so as to make idleness appear in a beautiful light: and Swift would have forfeited a less degree of fame by playing many years at pushpin, (the records of which he could not have printed,) than by composing various kinds of nonsense, which, by his own option, have been honoured with a place in his works. *Orrery.*

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* Huſband to Lady B—— G——.

blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.—It is a great comfort to ſee how corruption and ill conduct are inſtrumental in uniting virtuous perſons and lovers of their country of all denominations; Whig and Tory, High and Low Church, as ſoon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be diſaffection, pray God ſend me always among the diſaffected! and I heartily wiſh you joy of your ſcurvy treatment at court, which hath given you leiſure to cultivate both public and private virtue, neither of them likely to be ſoon met with within the walls of St James's or Weſtminſter.——But I muſt here diſmiſs you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath dome me.

My Lord,

I could have ſworn that my pride would be always able to preſerve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for ſome months paſt, firſt by the conduct of my Lady Dutcheſs, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finiſh the work. And I ſhould have certainly gone about ſhewing my letters, under the charge of ſecrecy, to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the leaſt hope of prevailing on any of them to believe, that a man in ſo obſcure a corner, quite thrown out of the preſent world, and within a few ſteps of the next, ſhould receive ſuch condeſcending invitations,

from

from two ſuch perſons, to whom he is an utter ſtranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial repreſentations of a friend. But in the mean time, I muſt deſire your Grace not to flatter yourſelf, that I waited for your conſent to accept the invitation. I muſt be ignorant indeed, not to know, that the Dutcheſs, ever ſince you met, hath been moſt politicaly employed in increaſing thoſe forces, and ſharpening thoſe arms, with which ſhe ſubdued you at firſt, and to which the braver and the wiſer you grow, you will more and more ſubmit. Thus I knew myſelf on the ſecure ſide; and it was a mere piece of good manners to inſert that clauſe, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace, that the Dutcheſs's great ſecret in her art of government hath been to reduce both your wills into one; ſo I am content, in due obſervance to the forms of the world, to return my moſt humble thanks to your Grace, for ſo great a favour as you are pleaſed to offer me, and which nothing but impoſſibilities ſhall prevent me from receiving; ſince I am, with the greateſt reaſon, truth, and reſpect, my Lord, your Grace's moſt obedient, *&c.*

MADAM,

I have conſulted all the learned in occult ſciences of my acquaintance, and have ſat up eleven nights to diſcover the meaning of theſe two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand, at the

bottom of the laſt Ameſbury letter; but all in vain. Only it is agreed that the language is Coptic; and a very profound Behmiſt aſſures me the ſtyle is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great perſon of the female ſex, to a ſtrange kind of a man whom ſhe never ſaw: And this is all I can find; which, after ſo many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that reſpect wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, *&c.*

LETTER DVI.

THE COUNTESS OF ——— TO DR SWIFT *.

SIR, *Hampton-Court, Sept.* 25. 1731.

YOU think you have a natural right to abuſe me becauſe I am a woman, and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman, and as a courtier ought, with great reſentment, and a determined reſolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been ſent and thought by many to be your's, (and thank God they were all filly ones), has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you ſuſpected of folly; think

* Three letters recommending Mrs Barber, the wife of a tradeſman in Ireland who had failed, to the Queen, in order to forward a ſubſcription for ſome poems, were forged in the Dean's name, and ſent to her Majeſty. The Dean wrote an accounnt of the fraud, and a juſtification of himſelf, to the Counteſs of S——, in a letter, to which this is an anſwer. See one of the counterfeit letters, of the Dean's to Lady S——, in the volumes juſt publiſhed by Mr Dean Swift.

think of my pleaſure when I entered the liſt for your juſtification! Indeed I was a little diſconcerted to find Mr Pope took the ſame ſide; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the Iriſh Drapier, to have found no friend but the ſilly woman and the courtier. Could I have preſerved myſelf alone in the liſt, I ſhould not have deſpaired that this monitor of princes, this Iriſh patriot, this excellent man of ſpeech and pen, ſhould have cloſed the ſcene under ſuſpicion of having a violent paſſion for Mrs Barber and Lady M——or: Mrs Haywood * has writ the progreſs of it. Now, to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing thoſe letters; but I every day thank Providence that there is an epitaph in St Patrick's cathedral † that will be a laſting monument of your imprudence. I cheriſh this extremely; for, ſay what you can to juſtify it, I am convinced I ſhall as eaſily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's ſincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear if peace ſhall enſue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, you ſee I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant ſoldier fight ſucceſsfully. Beſides, I have a numerous body of light-armed troops to bring into the field,

* Mrs Haywood, a well-known writer of ſcandal in novels.

† On the duke of Schomberg. See the letter to which this is an anſwer.

who, when ſingle, may be as inconſiderable as a Lilliputian, yet ten thouſand of them embarraſſed Captain Gulliver. If you ſend honourable articles, they ſhall be ſigned. I inſiſt that you own that you have been unjuſt to me; for I have never forgot you; for I have made others ſend my compliments, becauſe I was not able to write myſelf. If I cannot juſtify the advice I gave you, from the ſucceſs of it, I gave you my reaſons for it: and it was your buſineſs to have judged of my capacity, by the ſolidity of my arguments. If the principle was falſe, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falſehood. Am I to ſend back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in my own character, and continue very truly and very much your humble ſervant,

——— ———?

LETTER DVII.

Dublin, Oct. 3. 1731.

I USUALY write to friends after a pauſe of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diverſions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who ſaid to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: For which there are reaſons enough, without affronting our underſtandings; for there is not one perſon

ſon of this country, who regards any events that paſs here, unleſs he hath an eſtate or employment.—I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the leaſt provocation to the preſent miniſtry, much leſs to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not ſee the policy of opening common letters, directed to perſons generally known; for a man's underſtanding would be very weak to convey ſecrets by the poſt, if he knew any; which I declare I do not: And beſides, I think the world is already ſo well informed by plain events, that I queſtion whether the miniſters have any ſecrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehenſion if a letter ſhould be ſent me full of treaſon; becauſe I cannot hinder people from writing what they pleaſe, nor ſending it to me; and although it ſhould be diſcovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, and think no further. I approve the ſcheme you have to grow ſomewhat richer, though I agree you will meet with diſcouragements; and it is reaſonable you ſhould, conſidering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you muſt allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear thoſe who paſſed by his ſhop might make a compariſon with his work. And I will ſay one thing in ſpite of the poſt-officers, that ſince wit and learning began to be made uſe of in our kingdoms, they were never profeſſedly

thrown aſide, contemned, and puniſhed, till within your own memory; nor dulneſs and ignorance ever ſo openly encouraged and promoted. In anſwer to what you ſay of my living among you, if I could do it to my eaſe; perhaps you have heard of a ſcheme for an exchange in Berkſhire propoſed by two of our friends; but, beſides the difficulty of adjuſting certain circumſtances, it would not anſwer. I am at a time of life that ſeeks eaſe and independence; you will hear my reaſons when you ſee thoſe friends; and I concluded them with ſaying, that I would rather be a freeman among ſlaves, than a ſlave among freemen. The dignity of my preſent ſtation damps the pertneſs of inferior puppies and 'ſquires, which, without plenty and eaſe on your ſide the channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that fame Strado del Poe; and yet, if that author be againſt lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which I am ſure your Grace is not, no not ſo much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a freethinker, nor can ſell bargains; that you can neither ſpell, nor talk, nor write, nor think, like a courtier; that you pretend to be reſpected for qualities, which have been out of faſhion ever ſince you were almoſt in your cradle; that your

contempt

contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of diſaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taſte for wit, in preferring two old faſhioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Beſides, you ſpell in ſuch a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in ſuch an old-faſhioned ſtyle as none of them can underſtand.——You need not be in pain about Mr Gay's ſtock of health. I promiſe you he will ſpend it all upon lazineſs, and run deep in debt by a winter's repoſe in town; therefore I intreat your Grace will order him to move his chops leſs, and his legs more the ſix cold months, elſe he will ſpend all his money in phyſic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you diſpoſe what you call your love and reſpect, which you ſay are not paid to merit; but to your own humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly obſervation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I ſhould go to Ameſbury, with a great load of merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchaſe my merchandiſe at the price of your reſpect, the goods may be damaged, and no body elſe will take them off my hands. Beſides, you have declared Mr Gay to hold the firſt part, and I but the ſecond; which is hard treatment, ſince I ſhall be the neweſt acquaintance by ſome years; and I will appeal to the reſt of your ſex, whether ſuch an innovation ought to be allowed. I ſhall

be

be ready to ſay in the common form, that I was much obliged to the lady who wiſhed ſhe could give me the beſt living, &c. if I did not vehemently ſuſpect it was the very ſame lady who ſpoke many things to me in the ſame ſtyle; and alſo with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whoſe dupe he was, as well as of her waiting-woman: But they were both arrant knaves, as I told him, and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lord Duke; and with my heartieſt prayer for the proſperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

LETTER DVIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 4. 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conſcience, that though you had anſwered mine before, the ſecond was nevertheleſs welcome. So much for your topſcript, not poſtſcript; and in very ſincere earneſt I heartily thank you for remembering me ſo often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over; for I never was for your Hyde-Park courſes, although my courage ſerves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country for ſix or ſeven miles, with one horſeman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be clothed when he

he can run faſt enough to keep up with my horſe, who has yet only proved his dexterity by eſcaping from ſchool. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I ſhould have the happineſs to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horſes to ſhow their art; or that think a poſtilion's cap, with a white frock, the moſt becoming dreſs. Theſe and their grooms I am moſt bitterly afraid of; becauſe you muſt know, if my complaiſant friend, your Preſbyterian houſe-keeper *, can remember any thing like ſuch days with me, that is a very good reaſon for me to remember that time is paſt; and your toupees would rejoice to ſee a horſe throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am ſorry to hear you are no wiſer in Ireland than we Engliſh; for our birth-day was as fine as hands could make us; but I queſtion much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my Dutcheſs's being dreſſed in your manufacture †; if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiſs. And I dare ſay you will ſoon find, that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or elſe Ireland has ſtrangely depraved your taſte, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, ſince you will flatter me.

Why

* Probably Mrs Whiteway, whom Swift humourouſly called Mrs Alba Via.

† The Dutcheſs alſo appeared at the caſtle in Dublin, wholly clad in the manufactures of Ireland, on his Majeſty's birth-day in 1753, when the Duke was a ſecond time Lord Lieutenant.

Why do yo tantalize me? Let me ſee you in England again if you dare; and chuſe your reſidence, ſummer or winter, St James's Square, or Drayton, I defy you in all ſhapes; be it Dean of St Patrick's governing England or Ireland, or politician Drapier. But my choice ſhould be the parſon in Lady Betty's chamber. Make haſte then, if you have a mind to oblige your ever ſincere and hearty old friend.

LETTER DIX.

MR GAY, AND THE DUKE OF ——— ———, TO DR SWIFT.

Nov. 8. 1731.

FOR about this month, or ſix weeks paſt, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at Dawley and at Twickenham; and I really think, at every one of my homes, you have as good a pretenſion as myſelf. For I find them all exceedingly diſappointed by the law-ſuit that hath kept you this ſummer from us. Mr Pope told me that affair was now over, that you have the eſtate which was your ſecurity; I wiſh you had your own money; for I wiſh you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you decyphered the laſt letter we ſent you very judiciouſly. You may make your own conditions at Ameſbury, where I am at preſent; you may

may do the ſame at Dawly; and Twickenham, you know, is your own. But if you rather chuſe to live with me, (that is to ſay, if you will give up your right and title), I will purchaſe the houſe you and I uſed to diſpute about over-againſt Ham walks, on purpoſe to entertain you. Name your day, and it ſhall be done. I have lived with you, and I wiſh to do ſo again in any place, and upon any terms. The Dutcheſs does not know of my writing: but I promiſed to acquaint the Duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the Dutcheſs, and ſhe may tell Sir William Wyndham, who is now here; and for fear they ſhould all have ſomething to ſay to you, I leave the reſt of the paper till I ſee the Duke.

THE DUKE.

Mr Gay tells me, you ſeem to doubt what authority my wife and he have to invite a perſon hither, who, by agreement, is to have the government of the place during his ſtay; when at the ſame time it does not appear, that the preſent maſter of theſe demeſnes hath been conſulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have ſuſpected me for a ſort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correſpondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courteſy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many caſes the ſame thing is called a favour from a lady, which perhaps would be looked upon as impertinenc

impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection, have hither to refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleaſure of converſing with you otherwiſe; and as that is a thing I moſt ſincerely wiſh, I would not venture to meddle in a negociation that ſeemed to be in ſo fair a way of producing that deſirable end. But our friend John has not done me juſtice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wiſh for the pleaſure of ſeeing you here; and though I have not till now avowedly taken any ſteps towards bringing it about, what has paſſed conducive to it, has been all along with my privity and conſent; and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake for the due obſervance of them. I depend upon my friend John to anſwer for my ſincerity. I was not long at court. I have been a country-gentleman for ſome time.

Poll manus ſub linus darque dds ſive nig ig gnipite gnaros.

LETTER DX.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

Dec. 1. 1731.

YOU uſed to complain that Mr Pope and I would not let you ſpeak; you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you

you do not ſend to me now and then, the poſt-office will think me of no conſequence, for I have no correſpondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you pleaſe: You cannot be forgotten by thoſe who ever knew you; and therefore pleaſe me, by ſometimes ſhewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendſhip to you. I ſeek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I ſpend no ſhillings in coaches or chairs, to levees or great viſits; and, as I do not want the aſſiſtance of ſome that I formerly converſed with, I will not ſo much as ſeem to ſeek to be a dependent. As to my ſtudies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot ſay that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is ſomething in the way of thoſe fables I have already publiſhed. All the money I get is by ſaving, ſo that by habit there may be ſome hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miſer. All miſers have their excuſes; the motive to my parſimony is independence. If I were to be repreſented by the Dutcheſs (ſhe is ſuch a downright niggard for me), this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myſelf: for I do not pretend that I am equally ſaving with S—k. Mr. Lewis deſired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot; for he will hardly allow that a verſe-man can have a juſt knowledge of his own affairs.

affairs. When you got rid of your law-ſuit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the ſecurity now in your own poſſeſſion. But ſtill your caſe is not ſo bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with coſts. I have had an injunction for me againſt pirating bookſellers; which I am ſure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of ſome money. When I began this proſecution, I fancied there would be ſome end of it; but the law ſtill goes on; and it is probable I ſhall ſome time or other ſee an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Diſney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends; among whom are Lord Bolingbroke 500 l.; Mr. Pelham 500 l.; Sir William Wyndham's youngeſt ſon 500 l; Gen. Hill 500 l.; lord Maſſam's ſon 500 l.

You have the good wiſhes of thoſe I converſe with. They know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own ſake. I am ſatisfied with the love and friendſhip of good men, and envy not the demerits of thoſe who are moſt conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſhed. Therefore as I ſet a juſt value upon your friendſhip, you cannot pleaſe me more, than by letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only ſatisfaction of diſtant friends!

P. S. Mr

P. S. Mr Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worſt of it, is what ſhould be its excuſe, that I write in a head-ach that has laſted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: though in one point I am apt to differ from you; for you ſhun your friends when you are in thoſe circumſtances, and I deſire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady —— took your letter very kindly; for I had prepared her to expect no anſwer under a twelvemonth; but kindneſs perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, ſhe is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common juſtice. For God's ſake, why all this ſcruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horſes, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a-day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine. John Gay ſhall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights.——Though ſuch proſpects as I wiſh cannot now be formed, for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again. The old Lord may die, the benifice may drop, or, at worſt, you may carry me into Ireland. You will ſee a work of Lord B——'s, and one of mine; which, with a juſt neglect of the preſent age, conſult only poſterity; and, with a noble ſcorn of politics, aſpire to philoſophy. I am glad you reſolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and intereſts of parties, even of coun-

tries, (for countries are but larger parties.) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, noſtrum ſit.* I am much pleaſed with your deſign upon Rochefoucault's maxim; pray finiſh it*. I am happy whenever you join our names together. So would Dr Arbuthnott be: But at this time he can be pleaſed with nothing; for his darling ſon is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you aſk me about is of little value. might have been a ſeaſonable ſatire upon the ſcandalous language and paſſion with which men of condition have ſtooped to treat one another. Surely they ſacrifice too much to the people, when they ſacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diverſion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of moſt popularity, fame, &c. Even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you ſee what I am now writing, you will be convinced I would pleaſe but a few, and if I could, make mankind leſs admirers, and greater reaſoners †. I ſtudy much more to render my own portion of being eaſy, and to keep this peeviſh frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unman-

ed

* The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault; it is one of the beſt of his performances, but very characteriſtic. *Warb.* Vol. IX. p. 266.

† The poem he means is the Eſſay on Man. But this point he could never gain. His reader would *admire* his poetry in ſpite of him, and would not underſtand his *reaſoning* after all his pains. *Warb.*

ed me; and it will delight you to hear they are not increaſed, though not diminiſhed. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am ſick, I lie down; when I am better, I riſe up: I am uſed to the head-ach, &c. If greater pains arrive, (ſuch as my late rheumatiſm), the ſervants bathe and plaiſter me, or the ſurgeon ſcarifies me; and I bear it, becauſe I muſt. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am juſt now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worſe. I ſincerely wiſh my life were paſt near you; and, ſuch as it is, I would not repine at it.——All you mention remember you, and wiſh you here.

LETTER DXI.

MR ROBERT ARBUTHNOTT MERCHANT, TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Rouen, Jan.* 2. 1732.

I HAVE flattered myſelf theſe many years, that vapours or company would have brought you over ſeas to Spaw, or to ſome ſuch place, and that you would have taken Paris in your way; and ſo I ſhould have had the pleaſure of ſeeing you in ſome place of my own. I wonder much that a perſon of ſo much good humour can let yourſelf grow old, or die without ſeeing ſome other country than your own. I am not quite ſo wicked as to wiſh you any real illneſs to

bring you to us, though I ſhould not be ſorry that you thought you had need of the change of air. I wiſh you a happy new-year, and many more; and (whatever intereſt I have againſt it) good health, and proſperity, and every thing that I can wiſh to one that I much honour and eſteem.

I recommend to your friendſhip and acquaintance the bearer, Mr. Delamere. His brother, now dead, has been with you in Ireland: and this gentleman deſerves from me all the kindneſs my friends can ſhew him. Adieu, dear Sir. If I can ſerve you in any thing command me always, for I am with great eſteem your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

ROB. ARBUTHNOTT.

LETTER DXII.

DR ARBUTHNOTT TO DR SWIFT.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Lond. Jan.* 13. 1732.

I HAD the pleaſure of receiving one from you by Mr ——— *. I thank you for the opportunity it gave me of being acquainted with a very agreeable ingenious man. I value him very much for his muſic, which you give yourſelf an air of contemning; and I think I treated him in that way to a degree of ſurpriſe.

I

* 'Probably the Reverend Mr. Pilkington, who came over to be chaplain to Alderman Barber, when Lord Mayor of London.'

I have had but a melancholy ſorrowful life for ſome time paſt, having loſt my dear child, whoſe life, if it had ſo pleaſed God, I would willingly have redeemed with my own. I thank God for a new leſſon of ſubmiſſion to his will, and likewiſe for what he hath left me.

We have all had another loſs of our worthy and dear friend Mr Gay *. It was ſome alleviation of my grief to ſee him ſo univerſally lamented by almoſt every body, even by thoſe who knew him only by reputation. He was interred at Weſtminſter-Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm; and the good Duke of Queenſberry, who lamented him as a brother, will ſet up a handſome monument upon him. Theſe are little affronts put upon vice and injuſtice, and it is all that remains in our power. I believe the Beggar's Opera, and what he had to come upon the ſtage, will make the ſum of the diverſions of the town for ſome time to come. Curll (who is one of the new terrors of death) has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life. I was for ſending him ſome, particularly an account of his diſgrace at court, which I am ſure might have been made entertaining: by which I ſhould have attained two ends at once, publiſhed truth, and got a raſcal whipped for it. I was over-ruled in this. I wiſh you had been here, though I think you are in a better country. I fancy to myſelf, that you have ſome virtue and honour left, ſome ſmall regard for

* He died December the 4th, 1732.

for religion. Perhaps Chriſtianity may laſt with you at leaſt twenty or thirty years longer. You have no companies or ſtock-jobbing, are yet free of exciſes; you are not inſulted in your poverty, and told with a ſneer, that you are a rich and a thriving nation. Every man, that takes neither place nor penſion, is not deemed with you a rogue, and an enemy to his country.

Your friends of my acquaintance are in tolerable good health. Mr Pope has his uſual complaints of head-ach and indigeſtion, I think, more than formerly. He really leads ſometimes a very irregular life, that is, lives with people of ſuperior health and ſtrength. You will ſee ſome new things of his, equal to any of his former productions. He has affixed to the new edition of his Dunciad, a royal declaration againſt the haberdaſhers of points and particles, aſſuming the title of critics and reſtorers, wherein he declares that he has reviſed carefully this his Dunciad, beginning and ending ſo and ſo, conſiſting of ſo many lines, and declares this edition to be the true reading; and it is ſigned by John Barber, *Major civitatis Londini.*

I remember you, with your friends, who are my neighbours: they all long to ſee you. As for news, there is nothing here talked of but the new ſcheme of exciſe. You may remember that a miniſtry in the Queen's time, poſſeſſed of her Majeſty, the parliament, army, fleet, treaſury, confederates, *&c.* put all to the teſt, by an experiment of a ſilly project of the trial of a

poor

poor parſon *. The ſame game, in my mind, is playing over again, from a wantonneſs of power. *Miraberis quam pauca ſapientia mundus regitur.* I have conſidered the grievance of your wine: the friend that deſigned you good wine was abuſed by an agent that he intruſted this affair to. It was not this gentleman's brother, whoſe name is Delamere, to whom ſhew what friendſhip you can.

My neighbour the proſe-man is wiſer, and more cowardly and deſpairing than ever. He talks me into a fit of vapours twice or thrice a-week. I dream at night of a chain, and rowing in the gallies. But, thank God, he has not taken from me the freedom I have been accuſtomed to in my diſcourſe, (even with the greateſt perſons to whom I have acceſs), in defending the cauſe of liberty, virtue, and religion: for the laſt, I have the ſatisfaction of ſuffering ſome ſhare of the ignominy that belonged to the firſt confeſſors. This has been my lot from a ſteady reſolution I have taken of giving theſe ignorant impudent fellows battle upon all occaſions. My family ſend you their beſt wiſhes, and a happy new-year; and none can do it more heartily than myſelf, who am, with the moſt ſincere reſpect, your moſt faithful humble ſervant.

LETTER

* Sacheverel.

LETTER DXIII.

LADY B——— G——— TO DR SWIFT.

Feb. 8. 1732.

I RECEIVED your's of the 8th of January but laſt week, ſo find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilſt at dinner, that very lady ſitting cloſe to me, whom you ſeem to think ſuch an abſolute courtier *. She knew your hand, and inquired much after you, as ſhe always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindneſs I am ſure ſhe deſerves, put it into my pocket with ſilence and ſurpriſe. Indeed, were it in peoples power that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they deſire for their friends, they might deſerve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the caſe of any one; and in this particular of Mr Gay, thus far I know, and ſo far I will anſwer for, that ſhe was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: The friendſhip upon all other occaſions in her own power, that ſhe ſhewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourſelf and her, I ſuppoſe it is my want of comprehenſion, that I cannot find out why ſhe was to blame to give you

* The Counteſs of S———.

you advice, when you aſked it, that had all the appearance of ſincerity, good-nature, and right judgment. And if, after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and ſhe both believed and wiſhed they would, was it her fault? At leaſt, I cannot find out that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you ſay you lamented the hour you had ſeen her, yet I cannot tell how to ſuppoſe that your good ſenſe and juſtice can impute any thing to her; becauſe it did not fall out juſt as ſhe endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and ſincerely ſubſcribe to it,—That I deteſt avarice in courts; corruption in miniſters; ſchiſms in religion; illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the ſame time, I prodigiouſly want an infallible judge, to determine when it is really ſo: For as I have lived longer in the world, and ſeen many changes, I know thoſe out of power and place always ſee the faults of thoſe in, with dreadful large ſpectacles; and I dare ſay, you know many inſtances of it in Lord Oxford's time. But the ſtrongeſt in my memory is Sir R——— W———, being firſt pulled to pieces in the year 1720, becauſe the South-Sea did not riſe high enough; and ſince that, he has been to the full as well banged about, becauſe it did riſe too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjuſt, and ſenſeleſs party-factions are; therefore I am determined never wholly to believe any ſide of party

ty againſt the other: And to ſhew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all ſides, ſo my houſe receives them all together; and thoſe people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Thoſe of them that have great and good qualities and virtues I love and admire; in which number is Lady ——; and I do like and love her, becauſe I believe, and as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wife, diſcreet, honeſt, and ſincere courtier, who will promiſe no farther than ſhe can perform, and will always perform what ſhe does promiſe: So now you have my creed as to her *.

I thought I had told you in my laſt, at leaſt I am ſure I deſigned it, that I deſire you would do juſt as you like about the monument; and then it will be moſt undoubtedly approved by your moſt ſincere and faithful ſervant.

LETTER DXIV.

THE DUTCHESS OF —— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Feb.* 21. 1732.

SOON after the death of our friend Mr Gay, I found myſelf more inclined to write to you, than to allow myſelf any other entertainment. But conſidering that might draw you into

* This ſpirited defence of Lady ——, againſt a man of Swift's ability and diſpoſition, does Lady B. G. more honour than ſhe would have deſerved by writing the beſt ſatire againſt all the courts and courtiers in the world.

to a correſpondence, that moſt likely might be diſagreeable, I left off all thoughts of this kind, till Mr Pope ſhewed me your letter to him, which encourages me to hope we may converſe together as uſual: By which advantage, I will not deſpair to obtain in reality ſome of thoſe good qualities, you ſay, I *ſeem* to have. I am conſcious of only one, that is, being an apt ſcholar; and if I have any good in me, I certainly learned it inſenſibly of our poor friend, as children do any ſtrange language. It is not poſſible to imagine the loſs his death is to me; but as long as I have any memory, the happineſs of ever having had ſuch a friend can never be loſt to me.

As to himſelf, he knew the world too well to regret leaving it; and the world in general knew him too little to value him as they ought. I think it my duty to my friend, to do him the juſtice, to aſſure you, he had a moſt perfect and ſincere regard for you. I have learned a good deal of his way of thinking on your account; ſo that if at any time you have any commands in this part of the world, you will do me a pleaſure to employ me, as you would him: And I ſhall wiſh it could ever be in my power to ſerve you in any thing eſſential. The Duke of ——— meaned to write, if I had not, concerning your money-affairs. We both thought of it, as ſoon as we could of any thing; and if you will only write word what you would have done with it, great care ſhall be taken, according to your order. I differ with you extremely, that you are

in any likelihood of dying poor or friendleſs: The world can never grow ſo worthleſs. I again differ with you, that it is poſſible to comfort one's ſelf for the loſs of friends, as one does upon the loſs of money. I think I could live on very little, nor think myſelf poor, or be thought ſo, but a little friendſhip could never ſatisfy one; and I could never expect to find ſuch another ſupport as my poor friend. In almoſt every thing, but friends, another of the ſame name may do as well; but friend is more than a name, if it be any thing.

Your letter touched me extremely; it gave me a melancholy pleaſure. I feel much more than you wrote, and more than, I hope, you will continue to feel. As you can give Mr Pope good advice, pray practiſe it yourſelf. As you cannot lengthen your friend's days, I muſt beg you, in your own words, not to ſhorten your own: For I do full well know by experience, that health and happineſs depend on good ſpirits. Mr Pope is better in both this year, than I have ſeen him a good while. This you'll believe, unleſs he has told you what he tells me, that I am his greateſt flatterer. I hope that news has not reached you; for nothing is more pleaſant than to believe what one wiſhes. I wiſh to be your friend; I wiſh you to be mine; I wiſh you may not be tired with this; I wiſh to hear from you ſoon; and all this in order to be my own flatterer. I will believe.—I never write my name. —I hope you have no averſion to blots.

Since

Since I wrote this, the Duke of —— bids me tell you, that if you have occaſion for the money, you need only draw upon him, and he will pay the money to your order. He will take care to have the account of intereſt ſettled and made up to you. He will take this upon himſelf, that you may have no trouble in this affair.

LETTER DXV.

DR SWIFT TO THE DUTCHESS OF ——.

MADAM, *March* 20. 1732.

I HAD lately the honour of a letter from your Grace, which was dated juſt a month before it came to my hand, and the ten days ſince I have been much diſordered with a giddineſs that I have been long ſubject to at uncertain times. This hindered me from an acknowledgement of the great favour you have done me. The greateſt unhappineſs of my life is grown a comfort under the death of my friend *, I mean, my baniſhment in this miſerable country; for the diſtance I am at, and the deſpair I have of ever ſeeing my friends, further than by a ſummer's viſit: and this, ſo late in my life, ſo uncertain in my health, and ſo embroiled in my little affairs, may probably never happen; ſo that my loſs is not ſo great as that of his other friends, who had it always in their power to converſe with him. But I chiefly lament your Grace's misfor-

* Mr Gay.

tune, becauſe I greatly fear, with all the virtues and perfections which can poſſibly acquire the higheſt veneration to a mortal creature from the worthieſt of human kind, you will never be able to procure another ſo uſeful, ſo ſincere, ſo virtuous, ſo diſintereſted, ſo entertaining, ſo eaſy, and ſo humble a friend, as that perſon whoſe death all good men lament. I turn to your letter, and find your Grace hath the ſame thoughts. Loſs of friends hath been called a tax upon long life, and, what is worſe, it is then too late to get others, if they were to be had, for the younger ones are all engaged. I ſhall never differ from you in any thing longer, than till you declare your opinion; becauſe I never knew you wrong in any thing, except your condeſcending to have any regard for me; and therefore all you ſay upon the ſubject of friendſhip, I heartily allow. But I doubt you are a perverter; for ſure I was never capable of comparing the loſs of friends with the loſs of money. I think we never lament the death of a friend upon his own account, but merely on account of his friends, or the public, or both; and his, for a perſon in private life, was as great as poſſible. How finely you preach to us who are going out of the world, to keep our ſpirits, without informing us where we ſhall find materials! Yet I have my flatterers too, who tell me, I am allowed to have retained more ſpirits than hundreds of others who are richer, younger, and healthier than myſelf, which, conſidering a thouſand mortifications,

added

added to the perfect ill-will of every creature in power, I take to be a high point of merit, as well as an implicit obedience to your Grace's commands. Neither are thoſe ſpirits (ſuch as they be) in the leaſt broken by the honour of lying under the ſame circumſtances with a certain great perſon, whom I ſhall not name, of being in diſgrace at court. I will excuſe your blots upon paper, becauſe they are the only blots that you ever did, or ever will make in the whole courſe of your life. I am content, upon your petition, to receive the Duke and your Grace for my ſtewards for that immenſe ſum; and, in proper time, I may come to thank you, as a king does the commons, for your loyal benevolence. In the mean while, I humbly intreat your Grace, that the money may lie where you pleaſe, till I preſume to trouble you with a bill, as my Lord Duke allows me.

One thing I find, that you are grown very touchy ſince I loſt the dear friend who was my ſupporter; ſo that perhaps you may expect I ſhall be very careful how I offend you in words, wherein you will be much miſtaken; for I ſhall become ten times worſe after correction. It ſeems Mr Pope, like a treacherous gentleman, ſhewed you my letter, wherein I mention good qualities that you *ſeem* to have. You have underſtroaked that offenſive word, to ſhew it ſhould be printed in *Italic*. What could I ſay more? I never ſaw your perſon ſince you were a girl, except once in the dark (to give you a bull of this country) in a walk next the Mall. Your letters

may poſſibly be falſe copies of your mind; and the univerſal, almoſt idolatrous eſteem you have forced from every perſon in the two kingdoms, who have the leaſt regard for virtue, may have been only procured by a peculiar art of your own, I mean that of bribing all wiſe and good men to be your flatterers. My literal miſtakes are worſe than your blots. I am ſubject to them by a ſort of infirmity wherein I have few-fellow ſufferers: I mean, that my heart runs before my pen, which it will ever do in a great degree, as long as I am a ſervant to your Grace, I mean to the laſt hour of my life and ſenſes. I am with the greateſt reſpect, and utmoſt gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, moſt obliged, and moſt humble ſervant.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects and thanks to my Lord Duke of ———. For a man of my level, I have as bad a name almoſt as I deſire; and pray God that thoſe who give it me may never have reaſon to give me a better.

LETTER DXVI.

LORD C——— TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *March* 13. 1732.

I HAD the favour of your letter of the 19th of February. A gentleman left it at my door. I have not heard from him ſince, though he ſaid he would call again, and who he is I don't know.

know. I ſhewed it to my wife and Lady Worſley, who will not fail to obey your commands, and teaſe me, if I could be forgetful of your orders, to attend the cauſe of the city of Dublin when it comes into the houſe. I know by experience, how much that city thinks itſelf under your protection, and how ſtrictly they uſed to obey all orders fulminated from the ſovereignty of St Patrick's. I never doubted their compliance with you in ſo trivial a point as a recorder *. You can give any one law and capacity in half an hour; and if by chance a rake ſhould get thoſe faculties any other way, you can make the worthy citizens believe he has them not; and you can ſuſtain any machine in a furred gown.

I thank you for the letter by Mr Pilkington †. I have ſeen him twice at a great entertainment at my Lord Mayor's, where you was the firſt toaſt. I like the young man very well, and he has great obligations to you, of which he ſeems ſenſible.

I hope Dr Delaney is well, and that you ſee one another often, and then the Doctor won't have leiſure to purſue his diſſertations ‡, or to anſwer the reverend prelate on your ſide, who I hear

* Mr Stanard was about this time choſen recorder of this city of Dublin, chiefly at the recommendation of Dr Swift.

† Huſband of the celebrated Mrs Letitia Pilkington. Alderman Barber was this year Lord Mayor, and having complimented the Dean with the nomination of his chaplain, the Dean nominated Mr Pilkington.

‡ 'Revelation examined with Candour'.

hear has anſwered him. As I have not read the diſſertations, ſo I ſhall not read the anſwer; which I hope, without offence, I may ſuppoſe to be your caſe. If ſo, I hope you will endeavour to keep me well with the Doctor, who took it a little unkindly of me, that I would ſhut my eyes to ſuch revelation ſo demonſtrated. I have a great eſteem for him, to which nothing that he can write upon thoſe ſubjects can make any addition; and therefore, I would run no riſks as to altering my opinion of him by reading his books.

That health and proſperity may attend you, is my ſincere wiſh; and I intreat you to believe that I am, with great truth, Sir, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant.

The whole family of my ladies ſend their compliments.

LETTER DXVII.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, [*Received April* 12. 1732.]

I HOPE this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this ſpring, though you ſay nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever; and I ſhould not think them ſo, if they were not as much your's. The Downs of Ameſ-

bury

bury are ſo ſmooth, that neither horſe or man can hardly make a wrong ſtep, ſo that you may take your exerciſe with us with greater ſecurity. If you prevail with the Dutcheſs to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wiſh you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General Dormer, Sir Clement Cotterell, and I, ſet out to-morrow morning for Rouſham, in Oxfordſhire, to ſtay ten days or a fortnight. The Dutcheſs will undertake to recommend the Lord of her acquaintance to attend Mr Ryves his cauſe, if it ſhould come on before our return: The Duke will do the ſame. Her Grace too hath undertaken to anſwer your letter. I have not diſpoſed of your South-Sea bonds; there is a year's intereſt due at Lady-day. Were I to diſpoſe of them at preſent, I ſhould loſe a great deal of the premium I paid for them: Perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myſelf to ſell them. The rogueries that have been diſcovered in ſome other companies, I believe, makes them to have leſs credit. I find myſelf diſpirited, for want of having ſome purſuit. Indolence and idleneſs are the moſt tireſome things in the world. I begin to find a diſlike to ſociety. I think I ought to try to break myſelf of it, but I cannot reſolve to ſet about it. I have left off almoſt all my great acquaintance, which ſaves me ſomething in chairhire, though in that article the town is ſtill very expenſive.

expenſive. Thoſe who were your old acquaintance, are almoſt the only people I viſit; and indeed, upon trying all, I like them beſt. Lord Cornbury refuſed the penſion that was offered him; he is choſen to repreſent the univerſity of Oxford, (in the room of Mr Bromley,) without oppoſition. I know him, and I think he deſerves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is ſo particular, that I know you will reſpect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr Pope is in town, and in good health. I lately paſſed a week with him at Twickenham. I muſt leave the reſt to the Dutcheſs; for I muſt pack up my ſhirts, to ſet out to-morrow, the 14th of March, the day after I received your letter. If you would adviſe the Dutcheſs to confine me four hours a day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write; for I cannot confine myſelf as I ought.

LETTER DXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO MR GAY.

Dublin, May 4. 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almoſt as lame as your letter itſelf, for want of that limb from my Lady Dutcheſs which you promiſed, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition

condition to make a true ſtep even on Ameſbury Downs; and I declare, that a corporeal falſe ſtep is worſe than a political one; nay, worſe than a thouſand political ones; for which I appeal to courts and miniſters, who hobble on and proſper, without the ſenſe of feeling. To talk of riding and walking, is inſulting me; for I can as ſoon fly as do either. It is your pride or lazineſs, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expenſive. No honour is loſt by walking in the dark, and in the day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate, near your viſiting place, *(experto crede)*, ſave eleven-pence, and get half-a-crown's worth of health. The worſt of my preſent misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digeſt neither for want of exerciſe; and to increaſe my miſery, the knaves are ſure to find me at home, and make huge void ſpaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for loſing your great acquaintance. In ſuch a caſe, philoſophy teaches, that we muſt ſubmit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refuſing his penſion; but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which I conceive is wholly changed and entirely devoted to new principles; ſo it appeared to me the two laſt times I was there.

I find, by the whole caſt of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever; juſt the reverſe of Mr Pope, who hath always loved a domeſtic life from his youth. I was going to wiſh you had ſome little place that you could call your own;

own; but I profeſs I do not know you well enough to contrive any one ſyſtem of life that would pleaſe you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Dutcheſs; yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent deſire of perpetually ſhifting places and company, with a rooted lazineſs, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and ſix horſes is the utmoſt exerciſe you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with ſuch company as is beſt ſuited to your taſte; and how glad would you be, if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am ſo much later in life, can, or at leaſt could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horſe. You mortally hate writing, only becauſe it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you eaſy in your fortune. You are merciful to every thing but money, your beſt friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be aſſured I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your abſence of mind? Can you attend to trifles? Can you at Ameſbury write domeſtic libels to divert the family, and neighbouring 'ſquires for five miles round? or venture ſo far on horſeback, without apprehending a ſtumble at every ſtep? Can you ſet the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Dutcheſs's women admire your wit? In what eſteem are you with the vicar of the pariſh? Can you play with him at back-

gammon?

gammon? Have the farmers found out, that you cannot diſtinguiſh rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are ſenſible that I know the full extent of your country-ſkill is in fiſhing for roaches, or gudgeons at the higheſt.

I love to do you good offices with your friends; and therefore deſire you will ſhew this letter to the Dutcheſs, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how uſeful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace ſhall have the honour of my correſpondence again when ſhe goes to Ameſbury. Hear a piece of Iriſh news. I buried the famous General Meredyth's father laſt night in my cathedral; he was ninety-ſix years old: So that Mrs Pope may live ſeven years longer. You ſaw Mr Pope in health; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongſt you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day. My ſtint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you; for I would have ſociety, if I could get what I like, people of middle underſtanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

LETTER DXIX.

LADY B——— G——— TO DR SWIFT

London, May 13. 1732.

I AM ſorry my writing ſhould inconvenience your eyes; but I fear it is rather my ſtyle, than my ink, that is ſo hard to be read: However, if I do not forget myſelf, I will enlarge my hand to give you the leſs trouble. Their Graces are at laſt arrived in perfect health, in ſpite of all their perils and dangers, though I muſt own, they were ſo long in their voyage, that they gave me an exceeding heart-ach; and if that would be any hindrance, they ſhall never have my conſent to go back to Ireland, but remain here, and be only king of Knowle and Drayton *; and I do not think it would be worſe for him, either in perſon or pocket. I dare ſay he won't need a remembrancer's office for any thing you have ſpoke to him about; but however I will not fail in the part you have ſet me.

I find you want a ſtrict account of me, how I paſs my time. But firſt, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you allowed me for ſleeping; one or two of them, I do willingly preſent you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally ſpeaking, a conſtant attendant on it every day, yet I will moſt thankfully

* Knowle, a fine old ſeat of the Duke of Dorſet's near Seven Oaks, in Kent. Drayton, ſee letter DIV.

fully ſubmit to your allowance of time; for when complaiſance draws me on farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vaſt expence of my breath, in aſking, Who plays? Who is called? And, what is trumps? If you can recollect any thing of my former way of life, ſuch as it was, ſo it is. I never loved to have my hands idle; they were either full of work or had a book; but as neither ſort was the beſt, or moſt uſeful, ſo you will find forty years have done no more good to my head, than they have to my face. Your old friend Biddy * is much your humble ſervant, and could ſhe get rid of her cough, her ſpleen would do her and her friend no harm: for ſhe loves a ſly ſedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do. The Duke and Dutcheſs are juſt come in, who both preſent their ſervice to you, and will take it as a favour if you will beſtow any of your time that you can ſpare upon ‡ Lord George.

Adieu, for the Dutcheſs, the Counteſs of S——, Mr Charden, and I, are going to quadrille.

* Mrs Biddy Floyd.

† Lord George Sackville was at this time a ſtudent in the univerſity of Dublin.

LETTER DXX.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *London, May* 19. 1732.

TO-MORROW we ſet out for Ameſbury, where I propoſe to follow your advice, of employing myſelf about ſome work againſt next winter. You ſeemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Thoſe I am now writing, have a prefatory diſcourſe before each of them, by way of epiſtle, and the morals of them; moſt are of the political kind, which makes them run into a greater length than thoſe I have already publiſhed. I have already finiſhed fifteen or ſixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the ſame ſize as the firſt. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very eaſy, I find it is the moſt difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finiſhed it, I deſpair of finding out another; but I have a moral or two, which I wiſh to write upon. I have alſo a ſort of ſcheme to raiſe my finances by doing ſomething for the ſtage: with this, and ſome reading, and a great deal of exerciſe, I propoſe to paſs my ſummer. I am ſorry it muſt be without you. Why can't you come and ſaunter about the Downs a-horſeback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to ſhoot for your dinner? Yeſterday I received your letter, and, notwithſtanding your reproaches

of

of lazineſs, I was four or five hours about buſineſs, and did not ſpend a ſhilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's intereſt on your two bonds, which is 8 l. I have four of my own. I have depoſited all of them in the hands of Mr Hoare, to receive the half year's intereſt at Michaelmas. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal ſince I bought your's. I gave very near 6 l. on each bond, and they are now ſold for about 50s. Every thing is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public ſecurities; but I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the South-ſea ſcheme. I do not know whether it will be prudent to truſt our money there till that time. I did what I could to aſſiſt Mr Ryves: and I am very glad that he hath found juſtice. Lord Bathurſt ſpoke for him, and was very zealous in bringing on his cauſe. The Dutcheſs intended to write in my laſt letter, but ſhe ſet out all on a ſudden to take care of Lord Drumlanrig *, who was taken ill of the ſmall-pox at Wincheſter ſchool. He is now perfectly well recovered, (for he had a favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think ſhe ought, as ſhe intends, to renew her correſpondence with you at Ameſbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday. Lady Bolingbroke continues in a very bad ſtate of health, but ſtill retains her ſpirits. You are always remembered there with great reſpect and friendſhip. Mrs Pope is ſo worn out with old age, but without

* Her ſon.

any diſtemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr Pope's ſtate of health is much in the ſame way as when you left him. As for myſelf, I am often troubled with the cholic. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower ſpirits than uſual, which I impute to my having no one purſuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the Duke and Dutcheſs, and Lords Bolingbroke, Bathurſt, Sir William Wyndham, Mr Pulteney, Dr Arbuthnott, Mr Lewis, &c. Every one of them is diſappointed in your not coming among us. I have not ſeen Dean Berkeley, but have read his book †, and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too ſpeculative, at leaſt for me. Dr Delaney I have very ſeldom ſeen; he did not do me the honour to adviſe with me about any thing he hath publiſhed ‡. I like your thoughts upon this ſort of writing, and I ſhould have adviſed him, as you did, though I have loſt his good opinion. I write in very great haſte; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let

† "Alciphron: Or, The Minute Philoſopher." Printed at London, in 1732, in two volumes 8vo.

‡ He publiſhed at London, in this year 1732, in two vols. 8vo, "Revelation examined with Candour: Or, "a Fair Inquiry into the Senſe and Uſe of the ſeveral "Revelations expreſsly declared, or ſufficiently implied, "to be delivered to Mankind from the Creation, as they "were found in the Bible. By a profeſſed Friend to an "honeſt Freedom of Thought in religious Inquiries."

let me hear from you often. But I am ſtill in hopes to ſee you, and will expect a ſummons one day or other to come to Briſtol, in order to be your guide to Ameſbury.

LETTER DXXI.

TO MR POPE.

Dublin, June 12. 1732.

I DOUBT habit hath little power to reconcile us with ſickneſs attended by pain. With me the lowneſs of ſpirits hath a moſt unhappy effect: I am grown leſs patient with ſolitude, and harder to be pleaſed with company, which I could formerly better digeſt, when I could be eaſier without it than at preſent. As to ſending you any thing that I have written ſince I left you, (either verſe or proſe), I can only ſay, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind ſhall be delivered you to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe. I have ſeveral things that I have had ſchemes to finiſh, or to attempt; but I very fooliſhly put off the trouble, as ſinners do their repentance: For I grow every day more averſe from writing, which is very natural; and when I take a pen, ſaying to myſelf a thouſand times, *non eſt tanti*. As to thoſe papers of four or five years paſt, that you are pleaſed to require ſoon, they conſiſt of little accidental things writ in the country;

country; family-amuſements, never intended further than to divert ourſelves and ſome neighbours; or ſome effects of anger or public grievances here, which would be inſignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy three years ago to write a weekly paper, and called it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have ſeen it) was the work only of two, myſelf and Dr Sheridan. If we could have got ſome ingenious young man to have been the manager, who ſhould have publiſhed all that might be ſent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here * could not afford ſuch a young man one farthing for his trouble, the ſale being ſo ſmall, and the price one halfpenny; and ſo it dropt. In the volume you ſaw, (to anſwer your queſtions,) the 1ſt, 3d, 5th, 7th, were mine. Of the 8th, I writ only the verſes, (very uncorrect, but againſt a fellow we all hated); the 9th mine; the 10th only the verſes, and of thoſe not the four laſt ſlovenly lines. The 15th is a pamphlet of mine, printed before with Dr Sh—'s preface, merely for lazineſs not to diſappoint the town; and ſo was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miſeries of Ireland, and wholly uſeleſs and unentertaining †. As to other things of mine ſince I left you; there are, in proſe, a View of the

* John Harding.

† See Vol. III. p. 384. note on the Intelligencer, No. I.

the State of Ireland; a Project for Eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret: In verſe, a Libel on Dr D— and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr D—— on the libels writ againſt him; the Barrack, (a ſtolen copy); the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dreſſing-room, (a ſtolen copy); the Place of the Damned, (a ſtolen copy). All theſe have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you, that the tale of Sir Ralph was ſent from England). Beſides theſe, there are five or ſix (perhaps more) papers of verſes writ in the north; but perfectly family things, two or three of which may be tolerable; the reſt but indifferent, and the humour only local, and ſome that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameneſs, and live long enough to ſee you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the ſcheme of paying debts by a tax on vices, is not one ſyllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance. He told me it was built upon a paſſage in Gulliver, where a projector hath ſomething upon the ſame thought: This young man is the moſt hopeful we have: A book of his poems was printed in London; Dr D—— is one of his patrons: He is married, and has children, and makes up about 100l. a-year, on which he lives decently. The utmoſt ſtretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much ſuperfluous money as will give him a ſight of you, and half an hour of your preſence; after which he

he will return home in full ſatisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained; and I profeſs I grow gradually ſo dry, that a rhyme with me is almoſt as hard to find as a guinea; and even proſe ſpeculations tire me almoſt as much. Yet I have a thing in proſe, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four-ſhilling volume; and is ſuch a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs *. Nay, I have another † of the ſame age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worſe than the former, in which I will ſerve you the ſame way. I heard lately from Mr ——, who promiſes to be leſs lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are ſeldom provident enough to conſider, that both wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is paſt.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her; and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too ſolitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me; and I believe the beſt part of the reaſon why men are ſaid to grow children when they are old, is, becauſe they cannot entertain themſelves with thinking; which is the very caſe of little boys and girls, who

* Polite Converſation, Vol. X. p. 113.

† Directions to Servants, Vol. X. p. 260.

who love to be noiſy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs Pope is without pain; and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneaſineſs to herſelf or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater ſufferer, by having the perſon you moſt love, ſo long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

LETTER DXXII.

LADY CATHARINE JONES TO DR SWIFT.

June 15. 1732.

THE return of my humble thanks to Mr Dean by the date it bears, looks more like a ſlumber of gratitude, than the quick ſenſe of that rare virtue which I owe to you, Sir, for the trouble you have ſo willingly undertaken, in executing what I ſo much deſired; ſince the manner you have done it in, anſwers my wiſhes in every reſpect. The propoſal you made, I acquainted my ſiſter Kildare, and niece Fanny Coningſby with; for, being but one part of the family, I cannot act farther than they will conſent, which is, that they will ſettle twenty ſhillings *per* year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the ſame occaſion.

I need not inform you, Mr Dean, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different ſpecies: And though I have the

the honour to be allied to my Lord Burlington, yet ſince the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me, is as if I was a ſeparated blood; or elſe I am vain enough to ſay, we are ſprung from one anceſtor, whoſe aſhes keep up a greater luſtre than thoſe who are not reduced to them.

I cannot conclude without ſaying, that, were I worthy in any way to have the pleaſure of ſeeing Dean Swift, I do not know any paſſion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of ſeeing the author of ſo much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage of. Your moſt humble and obliged ſervant,

CATHARINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr French is juſt, and his due.

LETTER DXXIII.

Dublin, July 10. 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr Ryves a long time after the date, for I ſuppoſe he ſtaid long in the way. I am glad you determine upon ſomething. There is no writing I eſteem more than fables, nor any thing ſo difficult to ſucceed in; which however you have done excellently well; and I have often admired your happineſs in ſuch a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you ſeem to hint. I found a moral firſt, and

ſtudied

ſtudied for a fable; but could do nothing that pleaſed me, and ſo left off that ſcheme for ever. I remember one, which was, to repreſent what ſcoundrels riſe in armies by a long war; wherein I ſuppoſed the lion was engaged, and having loſt all his animals of worth, at laſt Serjeant Hog came to be a Brigadier, and Corporal Aſs a Colonel, &c. I agree with you likewiſe about getting ſomething by the ſtage; which, when it ſucceeds, is the beſt crop for poetry in England. But pray take ſome new ſcheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The preſent humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your preſent ſituation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but thoſe circumſtances may have altered (at leaſt the former) ſince I left you. My ſcheme was, to paſs a month at Ameſbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and ſometimes at Riſkins; without going to London, where I now can have no occaſional lodgings. But I am not yet in any condition for ſuch removals. I would fain have you get enough againſt you grow old, to have two or three ſervants about you, and a convenient houſe. It is hard to want thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti*, when a man grows hard to pleaſe, and few people care whether he be pleaſed or no. I have a large houſe; yet I ſhould hardly prevail to find one viſitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine; ſo that when I am not

abroad on horſeback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will paſs the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me; and ſo here's your health, ——and the ſecond and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Dutcheſs.—— And I tell you, that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Pope, a couple of philoſophers, would ſtarve me; for even of port wine I ſhould require half a pint a-day, and as much at night: And you were growing as bad, unleſs your Duke and Dutcheſs have mended you. Your cholic is owing to intemperance of the philoſophical kind: You eat without care; and if you think leſs than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, becauſe I imagined the cauſe was removed; for I thought it lay in your forty millions of Schemes, by court-hopes and court-fears. Yet Mr Pope has the ſame defect, and it is of all others the moſt mortal to converſation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: All for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* But the Doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life ſhould I lead among you? If the Dutcheſs be a *reveuſe*, I will never come to Ameſbury; or if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the ſteward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I mentioned ſomething to Mr Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of courſe when

when we return to town; and yet I am aſſured, that if they meet again next ſummer, they have a better title to reſume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of correſponding with your Grace to be better eſtabliſhed upon your return to Ameſbury; and I ſhall at this time deſcend to forget, or at leaſt ſuſpend my reſentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I ſtill keep in my heart, that Mr Gay had no ſooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill; though your guilt confounded you ſo far, that you wanted preſence of mind to blot out the laſt line, where that command ſtared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worſt: and fortune is ever againſt me; but never ſo much as by purſuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to anſwer. By your connivance ſhe hath pleaſed, by one ſtumble on the ſtairs, to give me a lameneſs that ſix months have not been able perfectly to cure; and thus I am prevented from revenging myſelf, by continuing a month at Ameſbury, and breeding confuſion in your Grace's family. No diſappointment through my whole life hath been ſo vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I ſhall ever live to ſee the inviſible lady to whom I was obliged for ſo many favours, and whom I never beheld ſince ſhe was a brat in hanging ſleeves. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude,

Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble, &c.

LETTER DXXIV.

LORD BOLINGBROKE TO DR SWIFT.

July 18. 1732.

I WRITE this letter in hopes that Pope, a man ſcattered in the world (according to the French phraſe) willſoon procure me an opportunity of conveying it ſafely to you, my Reverend Dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of ſtate, nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our miniſters: It might paſs in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot againſt themſelves, if not againſt the ſtate, or, at leaſt, it might furniſh them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and diſappointing a good-natured thing; which being a pleaſure to the malicious and the baſe, I ſhould be ſorry to give it on any occaſion, and eſpecially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum**.

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in Berkſhire, a clergyman, one Talbot, related to the Solicitor-general, and protected by him. This man has now

* 'Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother Horace.'

now the living of Burfield*, which the late Biſhop of Durham held before, and, for aught I know, after he was Biſhop of Oxford. The living is worth 400 l. *per annum*, over and above a curate paid, as Mr Correy, a gentleman who does my buſineſs in that country, and who is a very grave authority, aſſures me. The parſonage-houſe is extremely good, the place pleaſant, and the air excellent, the diſtance from London a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumſtance of ſome importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are not a great jockey. Mr Talbot has many reaſons, which make him deſirous to ſettle in Ireland for the reſt of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferment ſome time. As ſoon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the ſame mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinſman to make it practicable at court. He anſwered for his own acceptance, and his kinſman's endeavours. I employed next ſome friends to ſecure my Lord Dorſet, who very frankly declared himſelf ready to ſerve you in any thing, and in this, if you deſired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the ſame time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanry is not in the nomination of the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more eaſy, more hard I think it cannot be; but, in all caſes,

* 'A rectory in Berkſhire.'

it requires other meaſures to be taken. One of theſe, I believe, muſt be to prepare Dr Hoadley, Biſhop of Saliſbury, if that be poſſible, to prepare his brother the Archbiſhop of Dublin. The light in which the propoſition muſt be repreſented to him, and to our miniſters, (if it be made to them), is this, that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themſelves, and ſilly in you to aſk. I ſuppoſe it will not be hard to perſuade them, that it is better for them you ſhould be a private pariſh-prieſt in an Engliſh county, than a dean in the metropolis of Ireland, where they know, becauſe they have felt, your authority and influence. At leaſt, this topic is a plauſible one for thoſe who ſpeak to them, to inſiſt upon, and coming out of a Whig's mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be eaſily perſuaded, that quitting power for eaſe, and a greater for a leſs revenue, is a fooliſh bargain, which they ſhould by conſequence help you to make.

You ſee now the ſtate of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your ſide of the water: as to thoſe on this, nothing ſhall be neglected. Find ſome ſecure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man elſe upon earth has. Or rather, diſpoſe of affairs ſo as to come hither immediately. You intended to come ſome time ago. You ſpeak, in a letter Pope has juſt now received from

from you, as if you ſtill had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the ſummer, and the ſooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with ſtirrups, is trifling: Get on Pegaſus, beſtride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the Revelations. To be ſerious; come any how, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires diſpatch and management. Though I have room, I will not ſay one word to you about Berkeley's* or Delany's books †. Some part of the former is hard to be underſtood; none of the latter is to be read. I propoſe, however, to reconcile you to metaphyſics, by ſhewing how they may be employed againſt metaphyſicians; and that whenever you do not underſtand them, nobody elſe does, no not thoſe who write them.

I know you are inquiſitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place: it is tolerable, better than it has been in ſome years. Come and ſee her; you ſhall be nurſed, fondled, and humoured. She deſires you to accept this aſſurance, with her humble ſervice. Your horſes ſhall be graſed in ſummer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man ſhall have meat, drink, and lodging. Waſhing I cannot afford, Mr Dean, for I am grown ſaving. Thanks to your ſermon about frugality.

LETTER

* 'Alciphron: Or, The Minute Philoſopher.'

† 'Revelation examined with Candour.'

LETTER DXXV.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

Drayton, July 19. 1732.

I BELIEVE you won't wonder at my long ſilence, when I tell you that Mrs Floyd * came ill here, but that ſhe kept very much to herſelf; and ever ſince ſhe has been here, till within theſe two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may eaſily gueſs what I muſt have ſuffered for a ſo long tried, prudent, uſeful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows, ſhe is now exceſſively weak, and mends but ſlowly: However, I have now great hopes, and am very good at believing what I heartily wiſh. As I dare ſay, you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illneſs, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herſelf in a conſumption a great while: But though ſhe has had the moſt dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors ſaid it was not that; but none of them did ſay what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long miles off), has lately been left ten thouſand pounds, and now hates his buſineſs; he ſays it is a ſharp humour that falls upon her nerves, ſometimes on her ſtomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things ſhe has been forced to take.

After

* Mrs Biddy Floyd.

After this, you will not expect I ſhould have followed your orders, and ride, for I have ſcarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, becauſe ſhe conſtrained herſelf to hide her illneſs from me.

The Duke and Dutcheſs of Dorſet have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will ſoon. I don't know whether you remember Mrs Crowther and Mrs Acourt: They and Mr Parſode are my company; but as I love my houſe full, I expect more ſtill. My Lady —— talks of making me a ſhort viſit. I have been ſo full of Mrs Floyd, that I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am ſuch a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my ſiſter Pen's age was, but I think ſhe could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurſe uſed to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady ſtill, ſo will not allow myſelf to be more than forty-eight next birth-day; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wiſh I never had been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

LETTER

LETTER DXXVI.

MR GAY AND THE DUTCHESS OF —— TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, July* 24. 1732.

AS the circumstances of our money-affairs are altered, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with them as soon as I can; which if I had not received your letter last post, I should have done now. I left your two South-sea bonds, and four of my own, in Mr Hoare's hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the interest for us when due; or if you should want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the South-sea Company have come to a resolution to pay off 50 *per cent.* of their bonds, with the interest of the 50 *per cent.* to Michaelmas next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr Hoare's hands at present without any interest going on. As you seem to be inclined to have your money remitted to Ireland, I will not lay out the sum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I shall see Mr Hoare in this country very soon; for he hath an house not above six miles from us, and I intend to advise with him; though, in the present situation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 *per cent.* were it to be sold

ſold at preſent, bears a premium. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the ſubject. I cannot ſend you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for intereſt, beſides your principal; and you will underſtand ſo much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr Hoare's hands, without any intereſt. So, ſince I cannot ſend you the particulars of your account, I will now ſay no more about it.

I ſhall finiſh the work I intended this ſummer; but I look upon the ſucceſs in every reſpect to be precarious. You judge very right of my preſent ſituation, that I cannot propoſe to ſucceed by favour; and I don't think, if I could flatter myſelf that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfaſhionable pretenſion.

I have almoſt done every thing I propoſed in in the way of fables; but have not ſet the laſt hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much ſuch another volume as the laſt. I find it the moſt difficult taſk I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and after this, I believe I ſhall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Laſt poſt I had a letter from Mr Pope, who informs me, he hath heard from you, and that he is preparing ſome ſcattered things of your's and his for the preſs. I believe I ſhall not ſee him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a ſtock of health, to ſquander

in

in the town. You ſee, in this reſpect, my ſcheme is very like the country-gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me; ſo that in that point we ſhall agree very well in living together; and the Dutcheſs will anſwer for me, that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget any thing ſhe ſays to me.

The Dutcheſs here takes up the reſt of the line.

For he never hears what I ſay, ſo cannot forget. If I ſerved him the ſame way, I ſhould not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my Tunbridge acquaintance, whom, by my attention to him, I have learned to ſet my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philoſophical reaſon, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in London, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their beſt friends; which, if I thought modeſtly of myſelf, muſt needs be you, becauſe you know little of me. Till you do more, pray don't perſuade Mr Gay, that he is diſcreet enough to live alone; for I do aſſure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great uſe to one another; for we never flatter nor contradict, but when it is abſolutely neceſſary, and then we do it to ſome purpoſe; particularly the firſt agrees mightily with our conſtitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for ſome body is never ſick, except he eats too much. He

will

will not quarrel with you for a glaſs or ſo; for by that means he hopes to gulp down ſome of that forty millions of Schemes that hindered him from being good company. I would fain ſee you here, there is ſo fair a chance that one of us muſt be pleaſed, perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one: It is ſo well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet muſt go to the mountain. But before either of our journies are ſettled, I deſire you would reſolve me one queſtion, whether a man, who thinks himſelf well where he is, ſhould look out of his houſe and ſervants before 'tis convenient, before he grows old, or before a perſon, with whom he lives, pulls him out by the ſleeve in private, (according to oath), and tells him, they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, &c.

The Duke is very much your's, and will never leave you to your wine *. Many thanks for your drum.———I wiſh to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe ———.

* When the Dean was with Mr Pope at Twickenham, he uſed to deſert them ſoon after ſupper, with, "Well, "gentlemen, I leave you to your wine."

LETTER DXXVII.

MRS CÆSAR * TO DR SWIFT.

Auguſt 6. 1732.

PERMIT me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs Barber, with thanks for pleaſures enjoyed in her company; for had ſhe not come recommended by the Dean of St Patrick's, likely I had paſſed by her unheeded, being apt to follow a good author, in ſhunning thoſe of my own coat. But hold; I muſt look if it runs not from corner to corner, which I more fear than length. For Pope ſays, Though ſometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. So, with Mr Cæſar's and my beſt wiſhes, thou worthy, witty, honeſt Dean, farewell.

M. ADELMAR CÆSAR.

LETTER DXXVIII.

LADY WORSLEY * TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *Auguſt 6.* 1732.

I FLATTER myſelf, that if you had received my laſt letter, you would have favoured me with

* Wife to the treaſurer of the navy during Lord Oxford's adminiſtration, in the reign of Queen Anne.

* Frances Lady Worſlley, wife of Sir Robert Worſley, Bart. and mother of Lady Carteret, wife of John Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl Granville.

with an anſwer; therefore I take it for granted it is loſt.

I was ſo proud of your commands, and ſo fearful of being ſupplanted by my daughter, that I went to work immediately, that her box might not keep her in your remembrance, whilſt there was nothing to put you in mind of an old friend and humble ſervant. But Mrs Barber's long ſtay here (who promiſed me to convey it to you) has made me appear very negligent. I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the ſhare you once told me I had in your heart. What if I am a great-grand-mother, I can ſtill diſtinguiſh your merit from all the reſt of the world; but it is not conſiſtent with your good breeding to put me in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to uſe my intereſt with Sir Robert for a living in the Iſle of Wight, though nothing elſe could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you Archbiſhop of Canterbury, I ſhould forget my reſentments for ſake of the flock, who very much want a careful ſhepherd. Are we to have the honour of ſeeing you or not? I have freſh hopes given me; but I dare not pleaſe myſelf too much with them, leſt I ſhould be again diſappointed. If I had it as much in my power as my inclination to ſerve Mrs Barber, ſhe ſhould not be kept thus long attending; but I hope her next voyage may prove more ſucceſsful. She is juſt come in, and tells me you have ſprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till the next ſummer; but aſſure yourſelf the Bath is the only infallible cure for ſuch an accident.

If you have any regard remaining for me, you'll ſhew it by taking my advice; if not, I'll endeavour to forget you, if I can. But till that doubt is cleared, I am, as much as ever, the Dean's obedient humble ſervant,

F. WORSELEY

LETTER DXXIX.

Dublin, Aug. 12. 1732.

I KNOW not what to ſay to the account of your ſtewardſhip, and it is monſtrous to me, that the South-ſea ſhould pay half their debts at one clap. But I will ſend for the money when you put me into the way; for I ſhall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miſeries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worſe than ever; ſo that I ſhall ſoon petition the Dutcheſs, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thouſand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me ſix hogſheads of wine, which will ſupport me a year; *proviſæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace deſired no more; for I will conſtrue *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get ſome lucky hint, which muſt come by chance, and it ſhall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures;* and you ſhall not finiſh it in haſte, and it ſhall be diverting, and uſefully ſatirical, and the Dutcheſs ſhall be your critic; and betwixt you

you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you till this time ſeven years. I had lately an offer to change for an Engliſh living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300 l. a-year; and that muſt be made up out of the Dutcheſs's pin-money, before I can conſent. I want to be miniſter of Ameſbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riſkins, and prebendary of Weſtminſter; elſe I will not ſtir a ſtep, but content myſelf with making the Dutcheſs miſerable three months next ſummer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Dutcheſs and you, who are both out of favour; and ſo I find am I, by a few verſes wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr D——y has got a wife with 1600 l. a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thouſand. I wiſh you would inquire of ſuch a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profeſs I envy you above all men in England. You want nothing but three thouſand pounds more to keep you in plenty, when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt evil at Ameſbury, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the ſervants, with ſome other leſſons which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know, whether the vicar of Ameſbury can play at backgammon. Pray aſk him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

To the Dutcheſs.

MADAM,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr Gay laſt in London, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, he would anſwer, "Well, I am determi-"ned not to accept the employment of Gentle-"man-uſher:" And of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends; and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair.—As to yourſelf, I would ſay to you (though compariſons be odious) what I ſaid to the ——, that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me: My compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by ſix months converſing. Your pen is always more natural, and ſincere, and unaffected than your tongue: In writing you are too lazy to give yourſelf the trouble of acting a part; and have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly, that I have you at mercy: And although you ſhould arrive to ſuch a heighth of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only.

I will anſwer your queſtion. Mr Gay is not diſcreet

diſcreet enough to live alone, but he is too diſcreet to live alone; and yet (unleſs you mend him) he will live alone in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the ſubject of bread and butter, is the moſt uſual thing in the world. Parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cauſe: From hence, and from hence only, ariſe all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between thoſe who are in the miniſtry, and thoſe who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army. Even the common proverb teaches you this, when we ſay, It is none of my bread and butter; meaning, It is no buſineſs of mine. Therefore I deſpair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjuſted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet ſhould come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr Gay's way of living at Ameſbury, ſhe offered fifty guineas to have you both at her houſe for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your queſtion I anſwer, That your Grace ſhould pull me by the ſleeve till you tore it off; and when you ſaid you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you ſay of my Lord Duke, unleſs I ſee three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of your's. I have a concern in the whole family,

family, and Mr Gay muſt give me a particular account of every branch; for I am not aſhamed of you, though you be Duke and Dutcheſs; though I have been of others who are, &c. and I do not doubt but even your own ſervants love you, even down to your poſtilions; and when I come to Ameſbury, before I ſee your Grace, I will have an hour's converſation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you will talk to Goody Dobſon and the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her ſon Jacky. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect, your Grace's moſt obedient, &c.

LETTER DXXX.

ALDERMAN BARBER TO DR SWIFT.

SIR, *London, Aug.* 24. 1732.

I WISH Dr Delaney had complied with your requeſt ſooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr Pilkington. I could have been glad alſo, that he had acquainted you, as I deſired him, with the particulars how I ſtood circumſtantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myſelf that your uſual goodnature would have induced you to comply with my requeſt, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in your recommendation of Mr Pilkington; which would have given me a good excuſe

excuſe for my refuſing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common-council-men had recommended to me above ſix months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the Doctor's not receiving a letter I ſent him, which, by miſtake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter, had he ſeen in time, would have prevented ſome little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I muſt get over as well as I can.

For, Sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I ſhall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occaſion to ſhow my gratitude; and do hereby, at your requeſt, make Mr Pilkington my chaplain, when Mayor. I wiſh it may anſwer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if ſo much, as I am told he conſtantly dines with the Mayor; but I am afraid can't lie in the Hall, the rooms being all of ſtate. For your ſake I will ſhew him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to Jo. (Dr I mean) Trapp. The Mayor's day is the 30th of October; ſo that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the ſpring, and ſee a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am perſuaded you would have put me to an additional expence, by having a raree-ſhew (or pageant) as of old, on the Lord-Mayor's day. Mr Pope and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through

the

the city, with a printing-preſs, author, publiſhers, hawkers, devils, &c. and a ſatirical poem printed and thrown from the preſs to the mob, in public view, but not to give offence; but your abſence ſpoils that deſign.

Pray God preſerve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and ſatisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to ſubſcribe myſelf, with great ſincerity, Sir, your moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

LETTER DXXXI.

MR GAY AND THE DUTCHESS OF——, TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Ameſbury, Aug.* 28. 1732.

MR Hoare hath a hundred and odd pounds of your's in his hands, which you may have whenever you pleaſe to draw upon me for it. I know I am more indebted to you, I mean beſides the South-ſea bond of a hundred that ſtill ſubſiſts; but I cannot tell you exactly how your account ſtands till I go to town. I have money of my own too in Mr Hoare's hands, which I know not at preſent how to diſpoſe of. I believe I ſhall leave it without intereſt till I go to town, and ſhall then be at the ſame loſs how to diſpoſe of it as now. I have an intention to

get

get more money next winter; but am prepared for diſappointments, which I think it is very likely I ſhall meet with; yet as you think it convenient and neceſſary that I ſhould have more than I have, you ſee I do what I can to oblige you. If my deſign ſhould take effect, I deſire you will be as eaſy under it as I ſhall be; for I find you ſo ſolicitous about me, that you cannot bear my diſappointments as well as I can. If I don't write intelligibly to you, it is becauſe I would not have the clerks of the poſt-office know every thing I am doing. If you would come here this ſummer, you might, with me, have helped to have drank up the Duke's wine, and ſaved your money. I am grown ſo ſaving of late, that I very often reproach myſelf with being covetous; and I am very often afraid that I ſhall have the trouble of having money, and never have the pleaſure of making uſe of it. I wiſh you could live among us; but not unleſs it could be to your eaſe and ſatisfaction. You inſiſt upon your being miniſter of Ameſbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riſking, and a prebendary of Weſtminſter. For your being miniſter in thoſe places, I cannot promiſe you; but I know you might have a good living in every one of them. Gambadoes I have rid in, and I think them a very fine and uſeful invention; but I have not made uſe of them ſince I left Devonſhire. I ride and walk every day to ſuch exceſs, that I am afraid I ſhall take a ſurfeit of it. I am ſure, if I am not better in health after it, it is not

worth

worth the pains. I ſay this, though I have this ſeaſon ſhot nineteen brace of partridges. I have very little acquaintance with our vicar; he doth not live among us, but reſides in another pariſh. And I have not played at backgammon with any body ſince I came to Ameſbury, but Lady Harold, and Lady Bateman. As Dr Delaney hath taken away a fortune from us*, I expect to be recommended in Ireland. If authors of godly books are entitled to ſuch fortunes, I deſire you would recommend me as a moral one: I mean in Ireland, for that recommendation would not do in England.

THE DUTCHESS BEGINS.

The Dutcheſs will not lend you two or three thouſand pounds to keep up your dignity, for reaſons to *Strada del Poe;* but ſhe had much rather give you that, or ten thouſand pounds more, than lay it out in a fine petticoat to make herſelf reſpected.

I believe, for all you give Mr Gay much good advice, that you are a very indiſcreet perſon yourſelf, or elſe you would come here to take care of your own affairs; and not be ſo indiſcreet as to ſend for your money over to a place where there is none. Mr Gay is a very rich man; for I really think he does not wiſh to be richer; but he will, for he is doing what you bid him; though if it may not be allowed, he will acquire greater honour, and leſs trouble. His covetouſneſs

* The Doctor married Mrs Pendervas.

neſs, at preſent, is for health, which he takes ſo much pains for, that he does not allow himſelf time to enjoy it. Neither does he allow himſelf time to be either abſent or preſent. When he began to be a ſportſman, he had like to have killed a dog; and now every day I expect he will kill himſelf, and then the bread and butter affair can never be brought before you. It is really an affair of too great conſequence to be truſted in a letter, therefore pray come on purpoſe to decide it. If you do, you will not hear how familiar I am with Goody Dobſon; for I have ſeen Goody Dobſon play at that with ſo ill a grace, that I was determined never to riſk any thing ſo unbecoming. I am not beloved, neither do I love any creature, except a very few, and thoſe for not having any ſort of merit, but only becauſe it is my humour. In this rank Mr Gay ſtands firſt, and yourſelf next, if you like to be reſpected upon theſe conditions. Now do you know me? He ſtands over me and ſcolds me for ſpelling ill; and is very peeviſh (and ſleepy) that I do not give him up the pen; for he has yawned for it a thouſand times. We both once heard a lady (who at that time we both thought well of) wiſh that ſhe had the beſt living in England to give you. It was not I; but I do wiſh it with all my heart, if Mr Gay does not hang out falſe lights for his friend.

MR GAY GOES ON HERE.

I had forgot to tell you, that I very lately received a letter from Twickenham, in which was this paragraph: "Motte and another idle fellow, I find, have been writing to the Dean, to get him to give them ſome copy-right, which ſurely he will be not ſo indiſcreet as to do, when he knows my deſign, and has done theſe two months and more. Surely I ſhould be a properer perſon to truſt the diſtribution of his works with, than ſo common a bookſeller. Here will be nothing but the ludicrous and little things; none of the political, or any things of conſequence, which are wholly at his own diſpoſal. But at any rate, it would be ſilly in him to give a copy-right to any, which can only put the manner of publiſhing them hereafter out of his own and his friends power, into that of mercenaries."

I really think this is a very uſeful precaution, conſidering how you have been treated by theſe ſort of fellows.

The Duke is faſt aſleep, or he would add a line.

LETTER DXXXII.

SIR WILLIAM FOWNES TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Iſland-Bridge, 9th Sept.* 1732.

IT has been the obſervation of travellers (as I have been frequently told) that, in all the countries

countries they have ſeen, they never met with fewer public charitable foundations than in this kingdom.

Private charities, no doubt, will have their reward; but public are great incitements; and good examples often draw others on, though grudgingly; and ſo a good work be done, no matter who are the workmen.

When I was Lord Mayor, I ſaw ſome miſerable lunatics expoſed to the hazard of others as well as themſelves. I had ſix ſtrong cells made at the work-houſe for the moſt outrageous, which were ſoon filled; and by degrees, in a ſhort time, thoſe few drew upon us the ſolicitations of many, till, by the time the old corporation ceaſed, we had, in that houſe, forty and upwards. The door being opened, intereſt ſoon made way to let in the fooliſh, and ſuch like, as mad folks. Theſe grew a needleſs charge upon us; and had that courſe gone on, by this time the houſe had been filled with ſuch. The new corporation got rid of moſt of theſe by death or the care of friends, and came to a reſolution not to admit any ſuch for the future; and the firſt denial was to a requeſt of the Earl of Kildare, which put a full ſtop to all farther applications. As I take it, there are at this time a number of objects which require aſſiſtance; and probably many may be reſtored, if proper care could be taken of them. There is no public place for their reception, nor private undertakers, as about London. Friends and relations here would pay the charge

of their ſupport and attendance, if there were a place for ſecuring ſuch lunatics.

I own to you, I was for ſome time averſe to our having a public Bedlam, apprehending we ſhould be overloaded with numbers, under the name of mad. Nay, I was apprehenſive our caſe would ſoon be like that in England; wives and huſbands trying who could firſt get the other to Bedlam. Many who were next heirs to eſtates, would try their ſkill to render the poſſeſſor diſordered, and get them confined, and ſoon run them into real madneſs. Such like conſequences I dreaded, and therefore have been ſilent on the ſubject till of late. Now I am convinced that regard ſhould be had to thoſe under ſuch diſmal circumſtances: And I have heard the Primate and others expreſs their concern for them; and no doubt but very ſufficient ſubſcriptions may be had to ſet this needful work on foot. I ſhould think it would be a pleaſure to any one that has any intention this way, to ſee ſomething done in their lifetime, rather than leave it to the conduct of poſterity. I would not conſent to the proceeding on ſuch a work in the manner I have ſeen our poor-houſe, and Dr Steven's hoſpital, *viz.* to have ſo expenſive a foundation laid, that the expence of the building ſhould require ſuch a ſum, and ſo long a time to finiſh, as will take up half an age.

My ſcheme for ſuch an undertaking ſhould be much to this effect:

Firſt, I would have a ſpot of ground fixed on, that

that ſhould be in a good open air, free from the neighbourhood of houſes; for the cries and exclamations of the outrageous would reach a great way, and ought not to diſturb neighbours; which was what you did not think of when you mentioned a ſpot in a cloſe place almoſt in the heart of the city. There are many places in the out-ſkirts of the city I can name very proper.

Next to the fixing of a proper ſpot, I would, when that is ſecured, (which ſhould be a good ſpace), have it well incloſed with a high wall, the coſt of all which muſt be known. Then I would have the cells of the Royal Hoſpital Infirmary, lately made for mad people, be examined, how convenient, and how in all points they are adapted to the purpoſe, with the coſt of theſe cells, which I take to be ſix or eight pounds. Then I would proceed to the very needful houſe for the maſter and the proper ſervants. Then another building, to which there ſhould be a piazza for a ſtone-gallery, for walking dry; and out of that ſeveral lodging cells for ſuch as are not outrageous, but melancholy, &c. This may be enlarged in length, or by a return; and overhead the ſame ſort of a gallery, with little rooms, or cells, opening the doors into the gallery; for, by intervals, the objects affected may be permitted to walk at times in the galleries.

This is according to the cuſtom of London. Annexed to the maſter's houſe muſt be the kitchen and offices.

This proceeding may be ſo contrived, as to be

enlarged from time to time, as there ſhall be a fund, and occaſion to require the additions. There is no neceſſity for any plans or architects; but an ordinary capacity may contrive thoſe enlargements. Perhaps there may appear ſome well-diſpoſed perſons, who will ſay, they will make this enlargement; and, by ſuch helps, they may be ſufficiently done to anſwer all purpoſes. It comes juſt now into my head, that there is a very proper ſpot *, which I think the Chapter of St Patrick let to one Lee, a brick-layer, or builder. It lies back of Aungier-ſtreet eaſt, comes out of York-ſtreet, down a place called the Dunghill, runs down to the end of King-ſtreet, facing William-ſtreet; at the north-end of which ſome alms-houſes are built by Dowling and others. Alſo there ſtands to the front of the ſtreet, a large ſtone building, called an Alms-houſe, made by Mrs Mercer; though by-the-bye, I hear ſhe is weary of her project, and does little in ſupplying that houſe, or endowing it. Perhaps the ground may be eaſily come at from Lee's heirs; and, by your application, I know not but Mrs Mercer may give her houſe up to promote ſo good a work. This will go a good way, and being followed by ſubſcriptions, a great and ſpeedy progreſs may be made, in which I will readily join my intereſt and labour. If that ſpot fails, we will pitch upon another. Whatſoever may be

* The ground here mentioned by Sir William Fownes does not belong to the Dean and Chapter of St Patrick's, but to the corporation of Vicars choral in that cathedral.

be your future intentions, don't deny me the conſideration of the good your appearance and help may now do. I would not make a ſtep in this affair, if it ſhall not be agreed, that all matters, which require the conſent by votes, ſhall be determined by the method of a ballotting-box, that no great folks, or their ſpeeches, ſhould carry what they pleaſe, by their method of ſcoring upon paper, and ſeeing who marks, *&c.* too much practiſed.

If there be nothing in this paper worth your attention, you know how to diſpoſe of it. You have the thoughts of your aſſured humble ſervant.

W. FOWNES.

THE PROPOSAL.

I. That an hoſpital, called Bedlam, be built in the city of Dublin, or liberties, for the reception of lunatics from any parts of the kingdom.

II. In order to promote ſo good a work, let ſubſcriptions be taken in Dublin, and every city and town in the kingdom; and that the chief magiſtrate of each place be deſired to recommend the ſubſcription-paper ſent to him for that purpoſe.

III. That when public notice is given in print, that ground is ſecured for building the hoſpital of Bedlam, the ſubſcription be collected, and ſent to Dublin, and paid into the hands of

Query, Mr Thorn, ſteward to the Blue-Coat hoſpital, a very proper perſon.

IV.

IV. That upon notice given by Mr Thorn, that he he has received 200 l. a meeting ſhall be held of all ſubſcribers who happen to be in Dublin, at a proper time and place.

V. Such perſons as ſubſcribe 5 l. or upwards, to have a vote at ſuch meeting.

VI. That Mr Thorn, giving ſecurity, be continued to receive and pay out the money ſubſcribed for one year, and be allowed only ſixpence *per* pound, for receiving and paying.

VII. That the money firſt laid out ſhall be for the building of ſix or eight ſtrong cells, for outrageous lunatics to be confined in, and after the form of thoſe made at the infirmary of the Royal Hoſpital.

VIII. That the college of phyſicians be deſired to contribute to this good work, by appointing two or three of their body to be preſent at the firſt meeting, and to give their opinion as to the conveniency of the cells, what boilers are proper to be ſet up in a kitchen, and what food is proper to be provided for ſuch lunatics.

IX. That near the cells be made a kitchen, ſmall at firſt, and in ſuch a manner, as capable to be enlarged. That over this kitchen be a middle room, and over it a garret, to lodge the cook-maid and one other maid.

X. That adjoining the kitchen may be made one room, of 18 feet by 18, which may ſerve for Mr Thorn to attend in, and where the doctors, or any ſubſcribers, may meet on occaſion. And over the room another, to ſerve for a ſtore-room;

and

and a garret to lodge a porter or two, that muſt attend the lunatics.

XI. That theſe buildings be made plain and ſtrong, with as little coſt as can be.

XII. That the charge of theſe be computed ſeparate, and of the inſide neceſſaries; ſo that the work may go on as faſt as the ſubſcription-fund can be got in.

XIII. That the ſubſcribers, at the firſt meeting, do elect ſeven of their number, ſuch as are knowing in carrying on of the work, and willing to attend at needful times. That any three or more, at any meeting at the hoſpital, may give directions for proceeding on the buildings agreed upon to be made at the firſt meeting of the ſubſcribers; at which firſt meeting a ſecond meeting may be agreed upon, and ſo from time to time.

The walling-in of the piece of ground intended for this uſe may go on as the fund will bear, without obſtructing the firſt uſeful buildings. And whereas there are lunatics of ſeveral kinds, as the melancholy, *&c.* and ſome that are unruly by fits, a building muſt be deſigned for this ſort; the floors not lofty, but made ſufficiently airy, twenty feet wide, whereof ten for a gallery, and ten for lodges; each lodge eight or ten feet broad.

DEAR SIR,

Herewith you have my thoughts of the affair you mentioned to me. I wiſh I could prevail

on

on you to patronize it, and lay down your own ſcheme. I am moſt confident it cannot fail going on briſkly. You have friends and intereſt enough to ſet it a-going, although there may be ſome grandees would rather other hands had the conduct of it; yet the work ſpeaks ſo much for itſelf, they muſt be aſhamed not to contribute, much more to obſtruct it.

In the paper called 'The Propoſal,' I have conſidered the privateſt and leaſt expenſive way of going to work, avoided public forms, and grandees interpoſing. Tom Thorn by chance I thought upon for that reaſon, and for preventing jobs, &c. Do what you pleaſe with my papers. I am juſt ditto.

LETTER DXXXIII.

LADY B—— G—— TO DR SWIFT.

London, Nov. 7. 1732.

I SHOULD have anſwered your's ſooner, but that I every day expected another from you, with your orders to ſpeak to the Duke; which I ſhould with great pleaſure have obeyed, as it was to ſerve a friend of your's. Mrs Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have ſeen her theſe many years, though ſhe has ſtill her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I muſt never expect ſhe ſhould be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now

is,

is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glaſſes, ſuch as are commonly filled at ſober houſes; and that ſhe makes ſo great a rout, with ſo many faces, that there is nobody, that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely ſuſpect ſhe drinks drams in private.

I am ſorry to find our taſtes ſo different in the ſame perſon; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, ſo it is ſurpriſing to me to find Lady S—— dwindle in your's, who riſes infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you ſay, you will ſay no more of courts for fear of growing angry; and indeed, I think you are ſo already, ſince you level all without knowing them, and ſeem to think, that none who belongs to a court can act right. I am ſure this cannot be really and truly your ſenſe, becauſe it is unjuſt; and if it is, I ſhall ſuſpect there is ſomething of your old maxim in it, (which I ever admired and found true) that you muſt have offended them, becauſe you don't forgive. I have been about a fortnight from Knowle, and ſhall next Thurſday go there again for about three weeks, where I ſhall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am moſt faithfully and ſincerely your's.

LETTER

LETTER DXXXIV.

MR GAY TO DR SWIFT.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 16. 1732.

I AM at laſt come to London before the family, to follow my own inventions. In a week or fortnight I expect the family will follow me. You may now draw upon me for your money as ſoon as you pleaſe. I have ſome of my own too that lies dead; and I proteſt I do not know which way at preſent to diſpoſe of it, every thing is ſo precarious. I paid Mr Lancelot 12 l. and pay myſelf the five guineas you had of me, and have deducted your loſs, by paying off one of the South-ſea bonds: and I find I have remaining of your's 211 l. 15s. 6d. And I believe over and above that ſum, there will be more owing to you upon account of intereſt on the bonds, about four or five pounds. Mr Hoare hath done this for me, but I have not had time to call upon him yet, ſo that I cannot be more particular. As the money now lies in Mr Hoare's hands, you ſee it is ready on demand. I believe you had beſt give notice when you draw on me for it, that I may not be out of the way. I have not as yet ſeen Mr Pope, but deſign in a day or two to go to him, though I am in hopes of ſeeing him here to-day or to-morrow. If my preſent project ſucceeds, you may expect a better account of my own fortune a little while after the

the holidays; but I promiſe myſelf nothing, for I am determined that neither any body elſe, or myſelf, ſhall diſappoint me. I wiſh the arguments made uſe of to draw you here were every way of more conſequence. I would not have you change one comfort of life for another. I wiſh you to keep every one of thoſe you have already, with as many additional ones as you like. When I ſit down to conſider on the choice of any ſubject, to amuſe myſelf by writting, I find I have a natural propenſity to write againſt vice, ſo that I don't expect much encouragement; though I really think in juſtice I ought to be paid for ſtifling my own inclination; but the great are ungrateful. Mr Pulteney's young ſon hath had the ſmall-pox, and is perfectly recovered. He is not in town, but is expected in about a week from the Bath. I muſt anſwer the letter you writ to the Dutcheſs and me, when her Grace comes to town; for I know ſhe intended to have a part in it. Why can't you come among us in the beginning of the new-year? The company will be then all in town, and the ſpring advancing upon us every day. What I mean by the company is, thoſe who call themſelves your friends, and I believe are ſo. It is certain the parliament will not meet till the middle of January. I have not been idle while I was in the country; and I know your wiſhes in general, and in particular that induſtry may always find its account. Believe me, as I am unchangeable in the regard, love, and eſteem I have for you.

LETTER DXXXV.

MR POPE TO DR SWIFT *.

Dec. 5. 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not anſwered my two letters, (in the laſt of which I was impatient under ſome fears). It is not now indeed a time to think of myſelf, when one of the neareſt and longeſt ties I have ever had is broken all on a ſudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died laſt night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his ſenſes entirely at laſt, and poſſeſſing them perfectly till within five hours. He aſked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breaſt. His effects are in the Duke of Queenſberry's cuſtody. His ſiſters, we ſuppoſe, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this ſtage? In every friend we loſe a part of ourſelves, and the beſt part. God keep thoſe we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one's ſelf the leaſt of all.

I

* "On My dear friend Mr Gay's death. Received "December 15. but not read till the 20th, by an impulſe, "foreboding ſome misfortune." [This note is indorſed on the original letter in Dr Swift's hand.] *Pope.*

I ſhall never ſee you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the moſt amiable by far, his qualities were the gentleſt; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have loſt had not been ſo amiable, nor ſo good! but that's a wiſh for our own ſakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deſerve happineſs, it muſt be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminiſh nothing from it. Yet write to me, and ſoon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did than

A. POPE.

Dr Arbuthnott, whoſe humanity you know, heartily commends himſelf to you. All poſſible diligence and affection has been ſhown, and continued attendance, on this melancholy occaſion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly diſconſolate.

P. S. by DR ARBUTHNOTT.

DEAR SIR,

I am ſorry that the renewal of our correſpondence ſhould be upon ſuch a melancholy occaſion. Poor Mr Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at laſt a mortification of the bowels. It was the moſt precipitate caſe I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two phyſicians beſides myſelf.

I believed the diſtemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleaſure of a line from you theſe two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no anſwer. I wiſh you all health and happineſs; being, with great affection and reſpect, Sir,

Your, &c.

LETTER DXXXVI.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED your's with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our loſing Mr Gay; upon which event I ſhall ſay nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: For even in this kingdom, and in a few days paſt, two perſons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myſelf upon the loſs of friends, as I do upon the loſs of money; by turning to my account-book, and ſeeing whether I have enough left for my ſupport: But in the former caſe I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myſelf to die poor and friendleſs. You are a much greater loſer than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life, for a piece of a ſummer. I hope

he

he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left; and I wiſh, that, with thoſe already extant, they could be all publiſhed in a fair edition under your inſpection. Your poem on the uſe of riches hath been juſt printed here; and we have no objection but the obſcurity of ſeveral paſſages by our ignorance in facts and perſons, which makes us loſe abundance of the ſatire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honeſtly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes; which however would have been but few, for my long abſence hath made me ignorant of what paſſes out of the ſcene where I am. I never had the leaſt hint from you about this work, any more than of your former upon taſte. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the ſame bulk to be inſcribed to other friends, one (for inſtance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and ſo on.—— Dr Delaney preſents you his moſt humble ſervice. He behaves himſelf very commendably; converſes only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them conſtantly at an elegant plentiful table; walks the ſtreets, as uſual, by day-light; does many acts of charity and generoſity; cultivates a country-houſe two miles diſtant; and is one of thoſe very few within my knowledge, on whom a great acceſs of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have

got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his eſtate by the knavery of an agent. He is a moſt worthy gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr P——; which I deſire may continue no longer than he ſhall deſerve by his modeſty; a virtue I never knew him to want, but it is hard for young men to keep without abundance of ballaſt. If you are acquainted with the Dutcheſs of Queenſberry, I deſire you will preſent her my moſt humble ſervice. I think ſhe is a greater loſer by the death of a friend than either of us. She ſeems a lady of excellent ſenſe and ſpirit. I had often poſtſcripts from her in our friend's letters to me; and her part was ſometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happineſs I could have here. This was the more generous, becauſe I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr Gay for any thing ſo much as being a domeſtic friend to ſuch a a lady. I deſire you will never fail to ſend me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs Pope, who, I am told, is but juſt among the living, and conſequently a continual grief to you: She is ſenſible of your tenderneſs, which robs her of the only happineſs ſhe is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg ſhe may not ſhorten your's.

LETTER

LETTER DXXXVII.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROW TO MR POPE.

1732.

I AM under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr Swift at Bevis-Mount, and muſt ſignify my mind to him by another hand; it not being permitted me to hold correſpondence with the ſaid Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this Proteſtant land, moſt eſpecially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can ſucceed, or come to a happy iſſue, but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conſcience. Every one muſt confeſs that gratification and corruption are two diſtinct terms; nay, at worſt, many good men hold, that, for a good end, ſome very naughty meaſures may be made uſe of.

But, Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to myſelf, becauſe I know you wiſh me well. I am cured of ſome diſeaſes in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was poſſeſſed with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for truth *, and a ſaucy love for my country.

When

* This and the following letter are taken from the ſecond volume of Pope's letters.

When a Chriſtian prieſt preached againſt the ſpirit of the goſpel, when an Engliſh judge determined againſt Magna Charta *, when the miniſter acted againſt common ſenſe, I uſed to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myſelf in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears. But as to the things of this world, I find myſelf in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready-money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate as Sir Robert S—tt—n.

If the tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroic diſpoſition; or, what I more fear, if the Drapier of Ireland accuſe the Engliſhman of want of ſpirit; I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace: *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be ſo corrupted that a cure in any part would be of little avail. Your's, *&c.*

LETTER DXXXVIII.

DR SWIFT TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I NEVER knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile, and ſo fixed as your Lordſhip. You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been,

* As may be ſeen from his tranſactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7. *Warb.*

been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and in all the ſcenes you have paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you. For being the moſt inſignificant of all your old humble ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciouſneſs of Fortune in regard to your Lordſhip. She hath forced courts to act againſt the oldeſt and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a general, becauſe you had courage and conduct; an ambaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom and knowledge in the intereſts of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs. Whereas, according to the uſual method of court-proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St Patrick's.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin laments that he did not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath. I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's miniſtry uſed to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is ſo with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and I think you have no houſe. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleaſure, in this ſcoundrel country, of going about and ſhewing my depending parſons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow. I am, &c.

LETTER DXXXIX.

CHARLES FORD, ESQ; TO DR SWIFT.

London, Dec. 23. 1732.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 9th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the conſtant concern you ſhew for me. I am aſhamed to trouble you ſo much and ſo often in my own affairs; and your great kindneſs makes me almoſt aſhamed to aſk pardon for it. * * * * * * * * * * * *.

I am very glad to hear the character you give of Lord Orrery. He was extremely applauded for a ſpeech he made againſt the Army Bill. There is no danger of repealing the Teſt. The court has taken the uſual method of gaining the fanatick leaders, much againſt the grain of the body. It is ſaid the Biſhop of Saliſbury is the chief encourager of them; that the Queen ſpoke to him, and that he anſwered, He had promiſed, and

and would not fail them. He can be beſmeared, although they would not ſuffer him to go the dirty road to Durham. That was the excuſe they made him upon the laſt vacancy of that ſee. I am extremely proud that Lady Acheſon does me the honour to remember her humble ſervant. I heartily wiſh ſhe could be perſuaded to keep good hours, having obſerved, by many of my acquaintance, that nothing impairs health ſo much as ſitting up late. I often hear from my ſiſter: She writes in quite another ſtrain than ſhe talked, with chearfulneſs and good-nature. I fancy Arſalla * has cured the Lady of her ſpleen.

I heartily wiſh you many new years, with health and happineſs; and am, moſt entirely, *&c.*

I am told poor Gay's play is now in rehearſal, and will pleaſe. It was that brought him to town a little before he died; though, without his fever, he could not probably have held out long any where.

* The ſeat of Peter Ludlow, Eſq; father to the preſent Lord Ludlow.

END OF VOL. XVI.

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